

ATOMIC RABBIT

No 4

AL FAO'S

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



"LI'L  
FOXES"

I'M DISGUSTED WITH YOU TWO!  
MY OWN LI'L FOXES... AND YOU  
HAVEN'T PLAYED A CLEVER TRICK  
ON ANYBODY FOR DAYS!

S 892

BEING CLEVER  
TAKES WORK! YOU  
HAVE TO GIVE IT  
THOUGHT AND  
KEEP  
PRACTISING!

G-GOSH--  
POPS SURE  
IS SORE  
AT US!

HE'S RIGHT... WE  
HAVEN'T BEEN  
PRACTISIN'  
LATELY!

NOW I'LL  
SEE IF MY  
TWO LI'L  
FOXES DID  
AS I TOLD  
THEM TO-  
DAY!

THAT  
NIGHT  
---

HEY!

SPLASH!

BANG!

HOW WAS THAT FOR  
A BRIGHT TRICK,  
POPS! IT TOOK  
A LOT OF  
THOUGHT!

DO WE HAVE  
TO PRACTISE IT  
ANYMORE,  
POPS?

END



# ATOMIC RABBIT

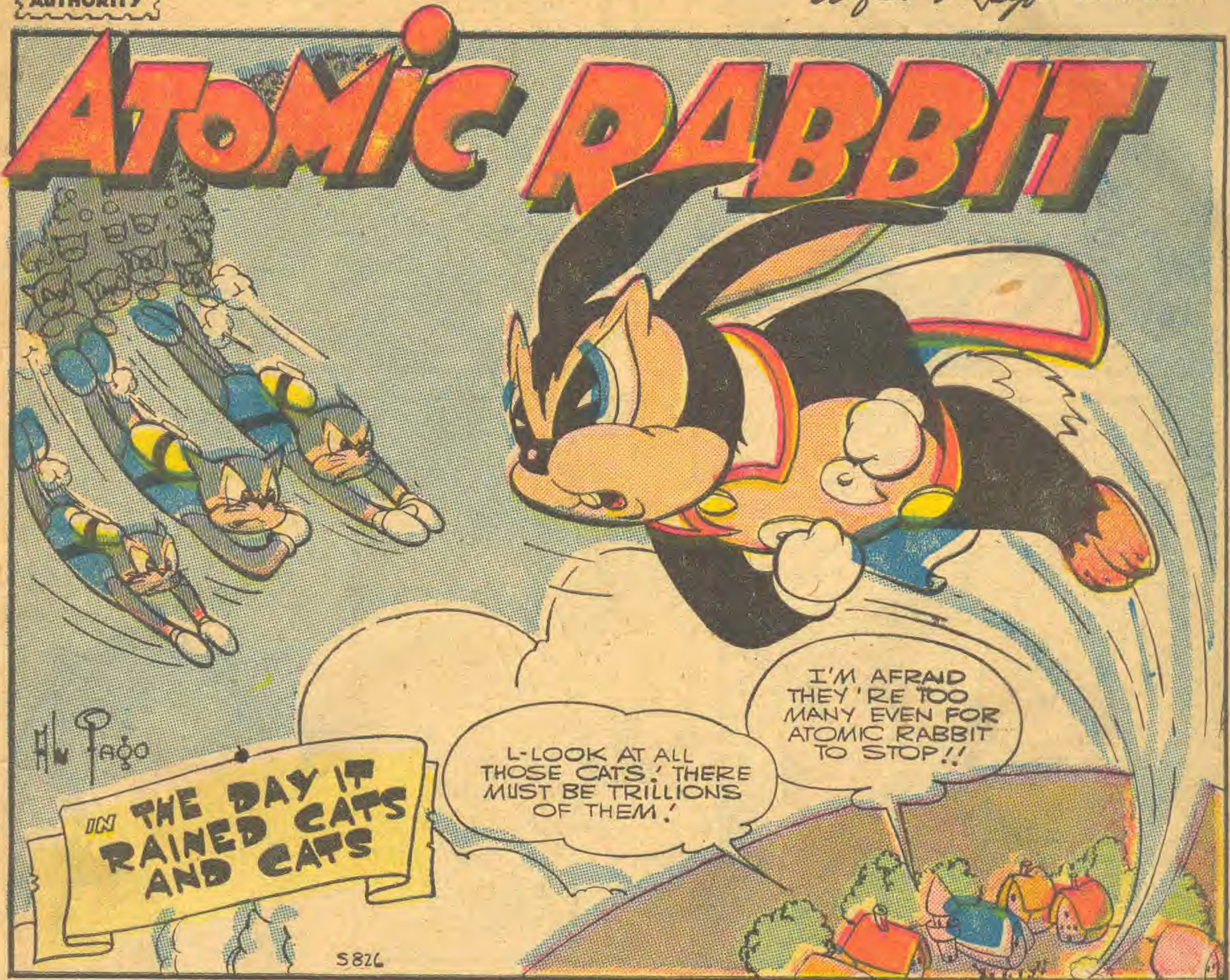
APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



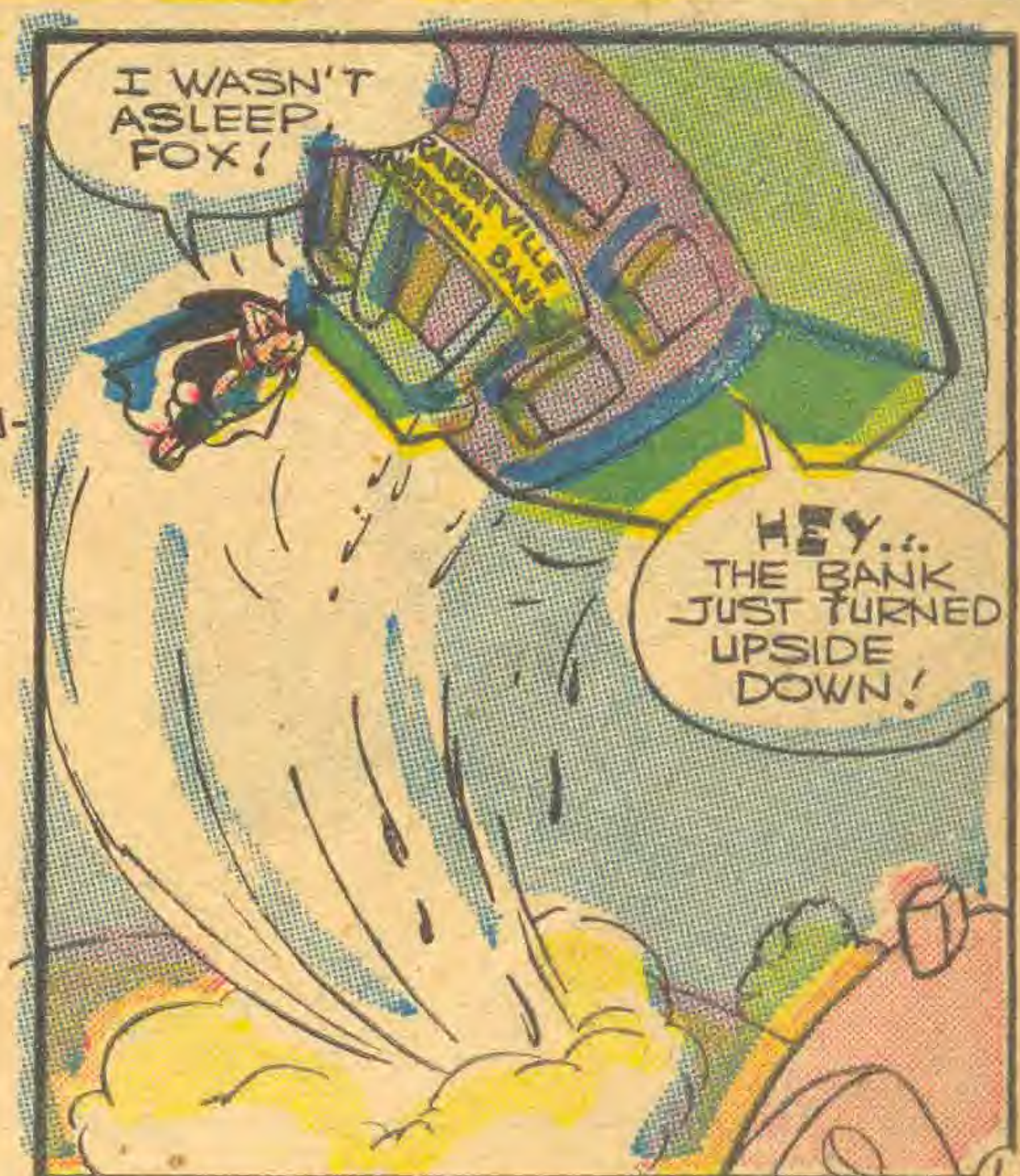
AUTHORITY

THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

*Alfred I. Fago* Executive Editor

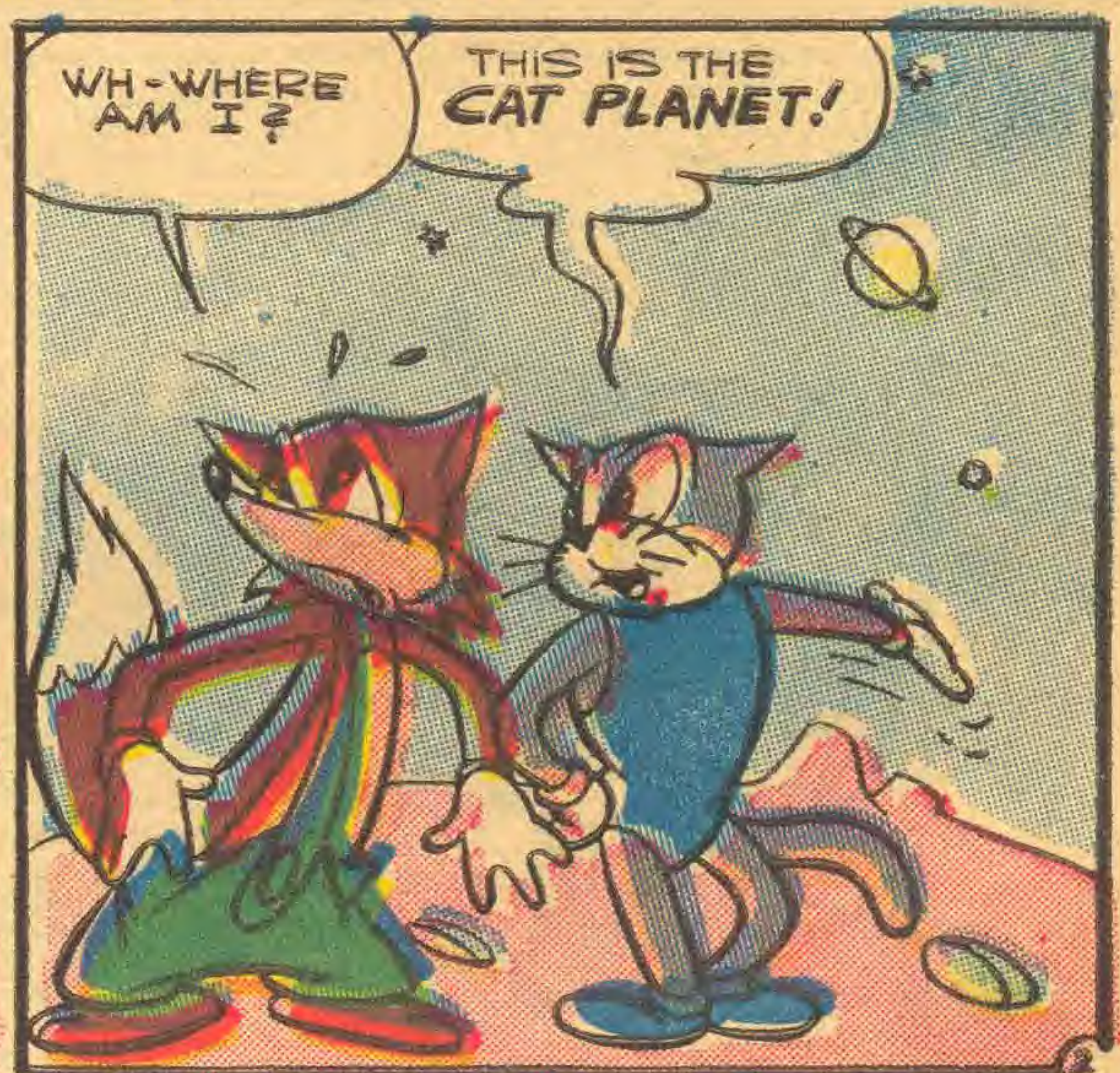
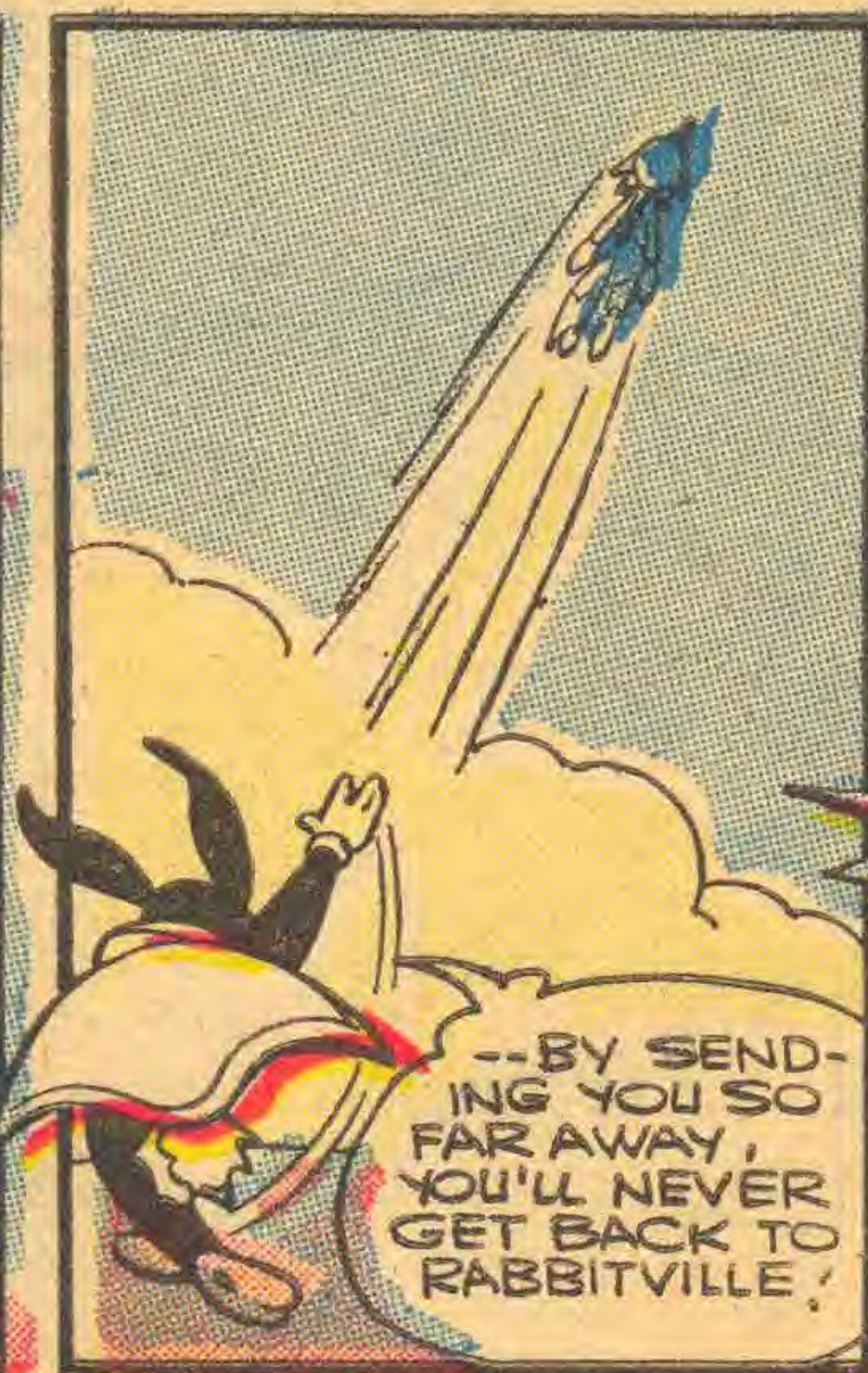
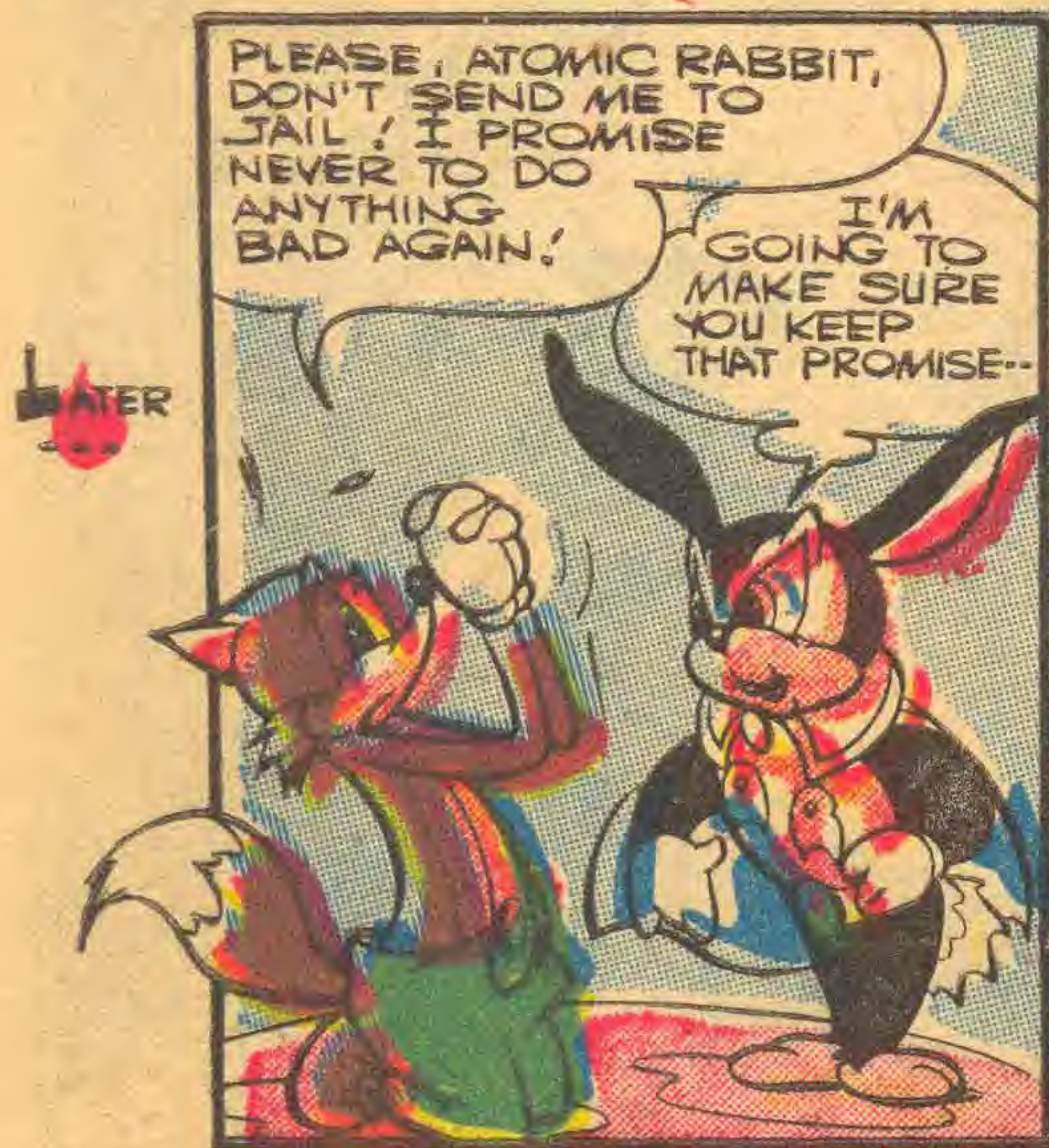
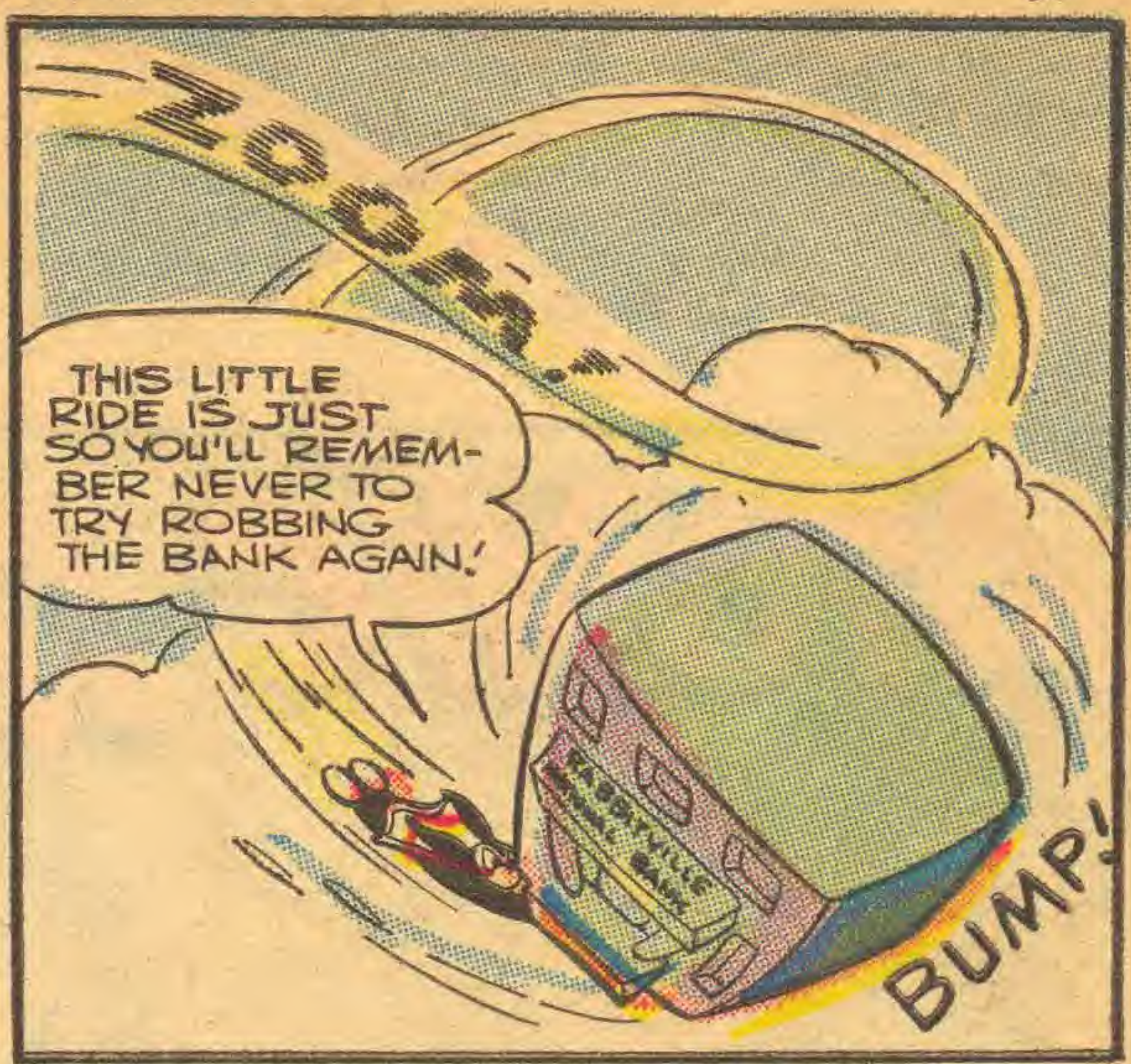


BUT  
SUDDEN-  
LY---



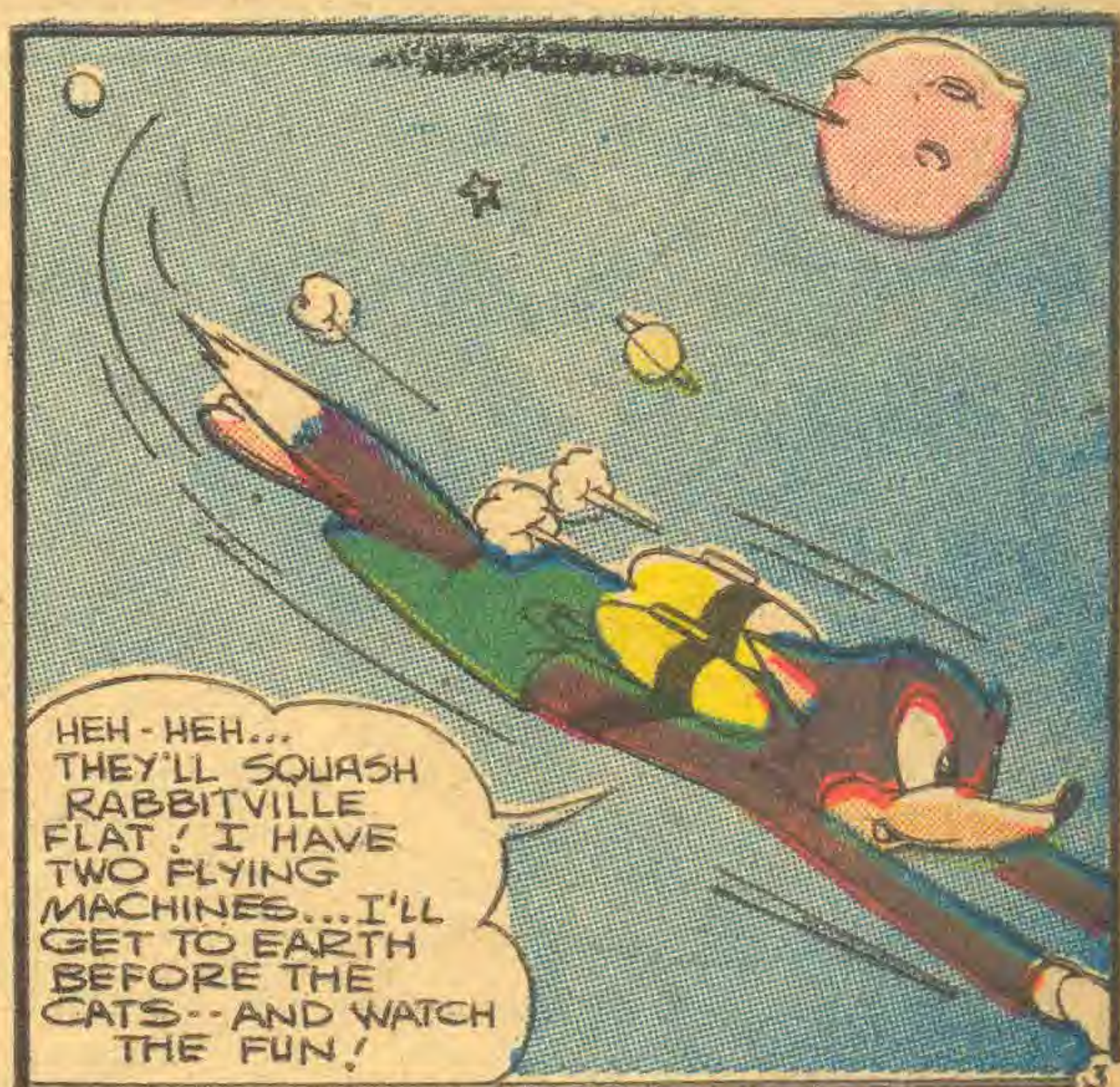
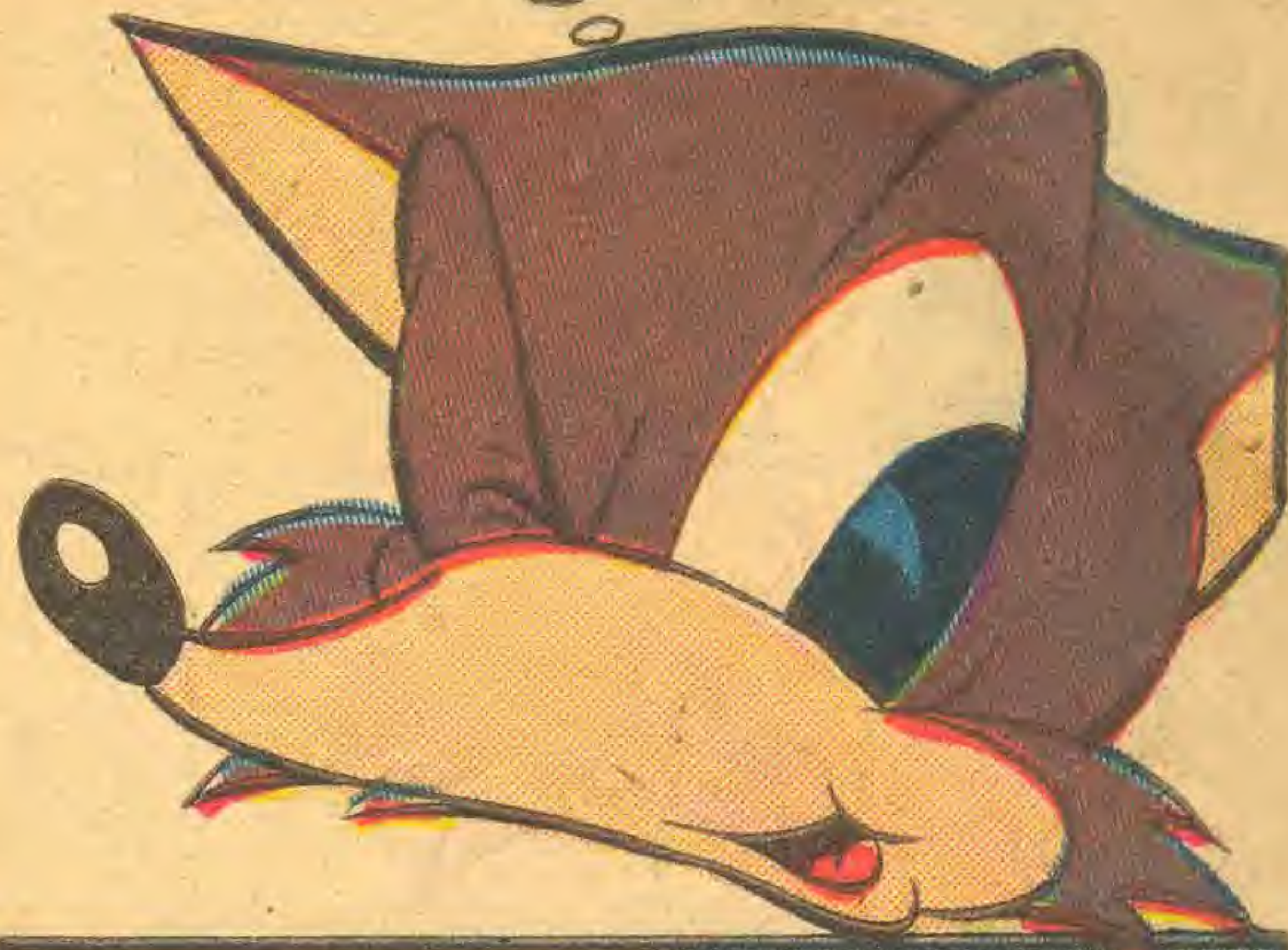
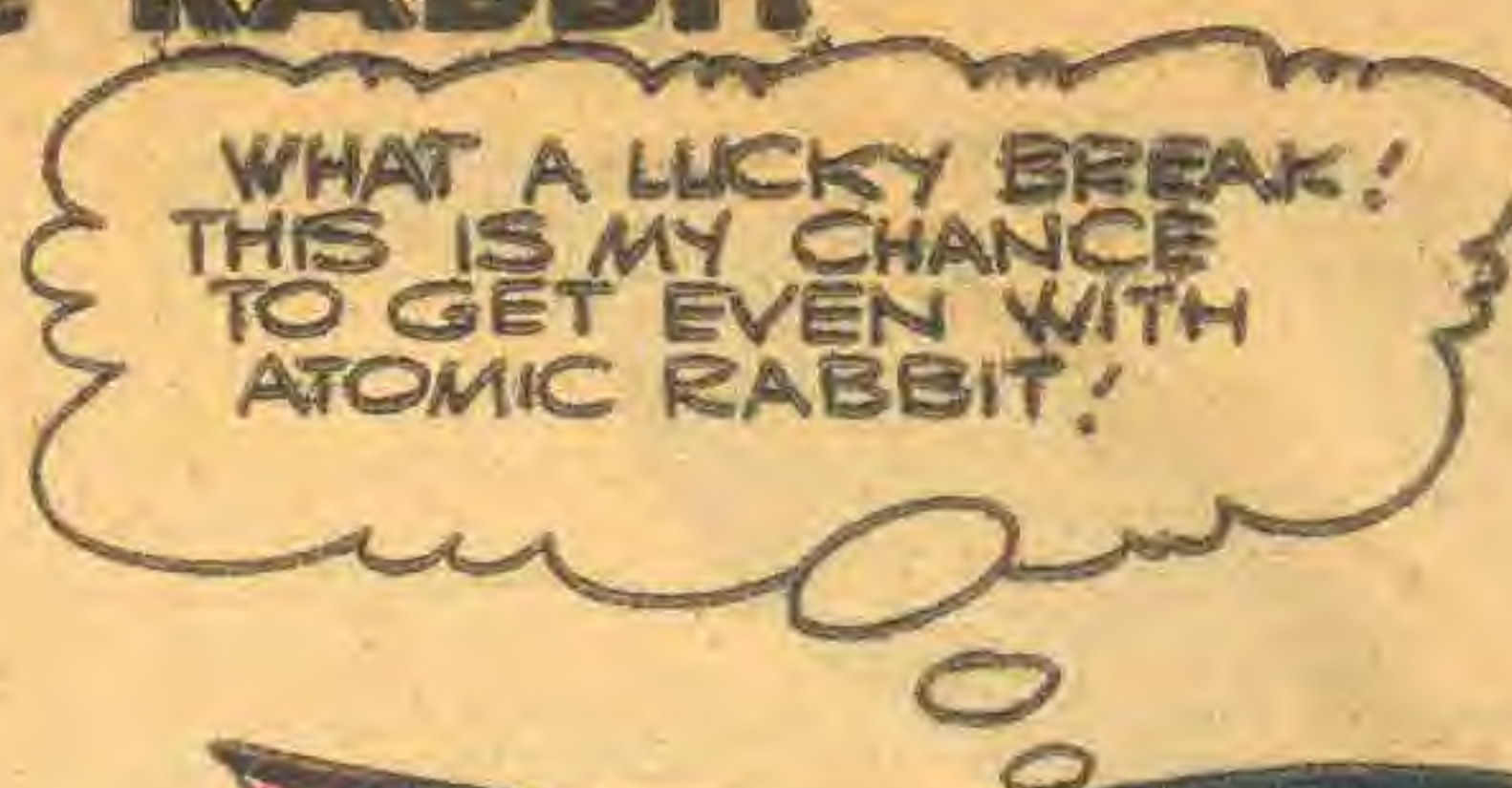
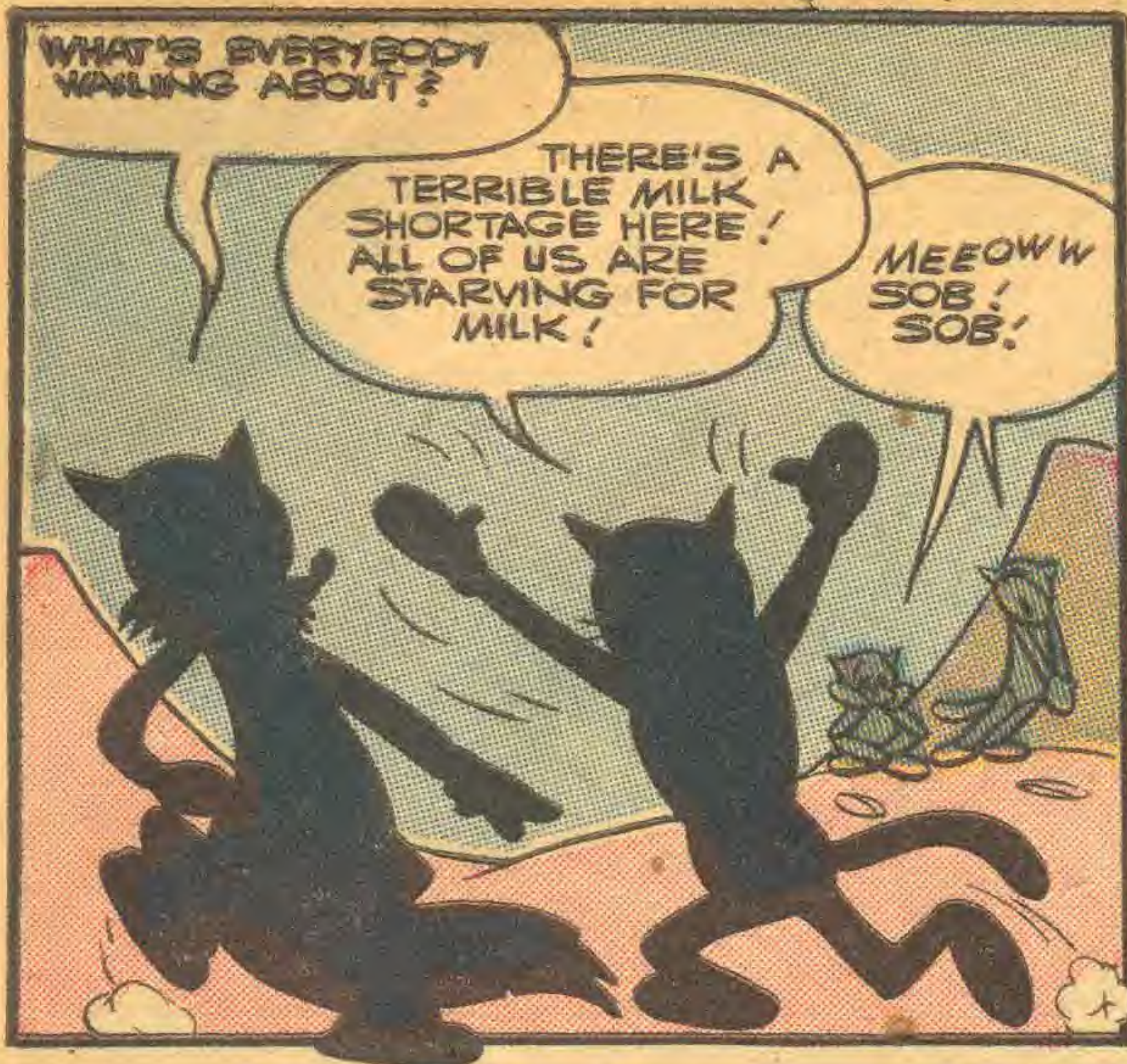


# ATOMIC RABBIT



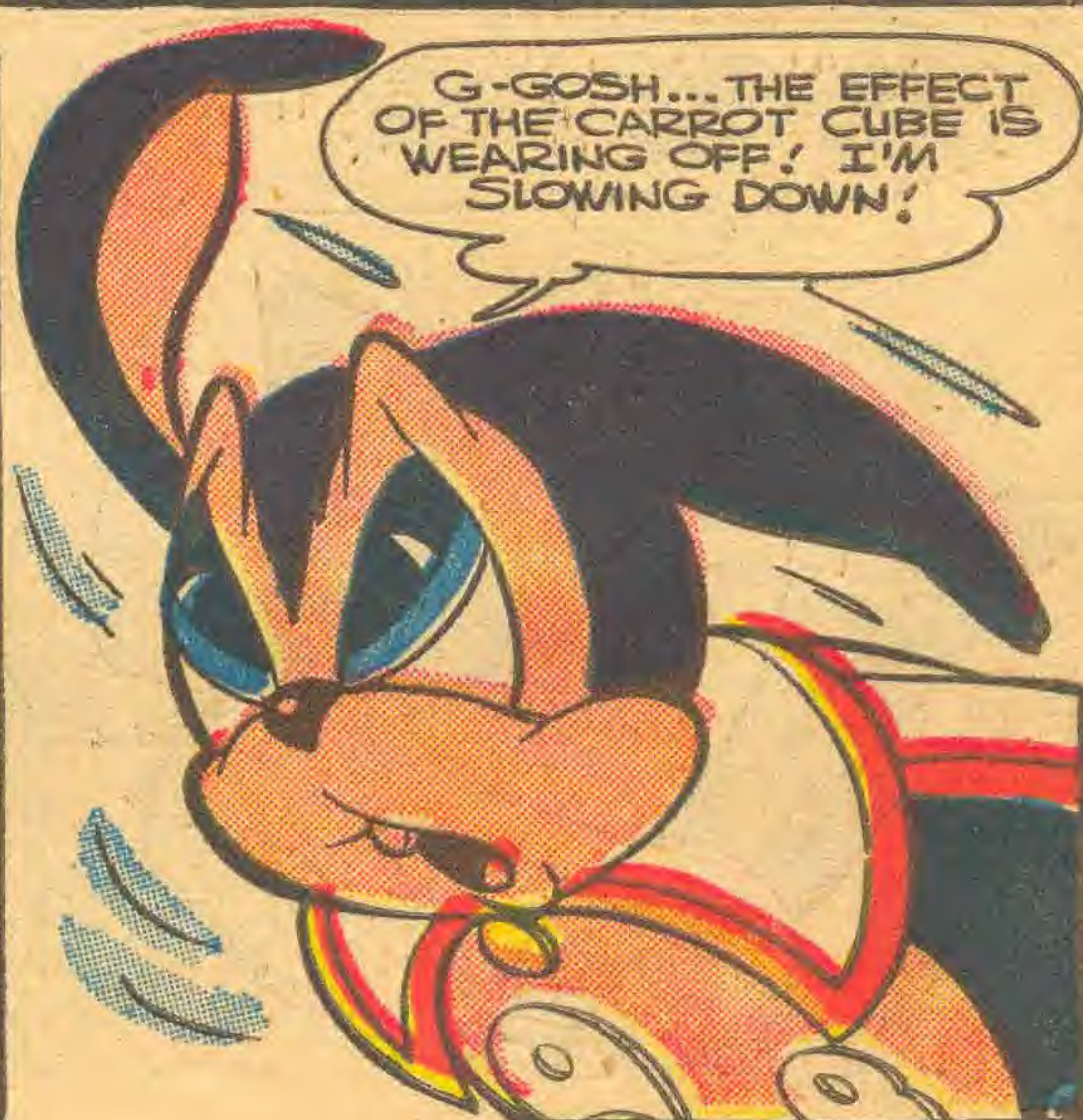
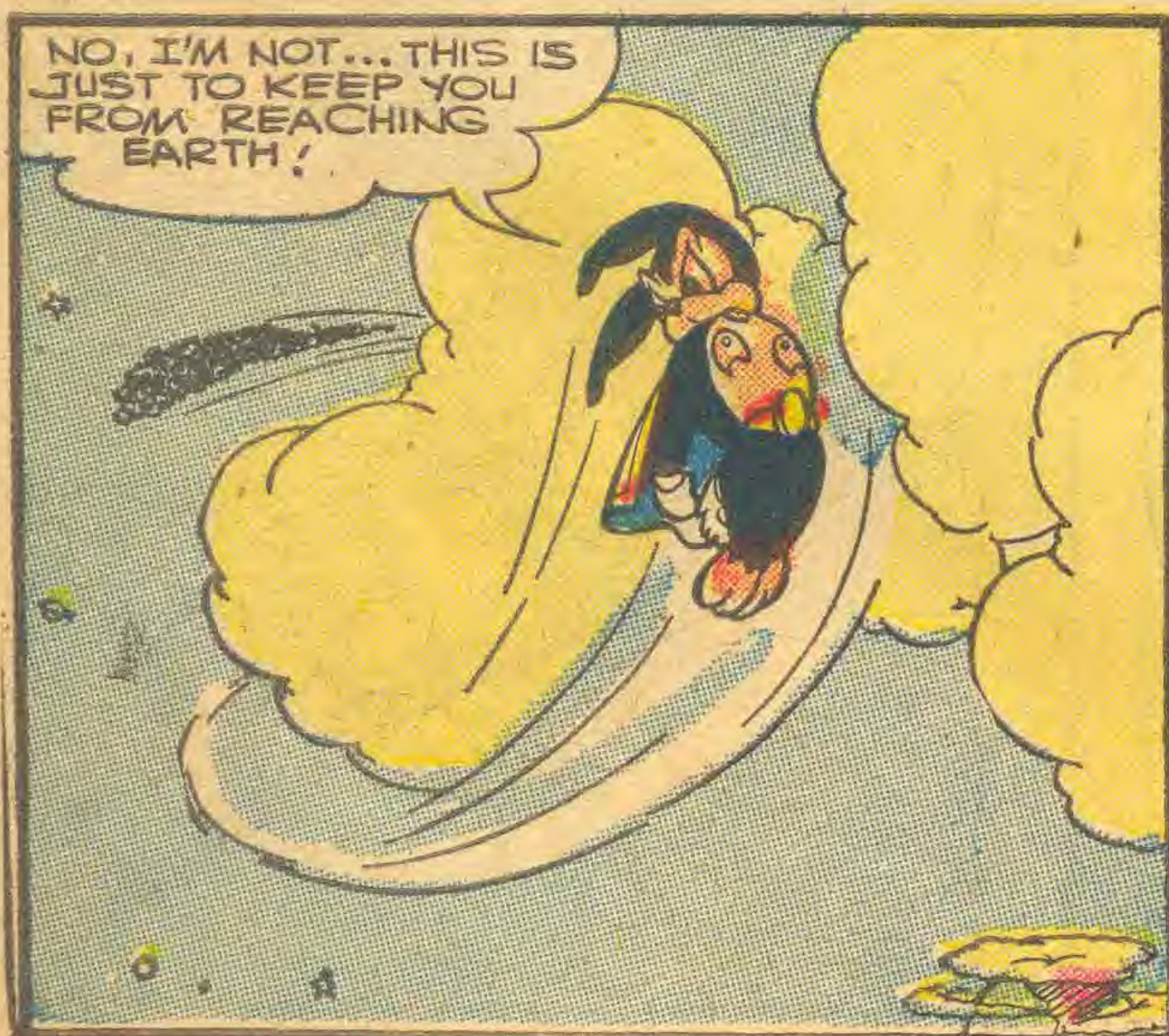
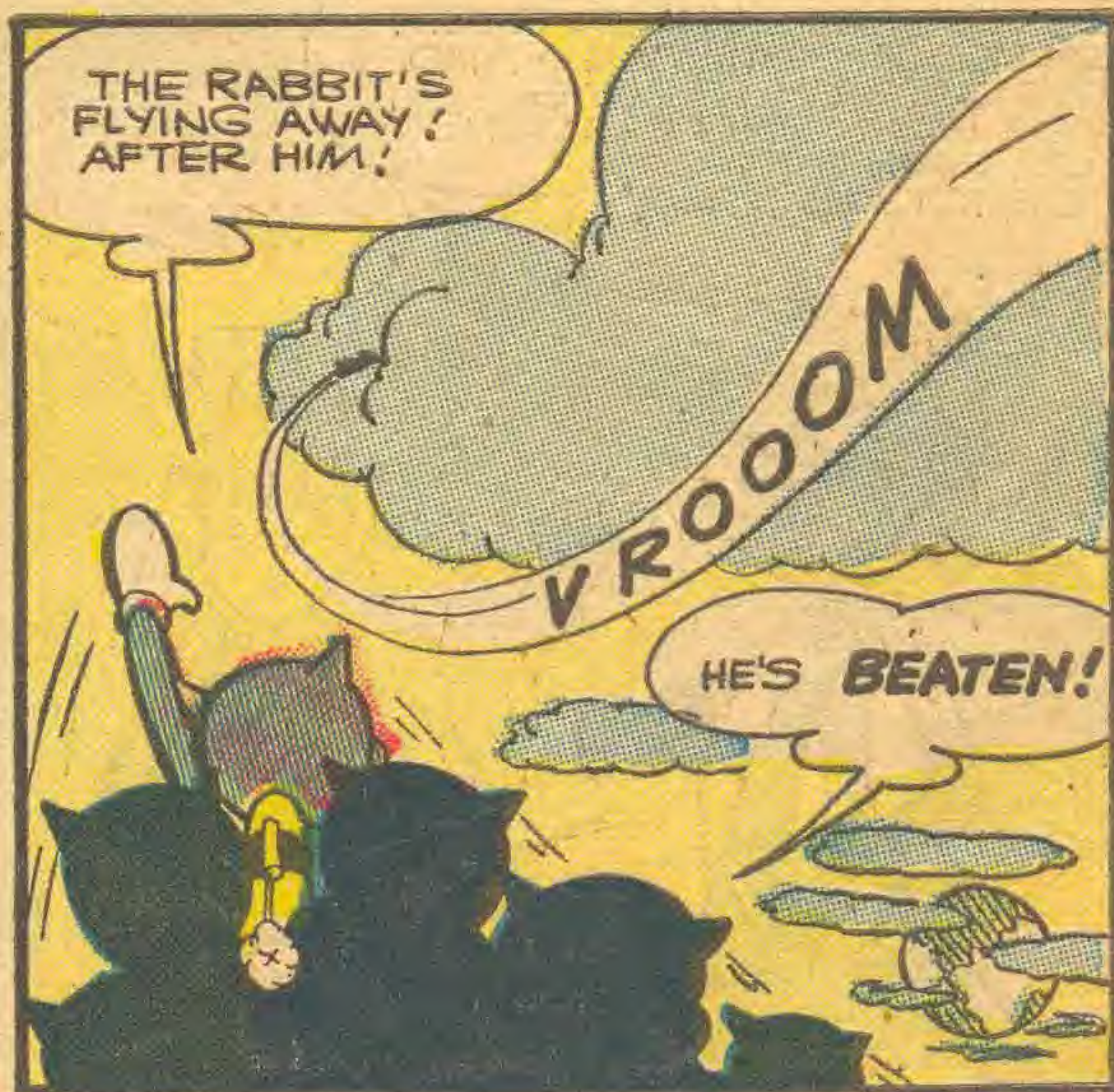
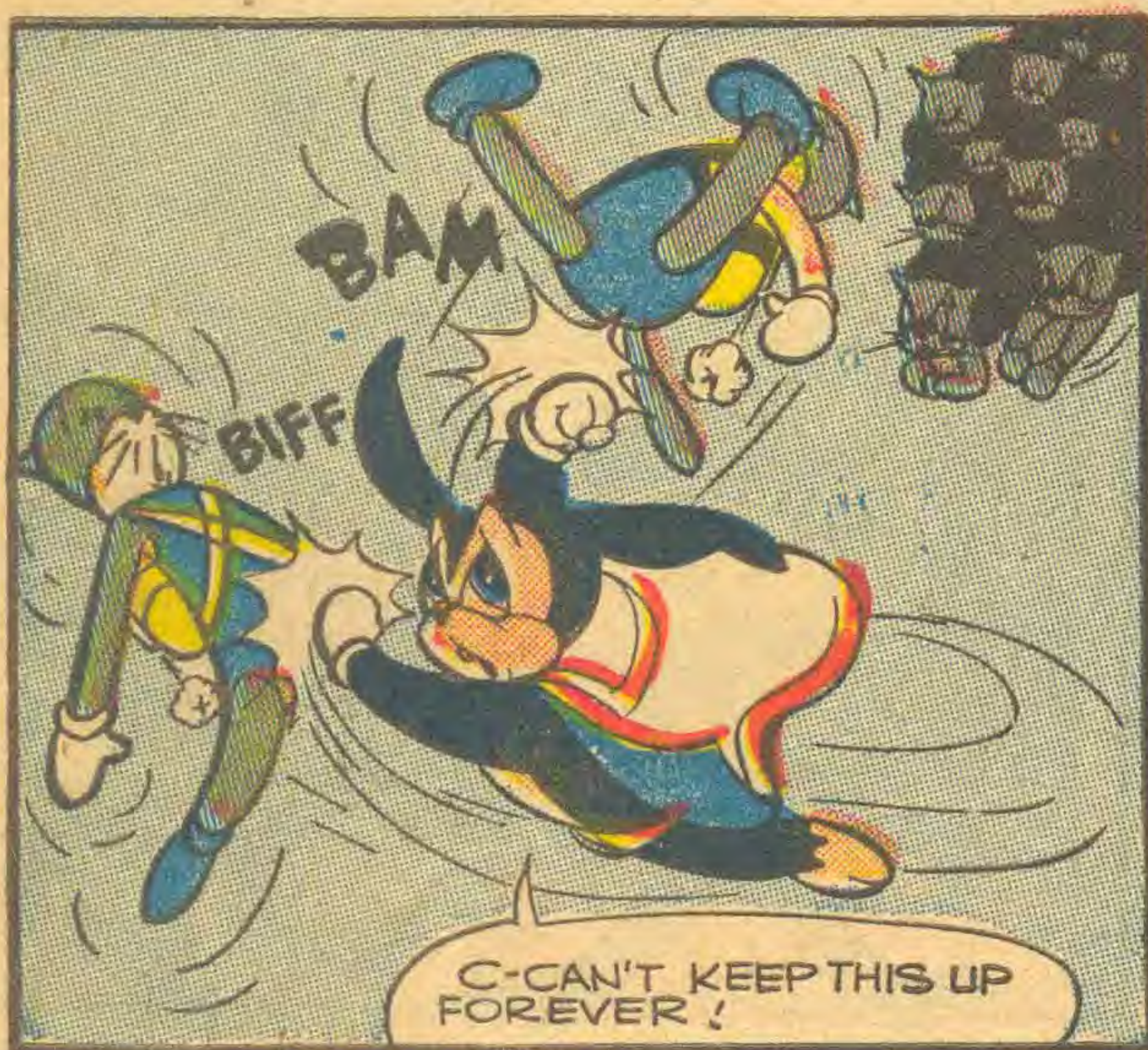
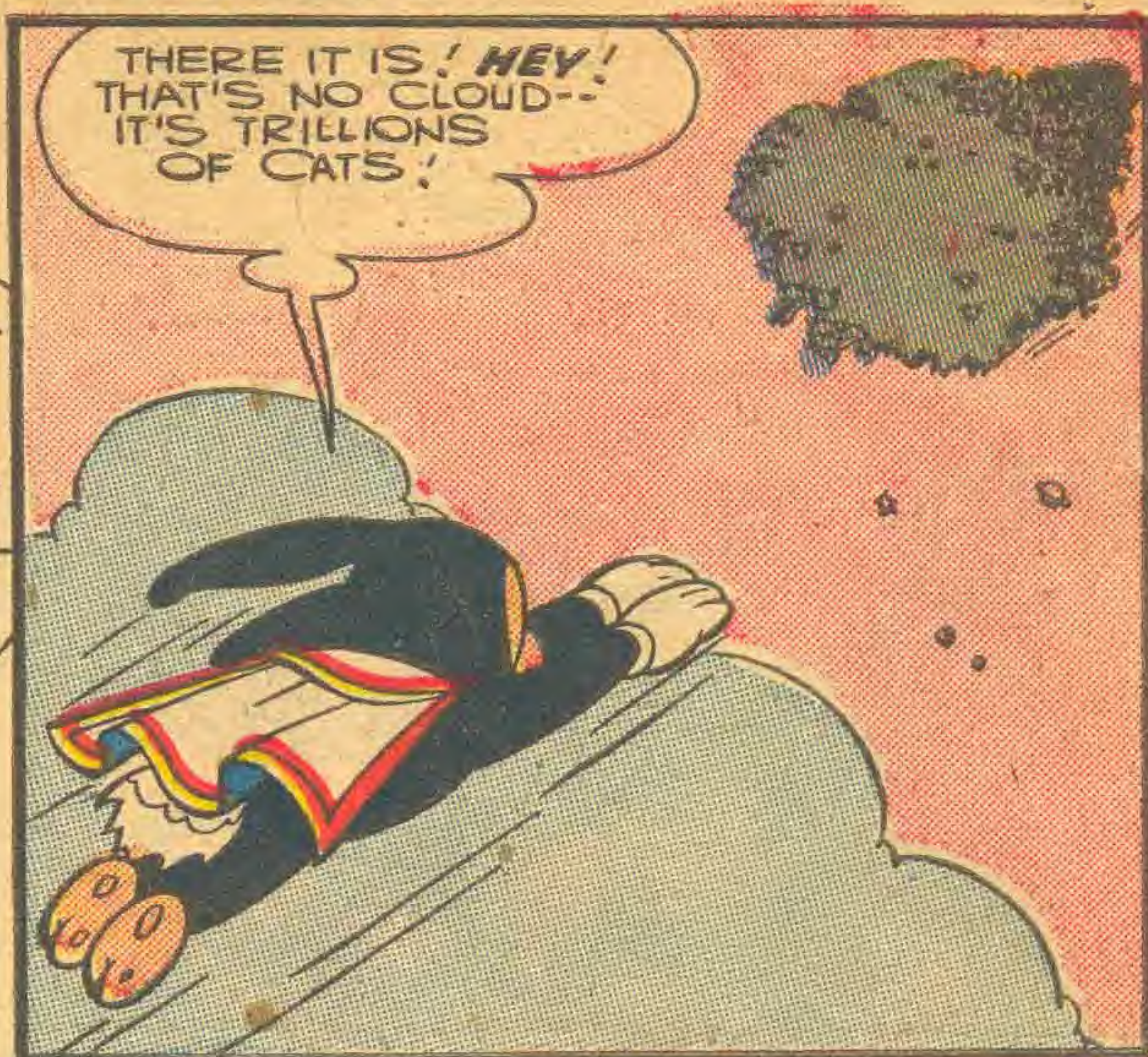


# ATOMIC RABBIT



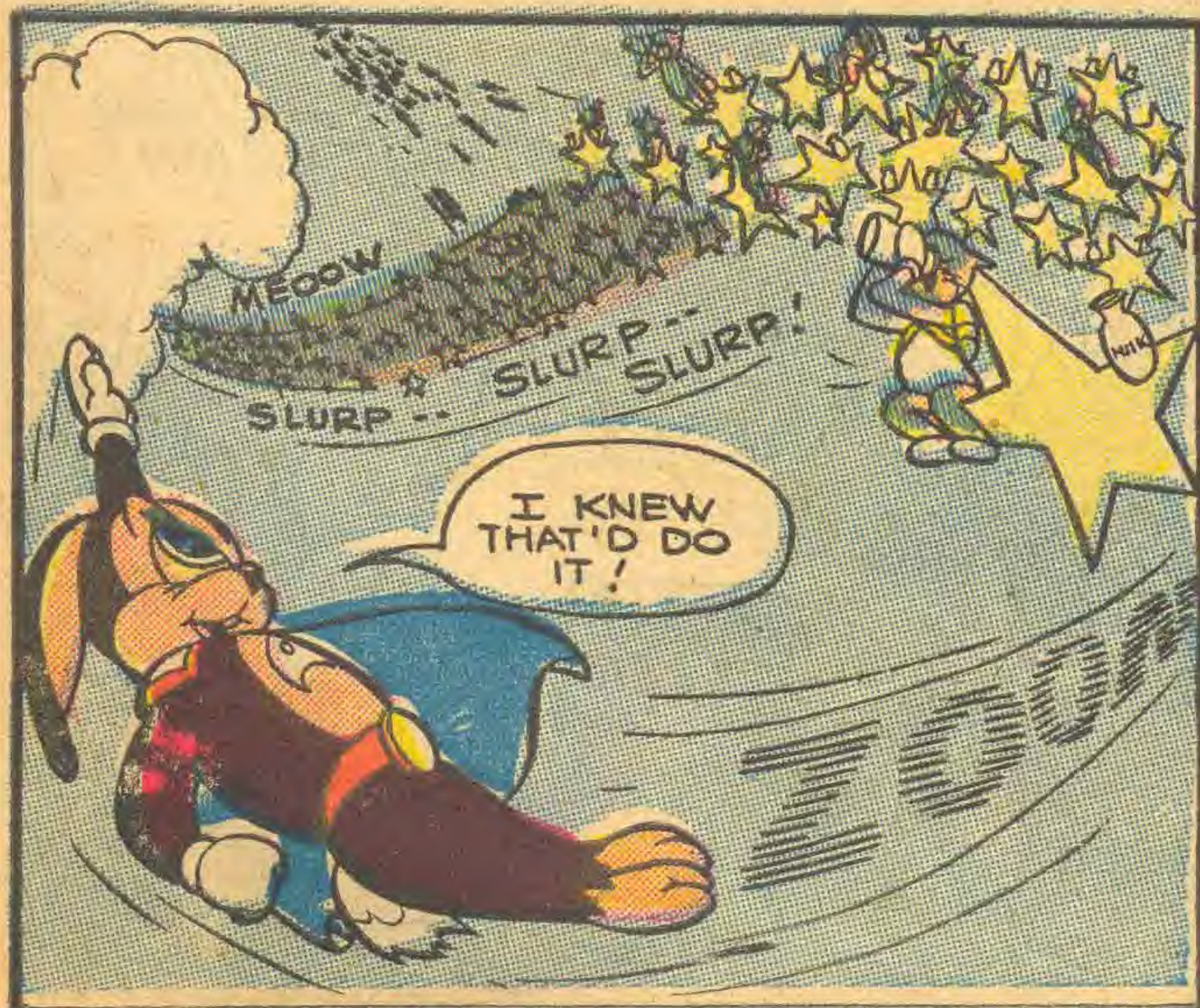
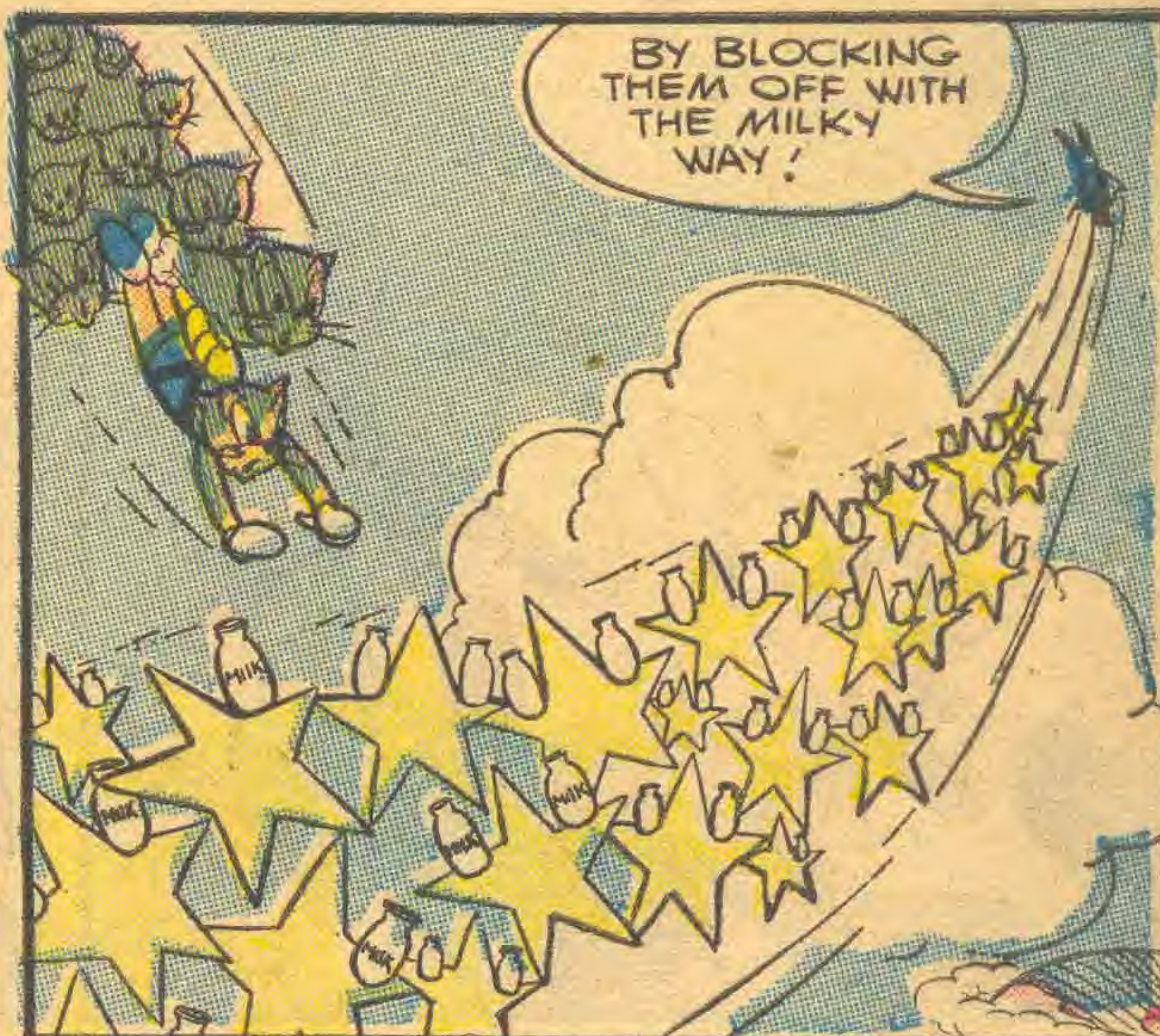
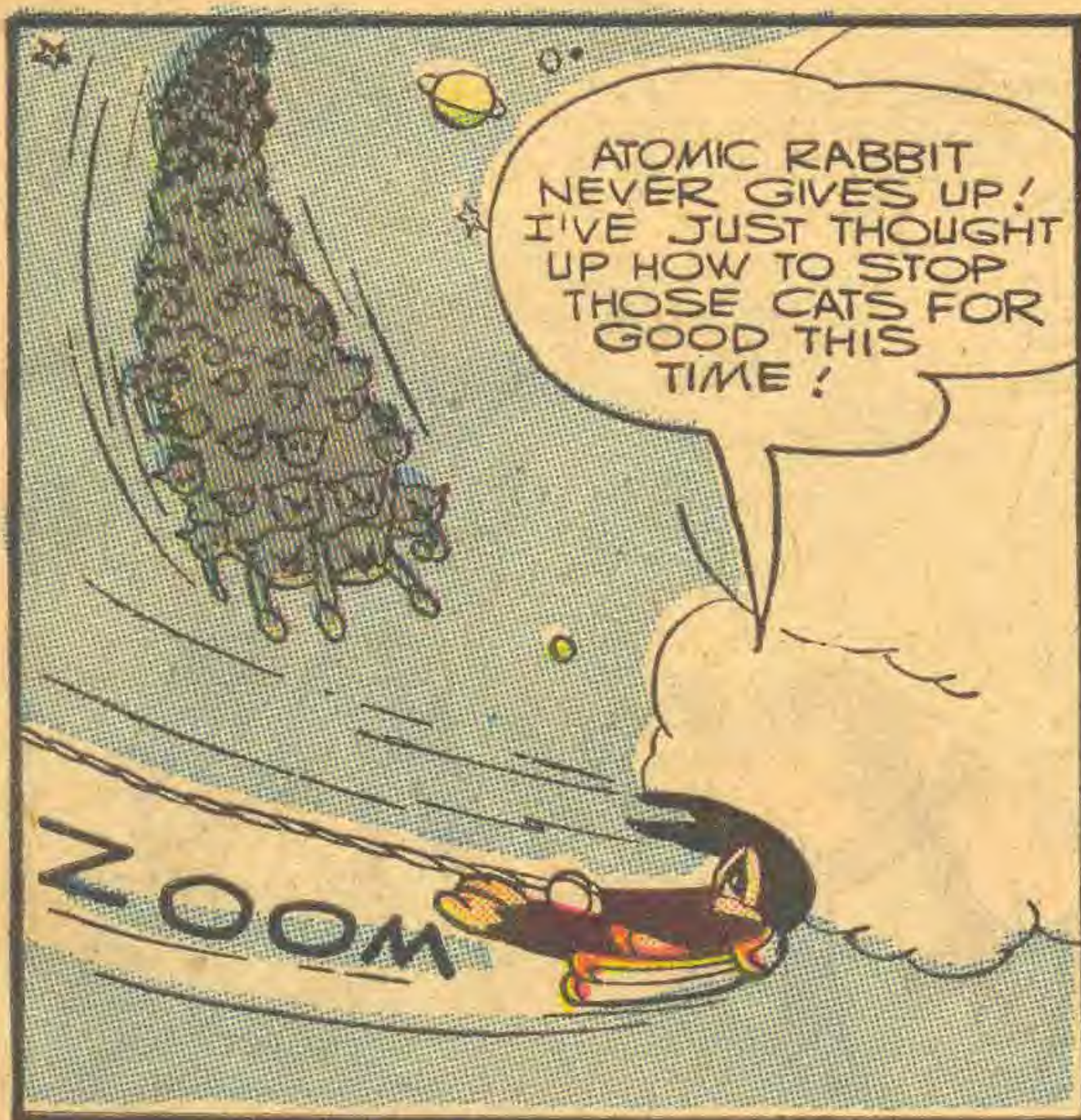
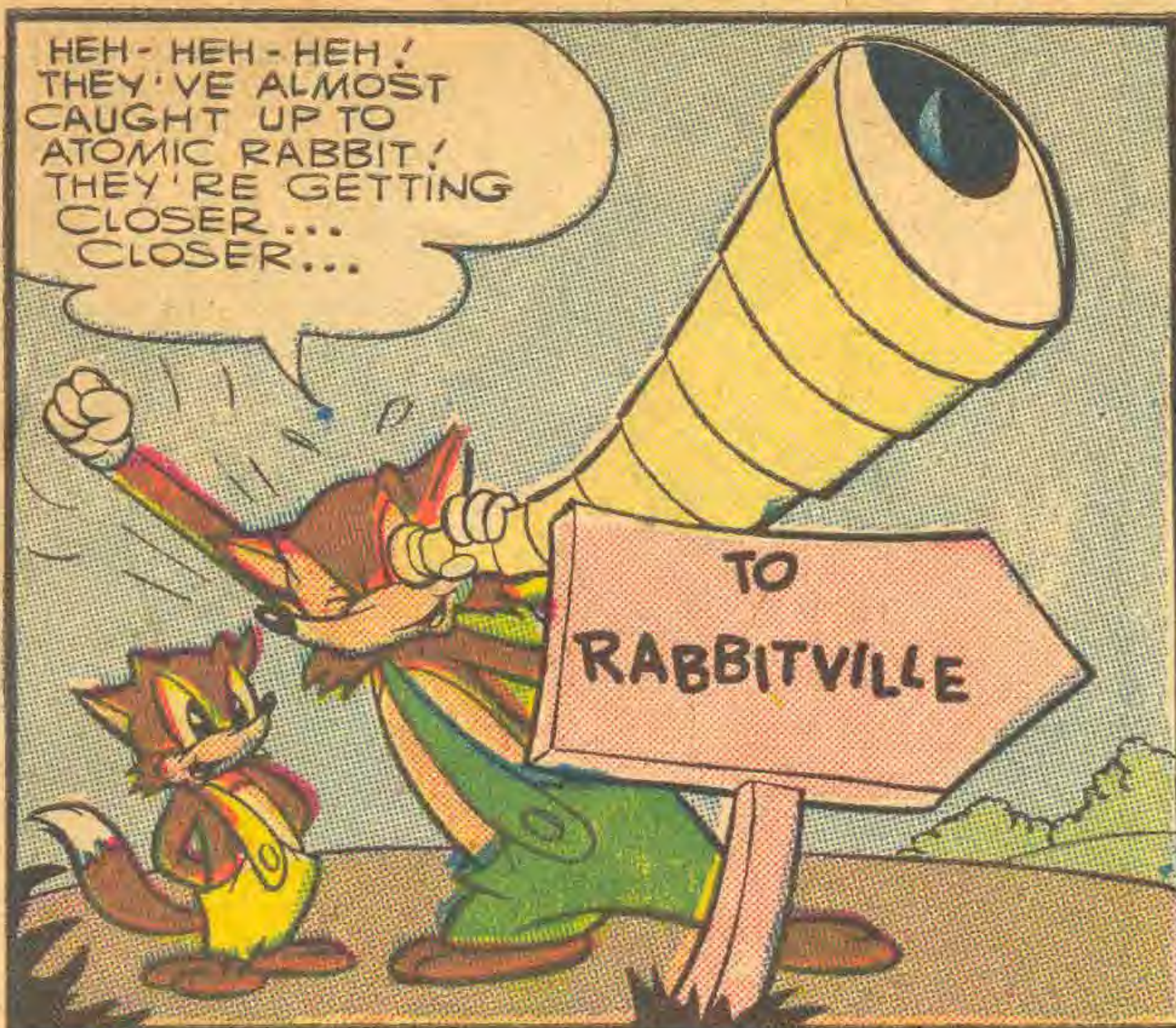


# ATOMIC RABBIT



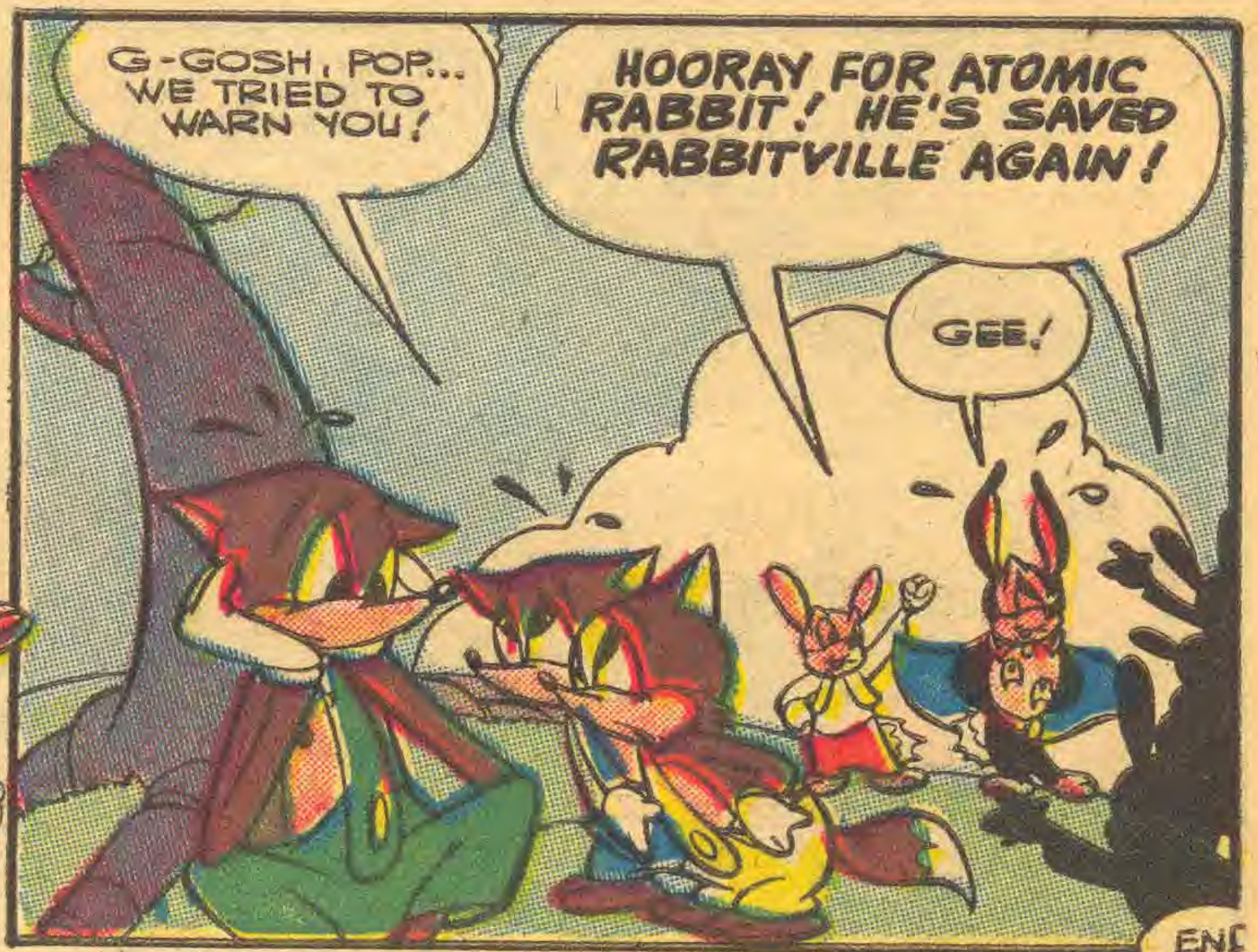


# ATOMIC RABBIT





# ATOMIC RABBIT





# ATOMIC RABBIT

The **FOX STRIKES**  
**AGAIN** STARRING

# ATOMIC RABBIT



THOSE ROCKS WILL BURY  
RABBITVILLE IF I DON'T DO  
SOMETHING FAST! B-BUT  
THERE'S HARDLY ANY  
TIME LEFT!

S828

HEH - HEH - HEH -- YOUR  
FOXY OLD POP IS ABOUT  
TO STRIKE AT RABBITVILLE  
AGAIN! THIS TIME  
I HAVE A PLAN THAT  
CAN'T FAIL!

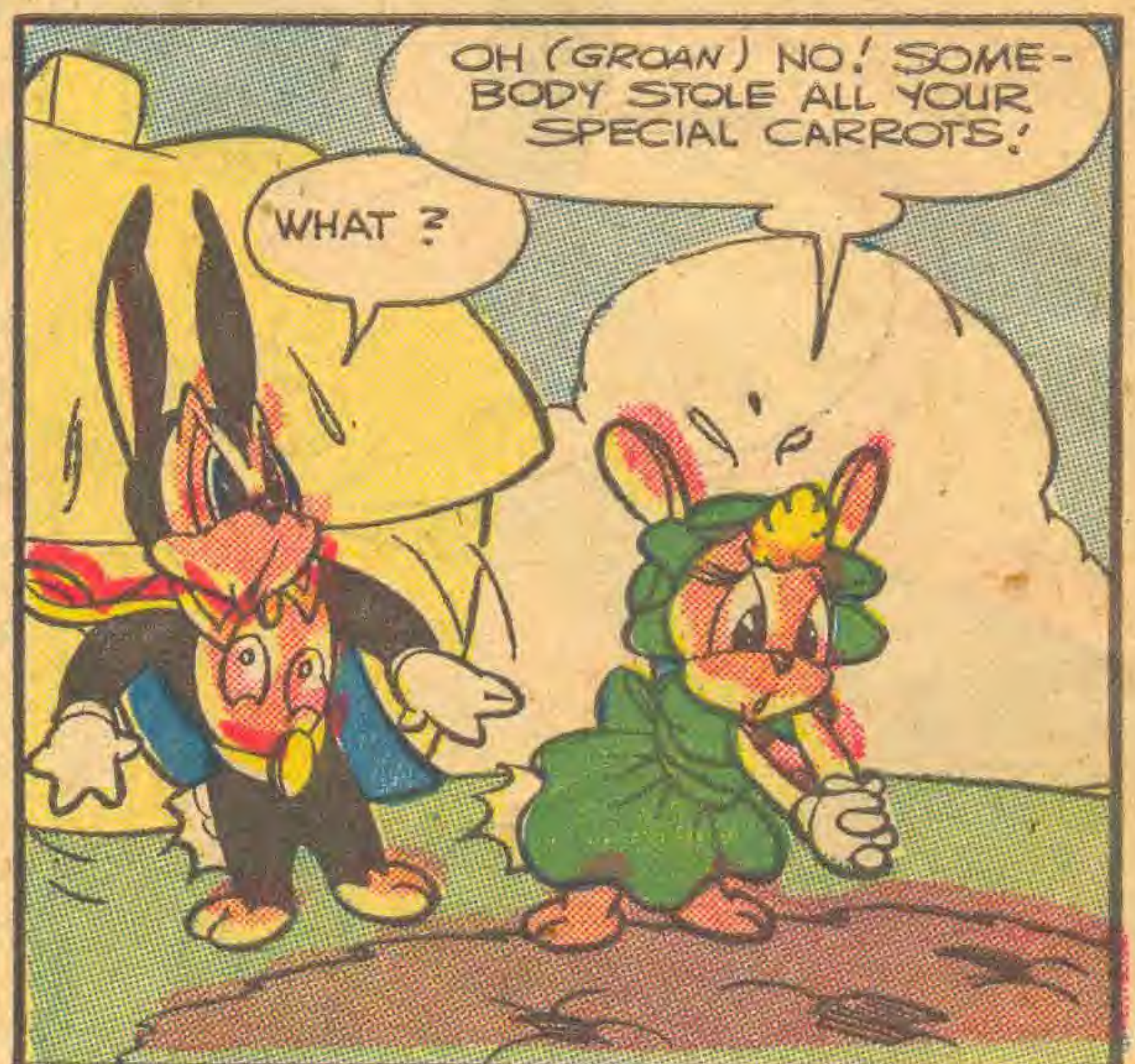
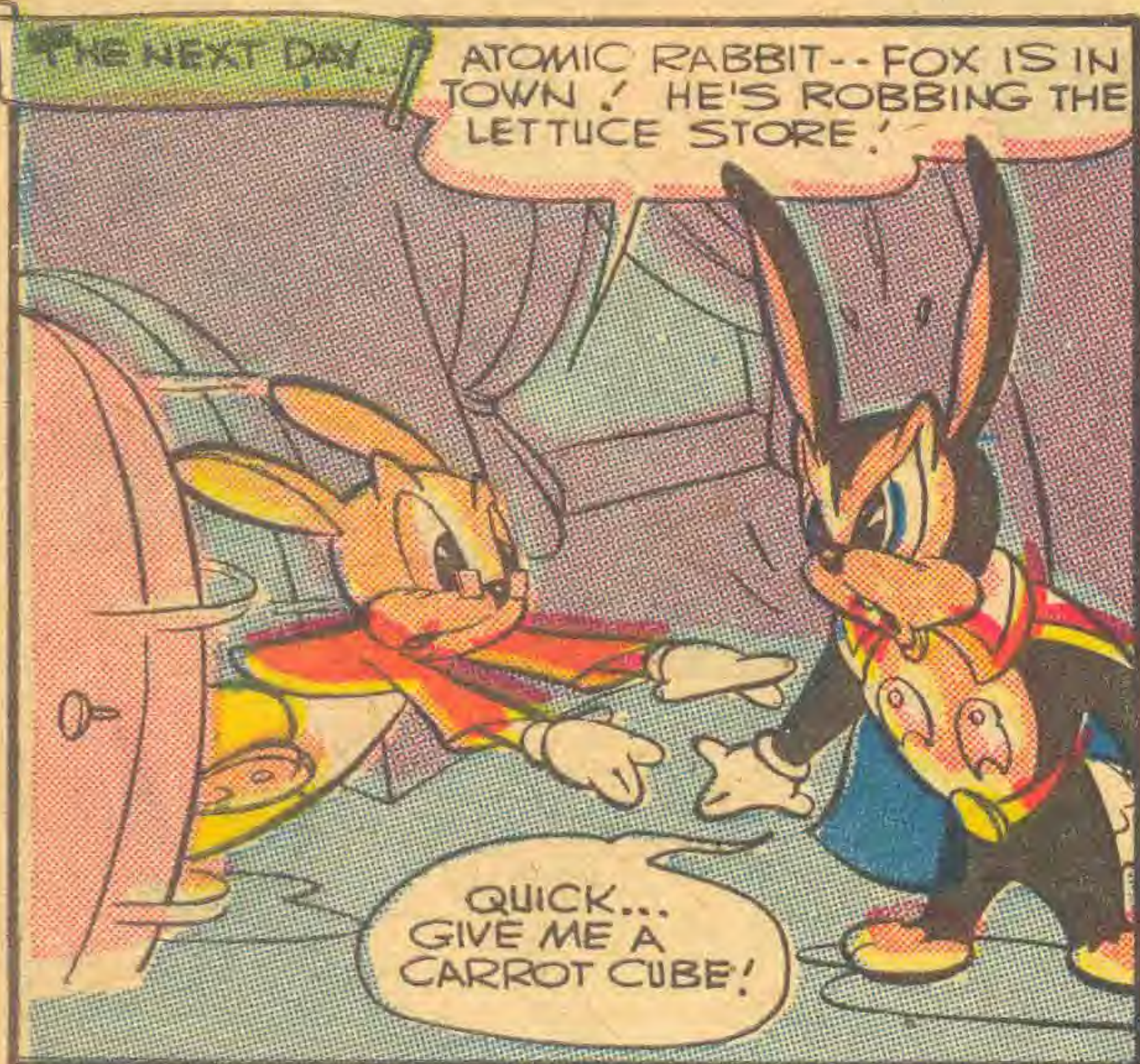
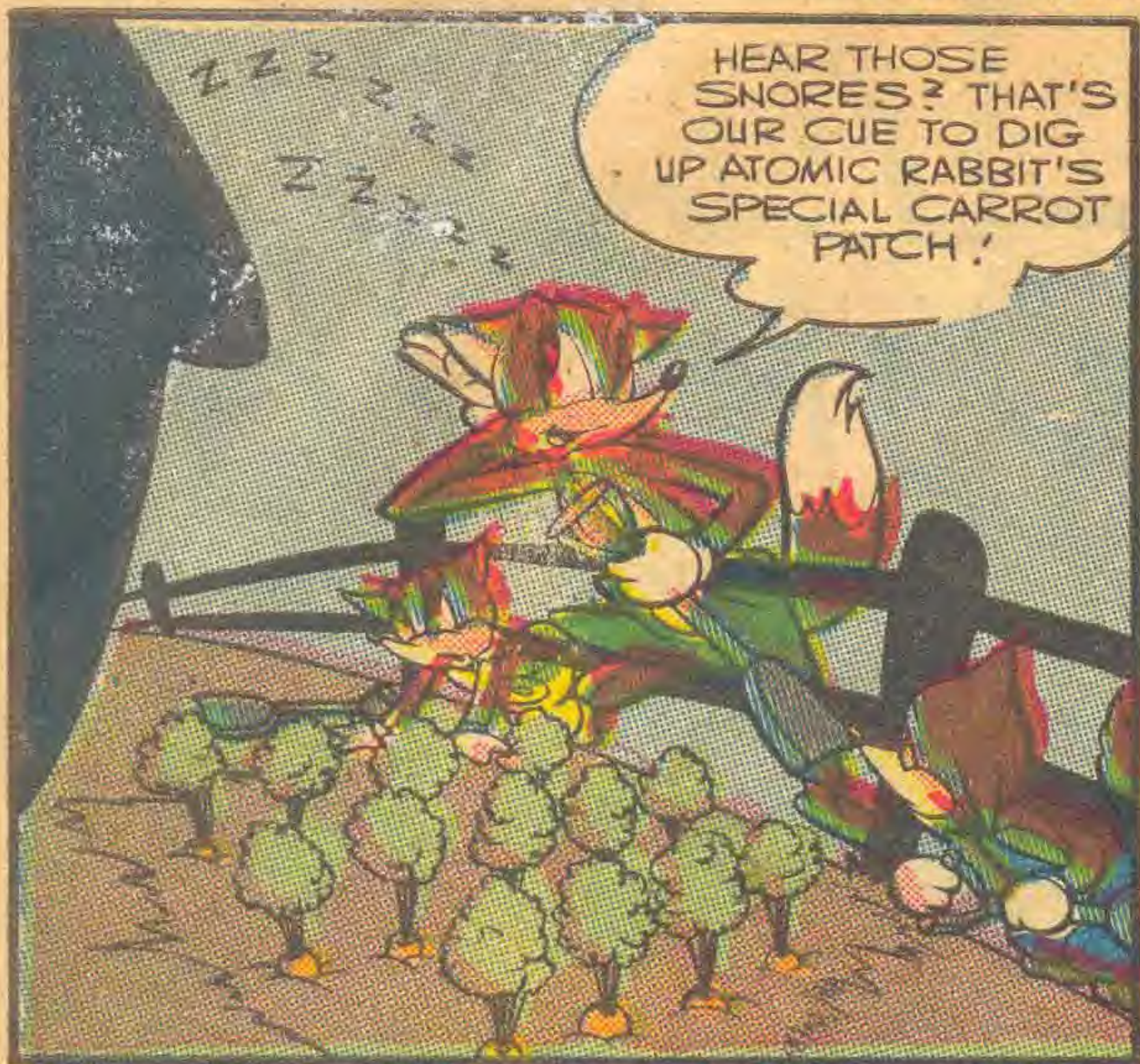


THIS SLEEPING GAS WILL  
PUT ALL RABBITS TO SLEEP--  
EVEN ATOMIC  
RABBIT!





# ATOMIC RABBIT

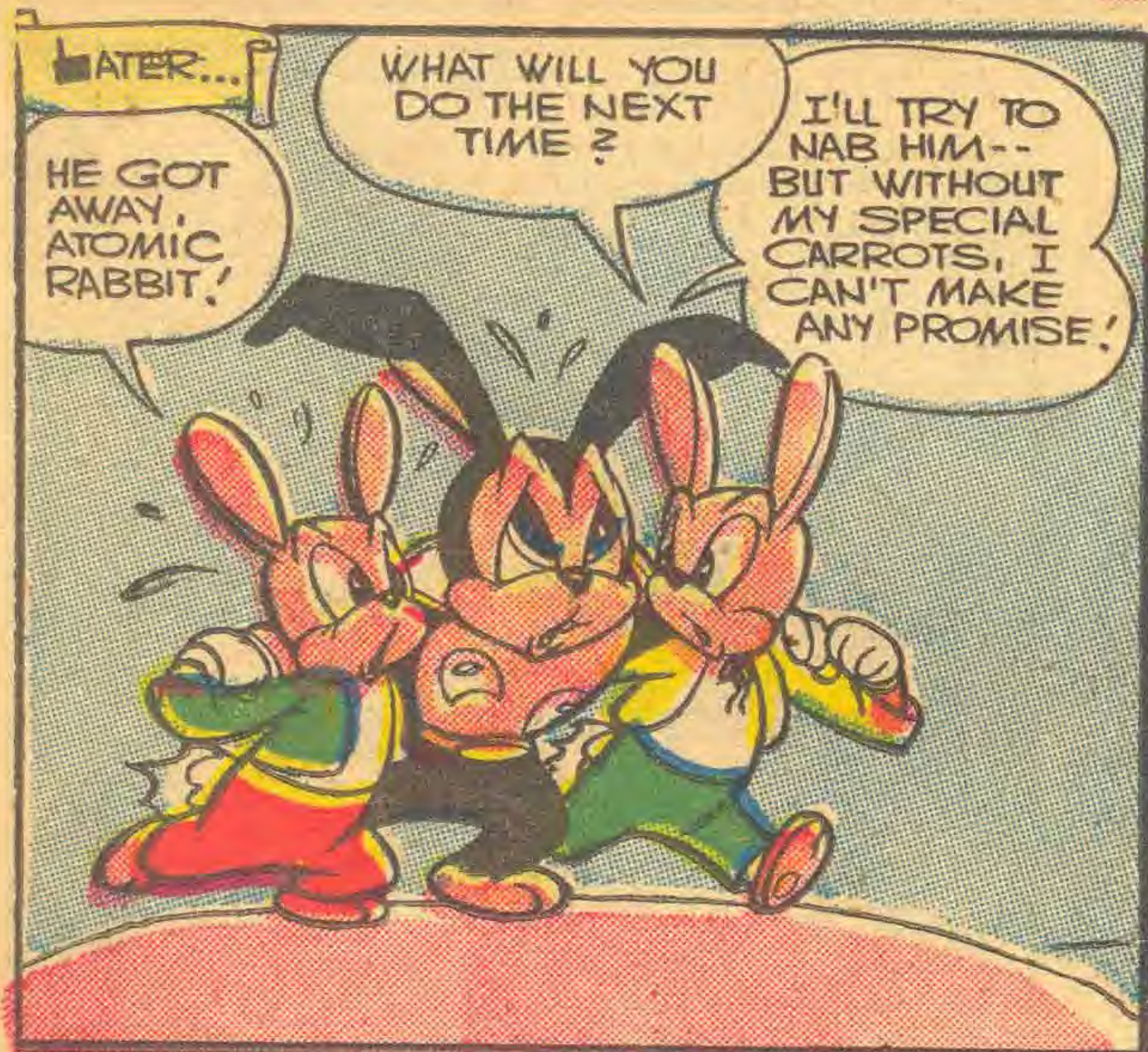
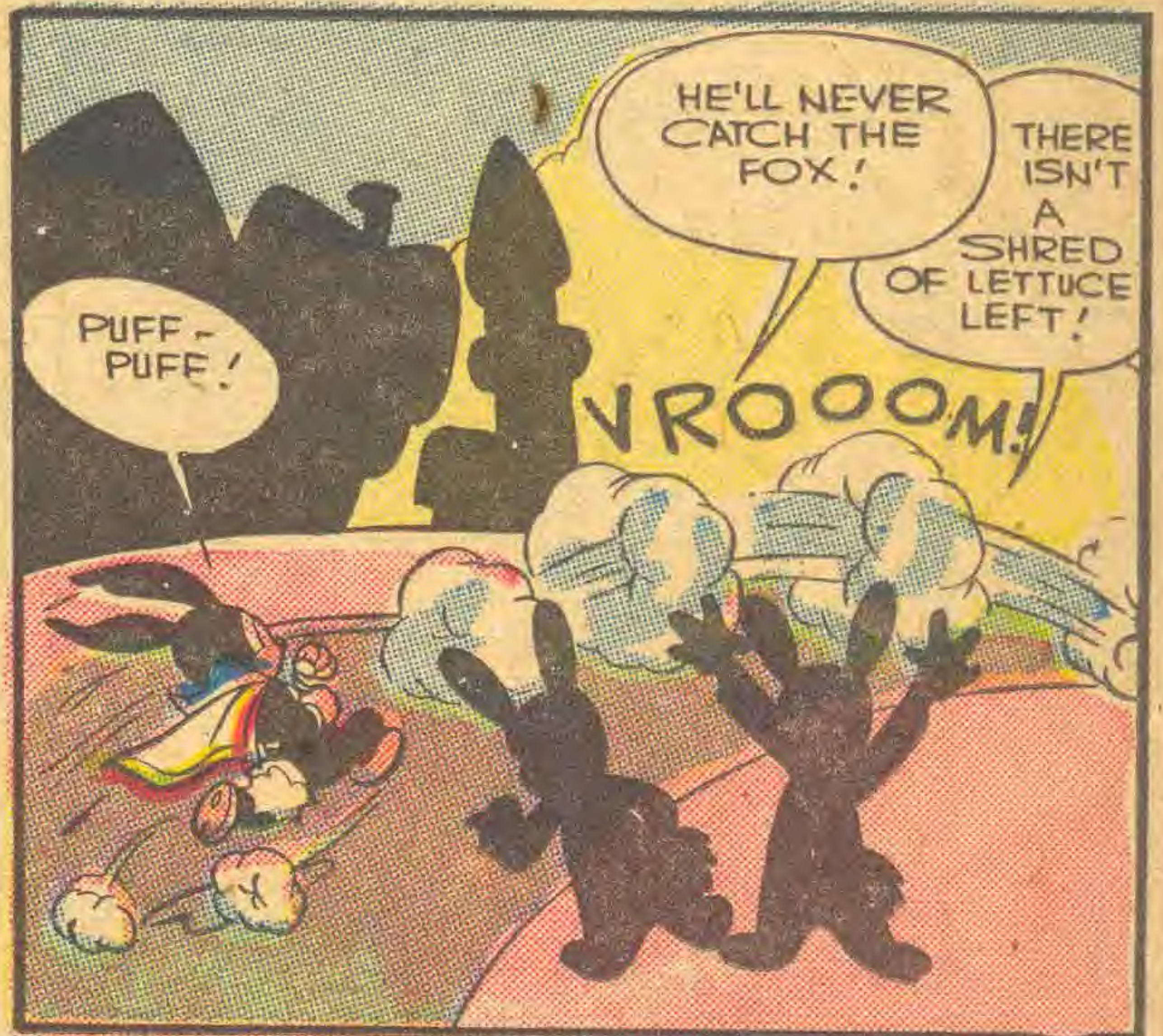
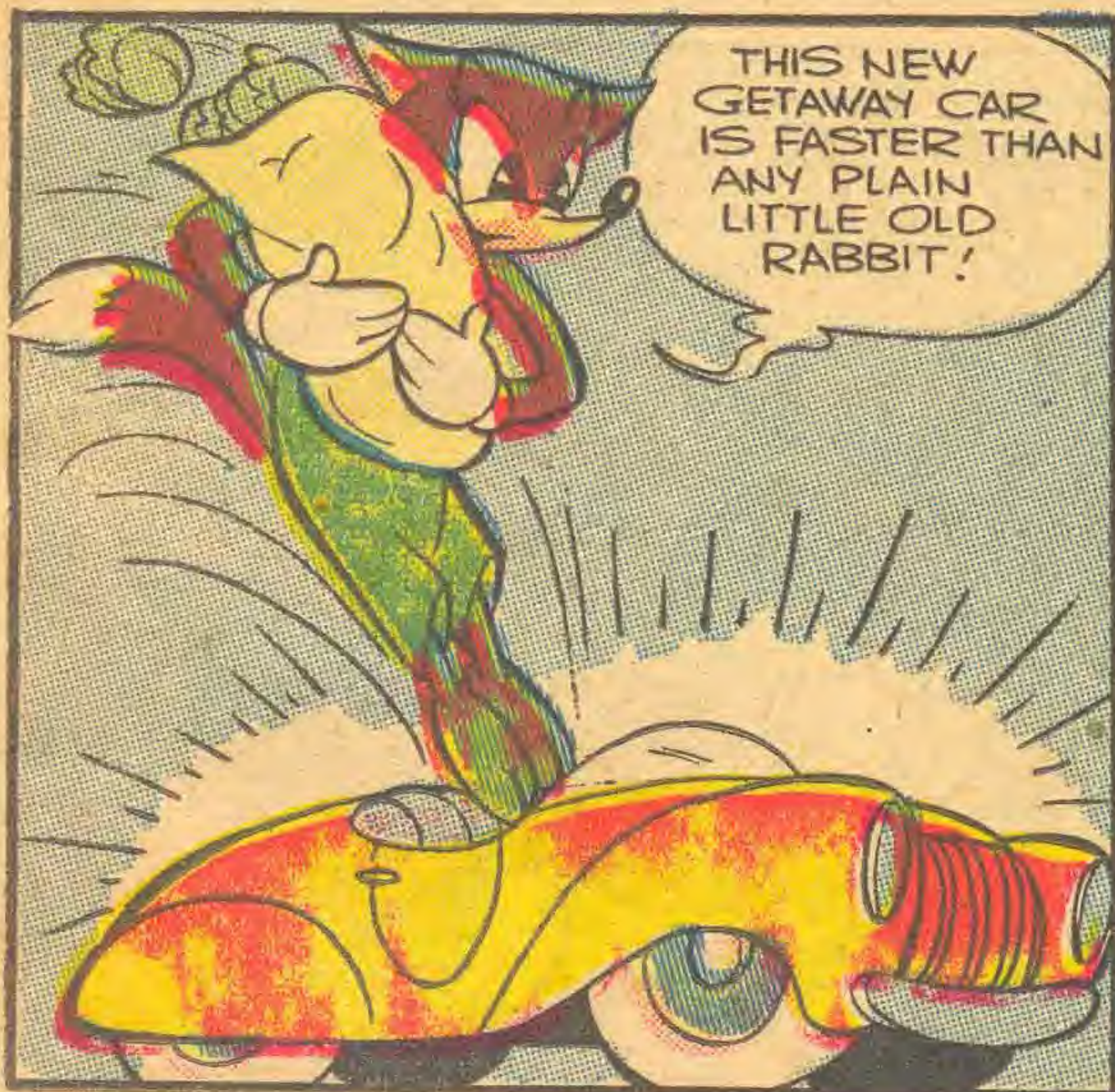
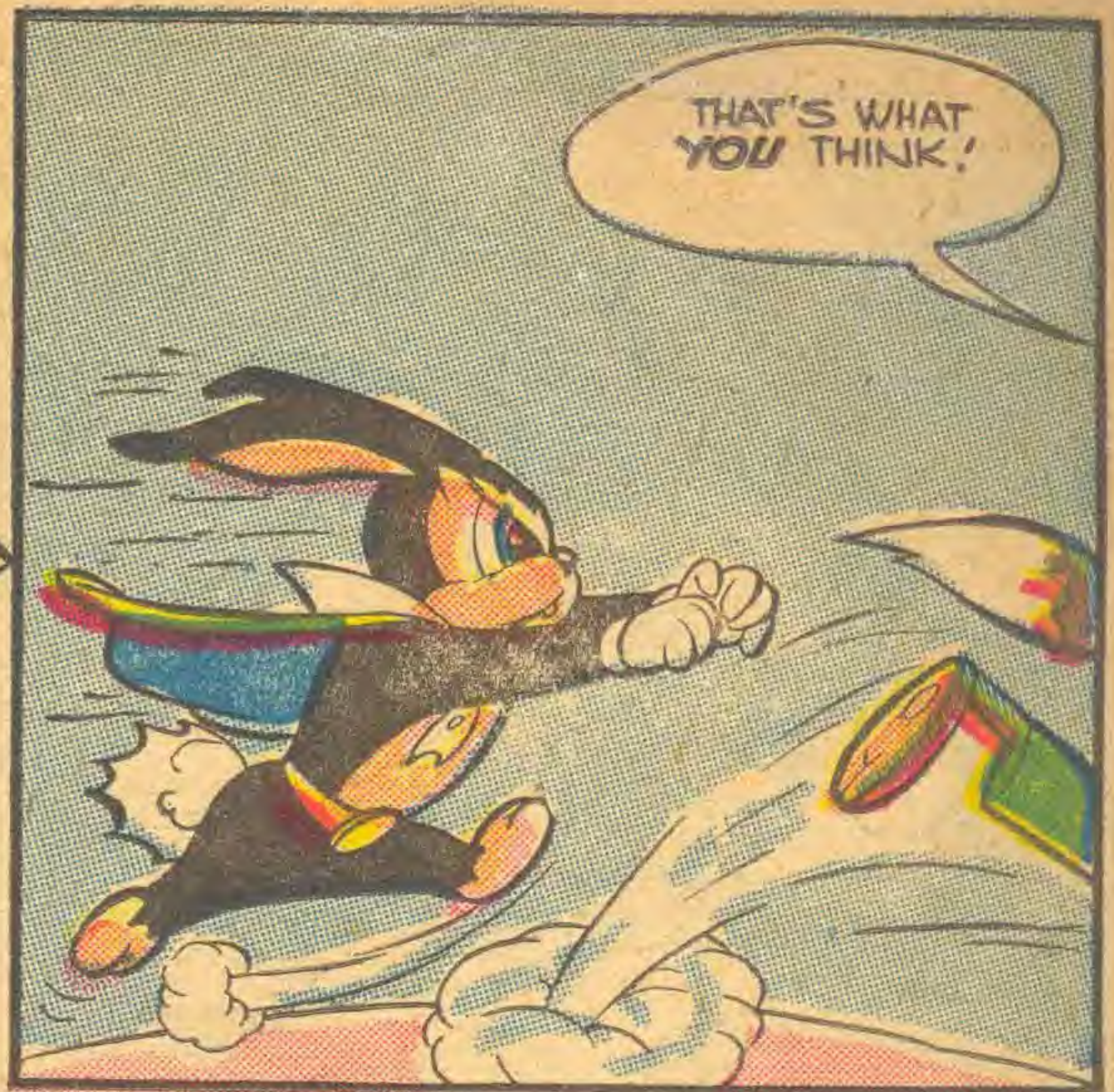


BUT WITHOUT HIS SPECIAL CARROTS, POOR ATOMIC RABBIT CANNOT FLY TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME..



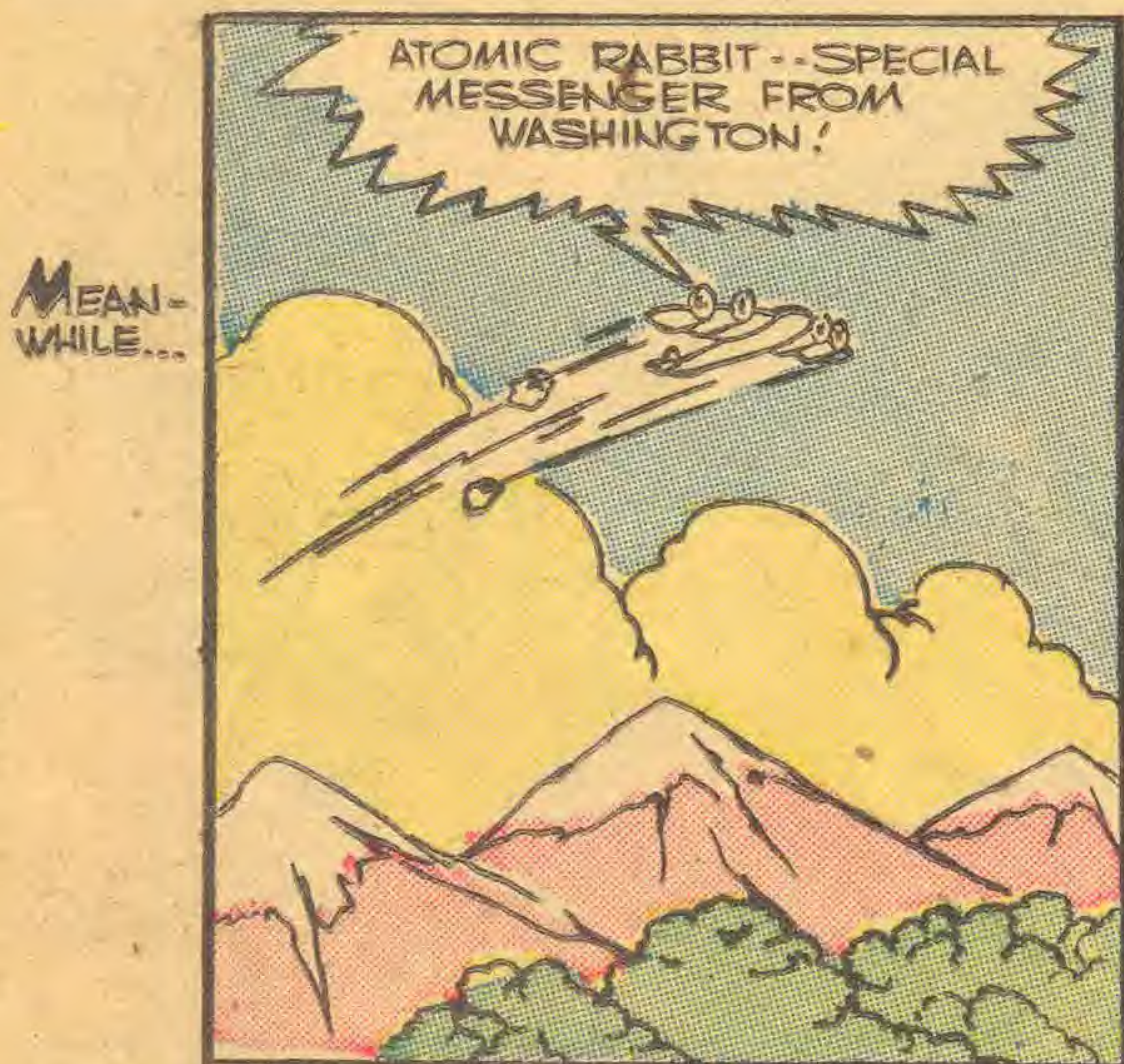


# ATOMIC RABBIT



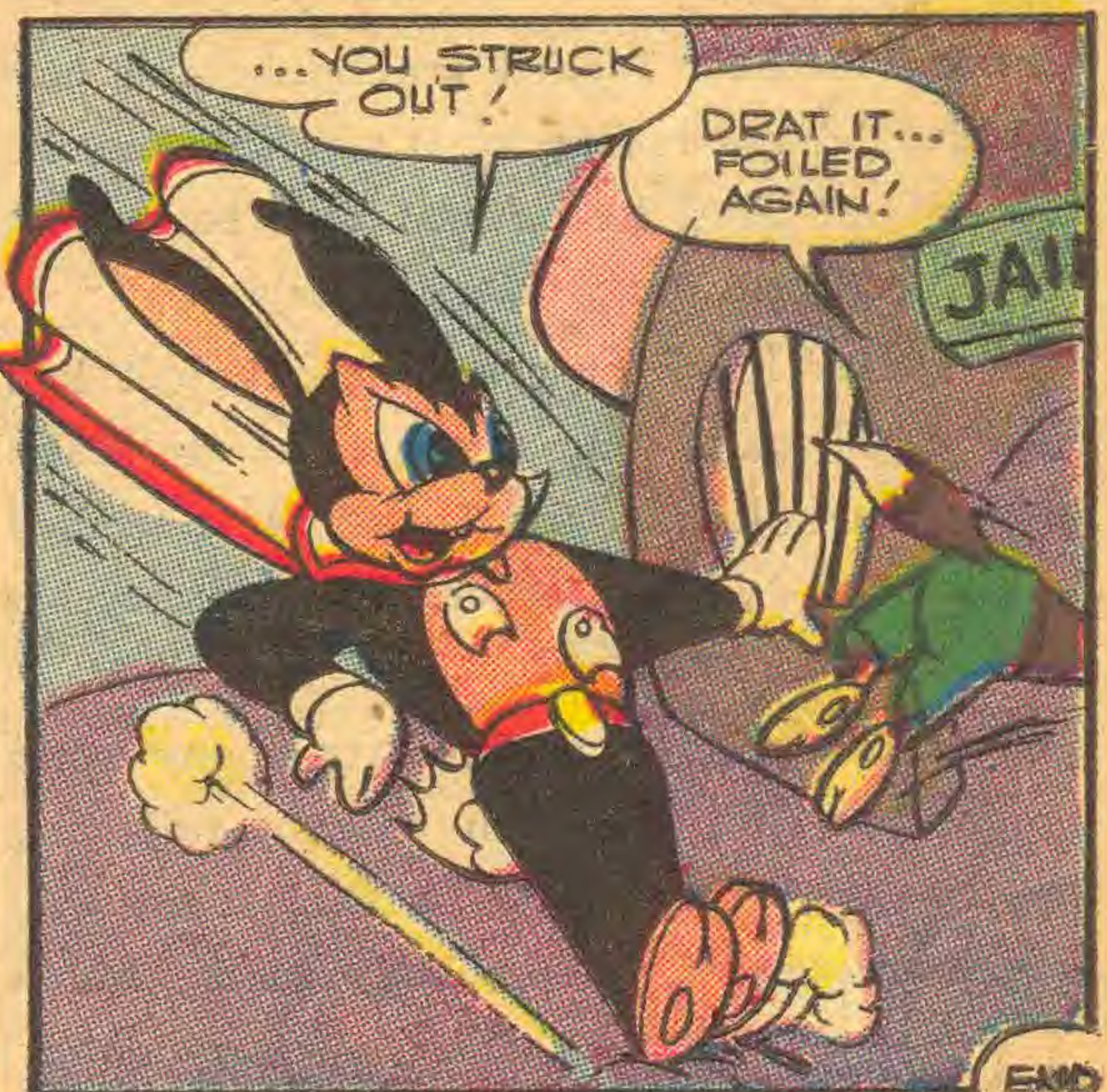
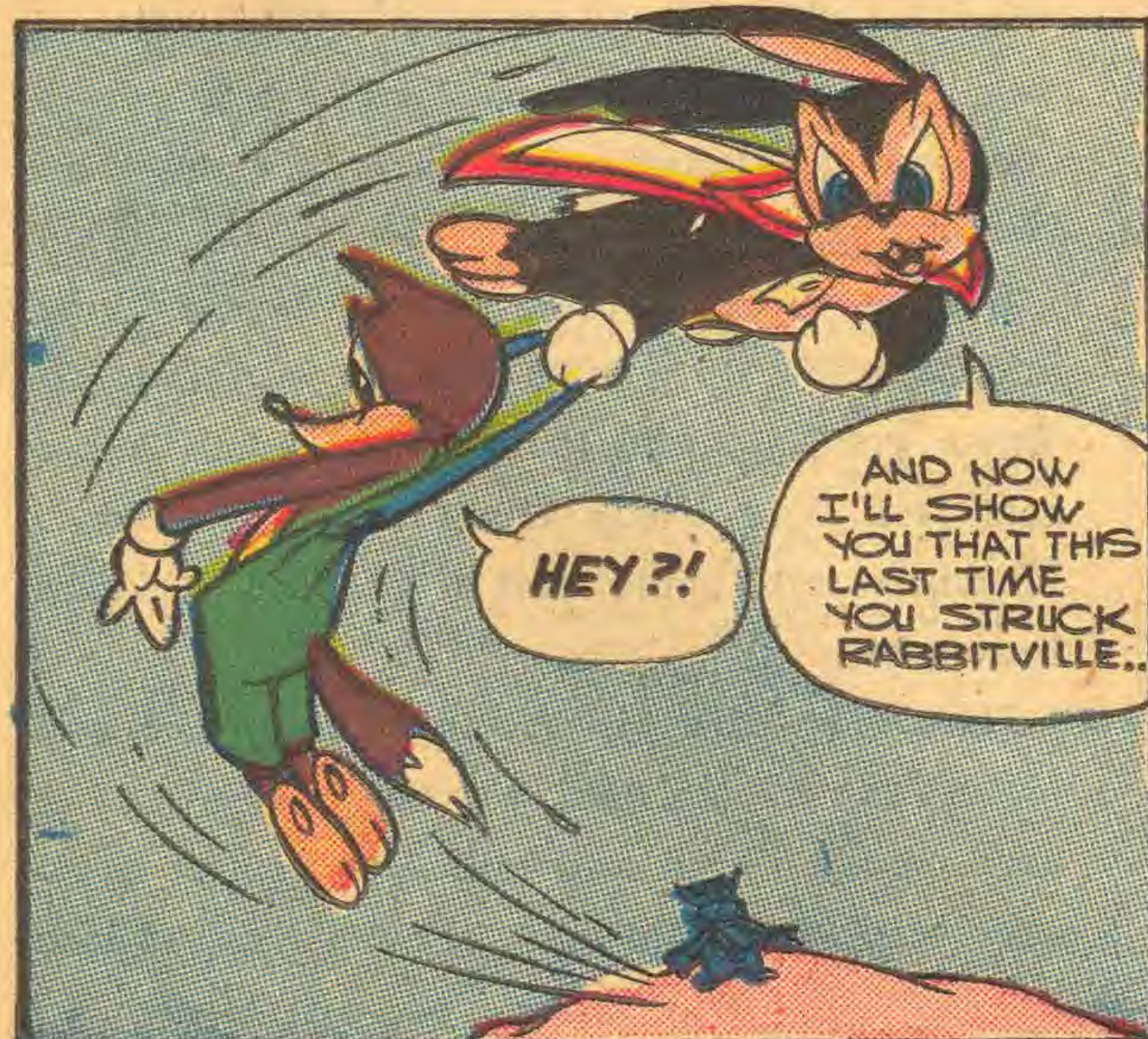
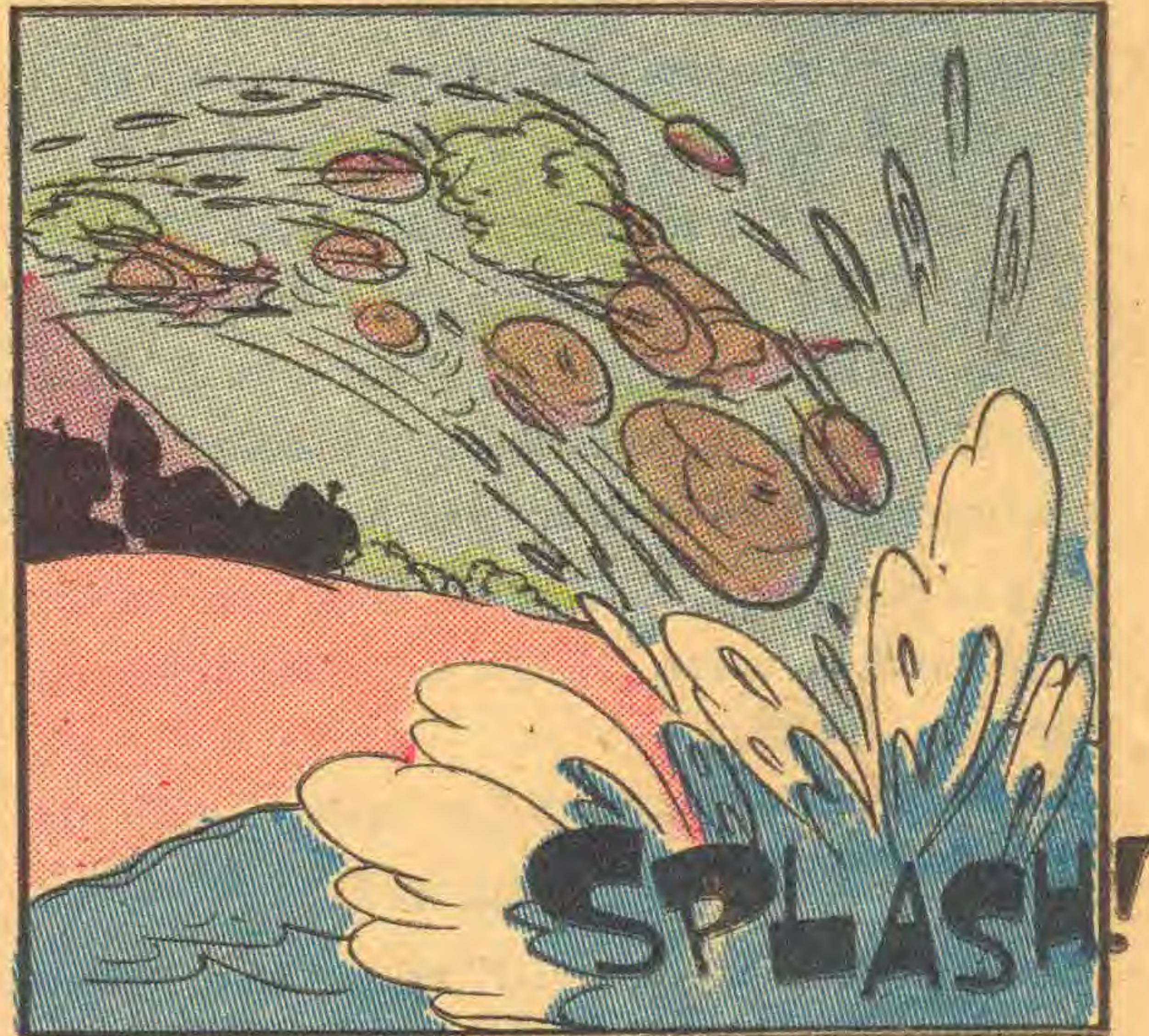
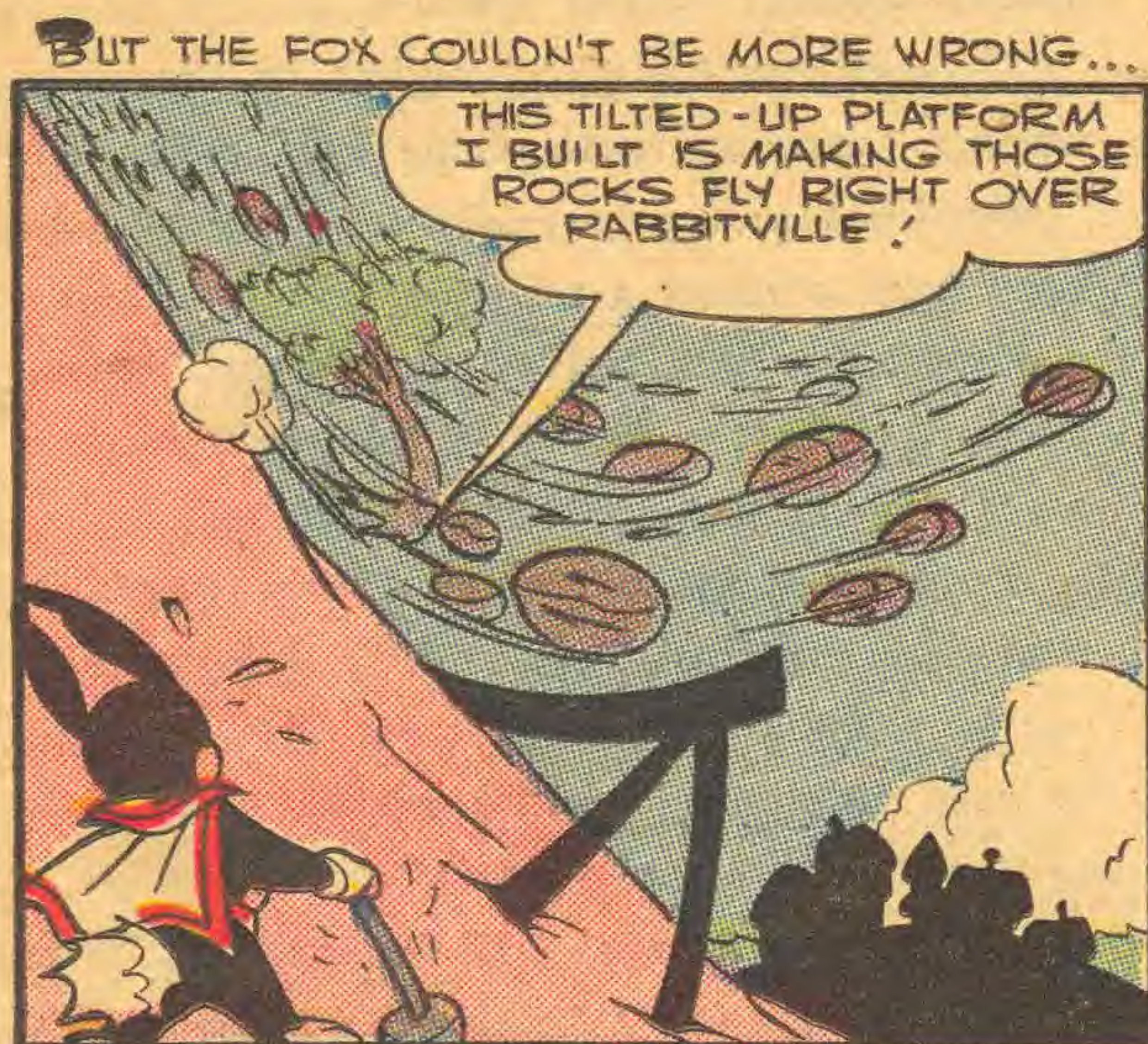
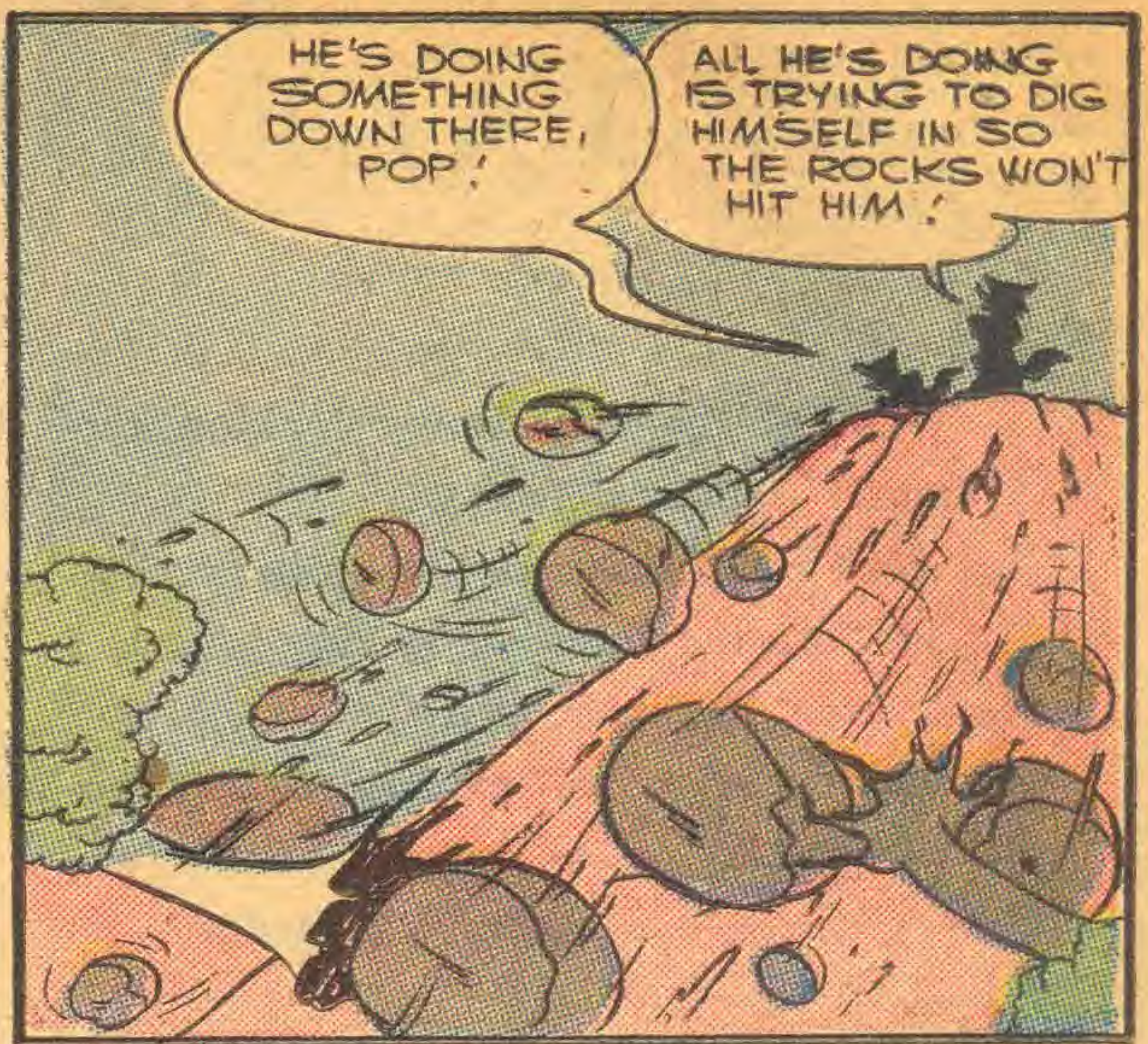


# ATOMIC RABBIT





# ATOMIC RABBIT





# ATOMIC RABBIT TALE OF A CAT

**"LOOK** at the very funny looking animal!" laughed Tom Cat.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed his twin brother, Al E. Cat. "It's the funniest looking animal I have ever seen, but what is it?"

"It must be a phoodle!" exclaimed Tom, between chuckles.

"There's no such thing as a phoodle!" retorted Al.

"And there's no such thing as *that*!" yelled Tom, and both brothers began laughing as if it were the biggest joke in the world.

But poor little Mortimer Manx wasn't laughing at all. He was blushing and almost crying. He knew they were talking about him. It made him feel awful to be called a "phoodle." Especially when there is no such thing as a phoodle.

"I'm not a phoodle!" cried Mortimer, in his high pitched voice. "I'm a cat, just like you are!"

"Don't fib to us!" yelled Al E. Cat. "If you're a cat, where is your tail?"

"Sure where is your tail?" asked Tom. "Even a rabbit has got more tail than you've got."

Poor Mortimer looked around behind him and blushed some more for it was true that he had no tail. And he noticed that both Tom and Al had fine, long, splendid tails.

Of course, back at home, the subject had never come up. All the members of the Manx family were without tails. It had never seemed to bother Mortimer's father, Mr. Manx, or his mother, Mrs. Manx.

Manx cats are just as fine cats as any other family, but they are born without tails and they don't grow any tails. That's just the way nature arranged it, and nobody in the Manx

family gives it a second thought.

But Mortimer had left his family home and had come to the city to make his fortune. And now he was aware for the first time that he was different from some other cats.

"I don't care what you say!" yelled Mortimer, forcing back his tears. "I am a cat and not a rabbit or anything else."

"What did you do, get your tail caught in a lawn mower?" asked Tom.

"Or did you have it hanging in the river when a snapping turtle came by?" asked Al.

Mortimer patiently explained that he had been born without a tail and that it was the custom in his family. He also said that he was a stranger in the city and that he'd like to make friends, especially with Tom and Al.

Tom started whispering to Al and they both chuckled, and then Tom said, "All right. You can be friends with us. But we don't want to be seen chumming around with a phoodle — so you'll have to have a tail."

"But we can fix that up," declared Al. "Our uncle is Omar the Wigmaker, and he makes wigs for all the bald cats and if we tell him you are our friend, he will make a false tail for you and nobody but us will even know that it's false."

So the three of them visited Uncle Omar and he made up a false tail for Mortimer. It was a good job and looked very much like a real tail. And Uncle Omar fastened it onto Mortimer with some kind of glue and it didn't hurt a bit.

Mortimer stood in front of a mirror and looked at the tail and was mighty proud. It sure looked like a real tail. And he felt fit to associate with Tom and Al who slapped him



# ATOMIC RABBIT

on the back and complimented him and said, "It sure makes you handsome!" They winked at each other, but Mortimer didn't know why they were winking.

Mortimer left the wigmaker's shop, walking proudly. He saw people staring at him and thought, "Ah-ha! They are all admiring my new, wonderful tail."

Then everybody began whooping and yelling and snickering and guffawing. They were pointing at Mortimer and saying, "Look at Droopy Tail!" And, "Look what the cat's dragging in!" Some of them made catcalls.

Poor Mortimer began to run, looking for a place to hide, to get away from his tormenters. But the long tail dragged and bounced on the ground and was like an anchor to him. He couldn't run fast at all. For Tom and Al had secretly filled the false tail with lead!

He ducked into a dark alley to try to get away from the mob of tormenters. Tom and Al, the jokers, were close behind him.

Now, although the kittens didn't know it, this was a very unfortunate alley for them to enter. Ratnose the Rodent, a nasty gangster, had set a row of three rat traps across the alley. He had them set so they would catch a cat's tail.

As Mortimer ran through the dark passage he heard a sharp snap and was thrown to the ground. Seconds later he heard two more snaps and great cries of pain. The other traps had caught Tom and Al, and stung them, too, because *their* tails were real.

Tom and Al started yelling for help, but none of the other cats that had been laughing at the fake tail would come to help them because they were all deadly afraid of Ratnose the Rodent.

"Ooocoh, we are goners!" moaned Tom. "Ratnose will get us sure!"

"Ooocoh, he will get all three of us!" wailed

Al. "If I had my nine lives to live over, I'd be a better cat!"

Mortimer wasn't saying anything. He was busy. He got out his pocket knife, flipped open the sharpest blade, and cut off his tail. Since it was a false tail, it didn't hurt him when he cut it. Then he stepped quietly out of the alley. It was several seconds before Tom and Al realized he was gone.

Al noticed first, exclaiming, "Look, Mortimer's gone. Do you think he'll bring help?"

"Huh?" said Tom. "No, of course not! He's undoubtedly glad we're in a jam. We laughed at him and caused him lots of trouble. Now's his chance to get even. Do you blame him?"

"No, you're right," said Al. "I don't blame him if he hates us."

A shiver went through them as they heard a very nasty voice snarling, "Ho! I have caught two fine cats in my rat traps. Heh-heh!" They recognized the voice as that of Ratnose the gangster.

**B**UT a second later they heard wailing sirens and the police commissioner with twenty-seven detectives poured into the alley from both ends. They surrounded Ratnose and captured him. They freed Tom and Al from the traps and a police surgeon gave them first aid.

"How did you know we were here?" asked Tom.

"This little fellow told us," said the Commissioner, patting Mortimer Manx on the head. "You boys should thank him. He's a real pal!"

Tom and Al were grateful. They made a firm resolve never again to make fun of anyone just because he might look different from them. And they pal around with Mortimer Manx all the time now and the three are very happy together.

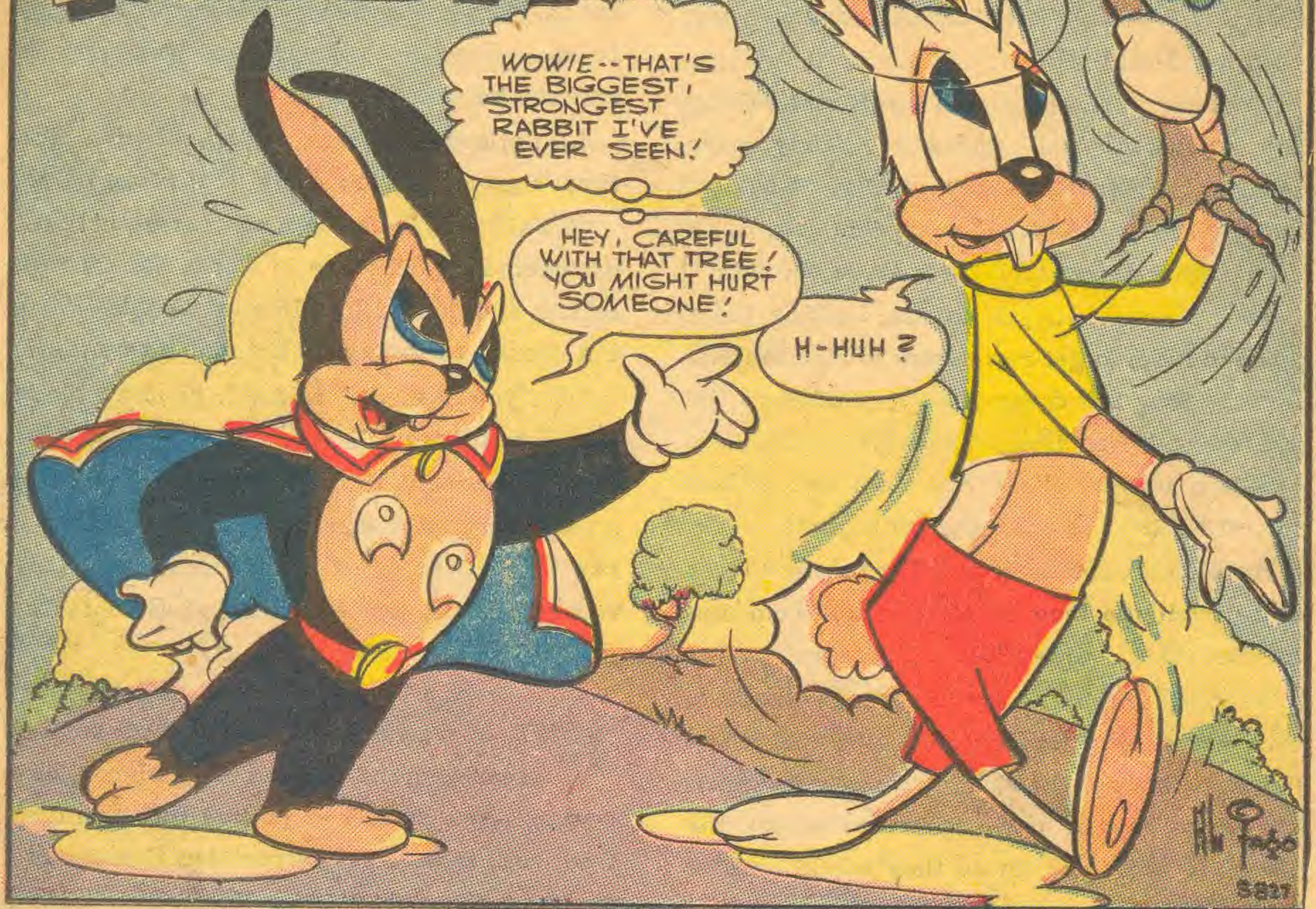
THE END



# ATOMIC RABBIT

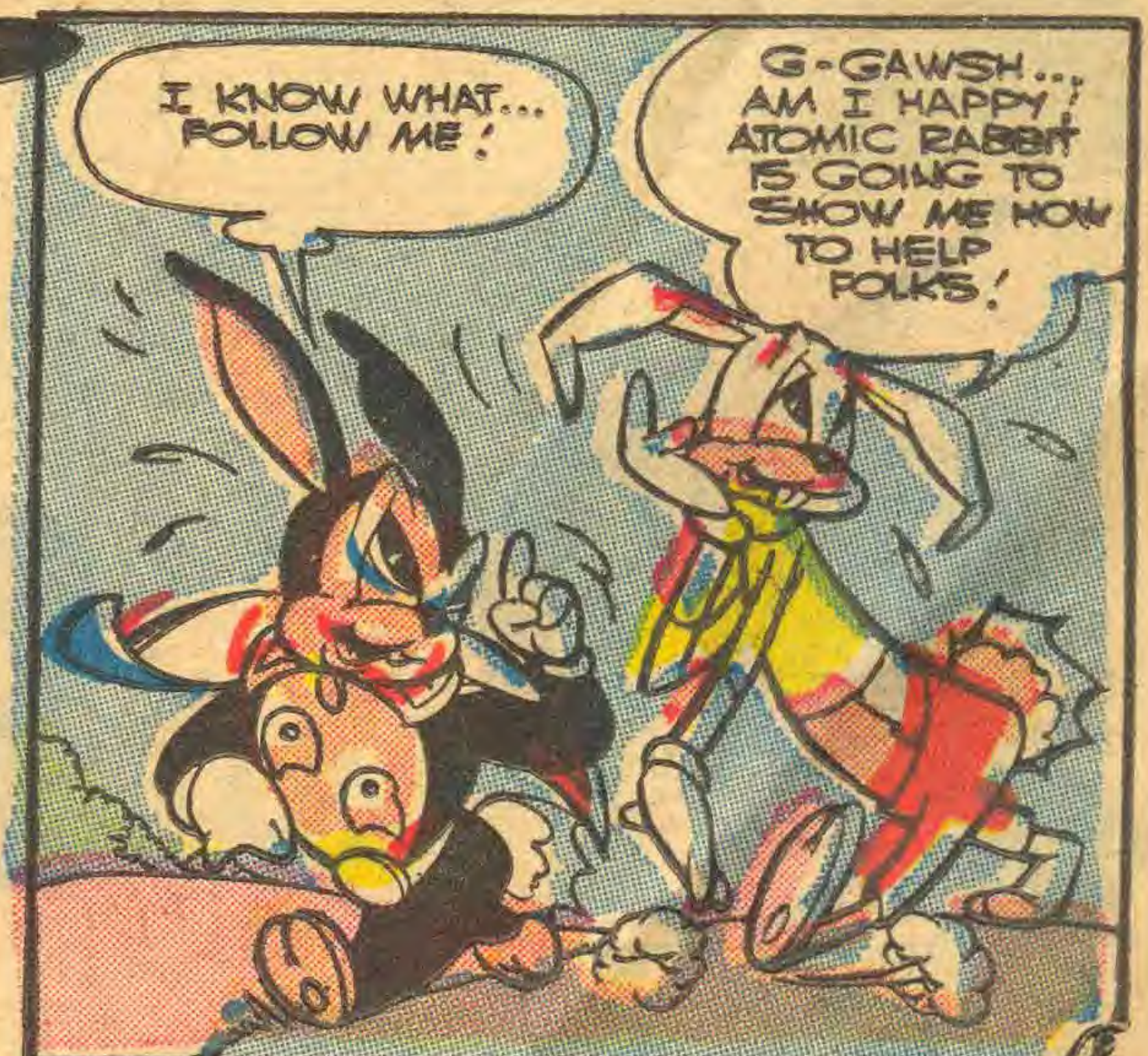
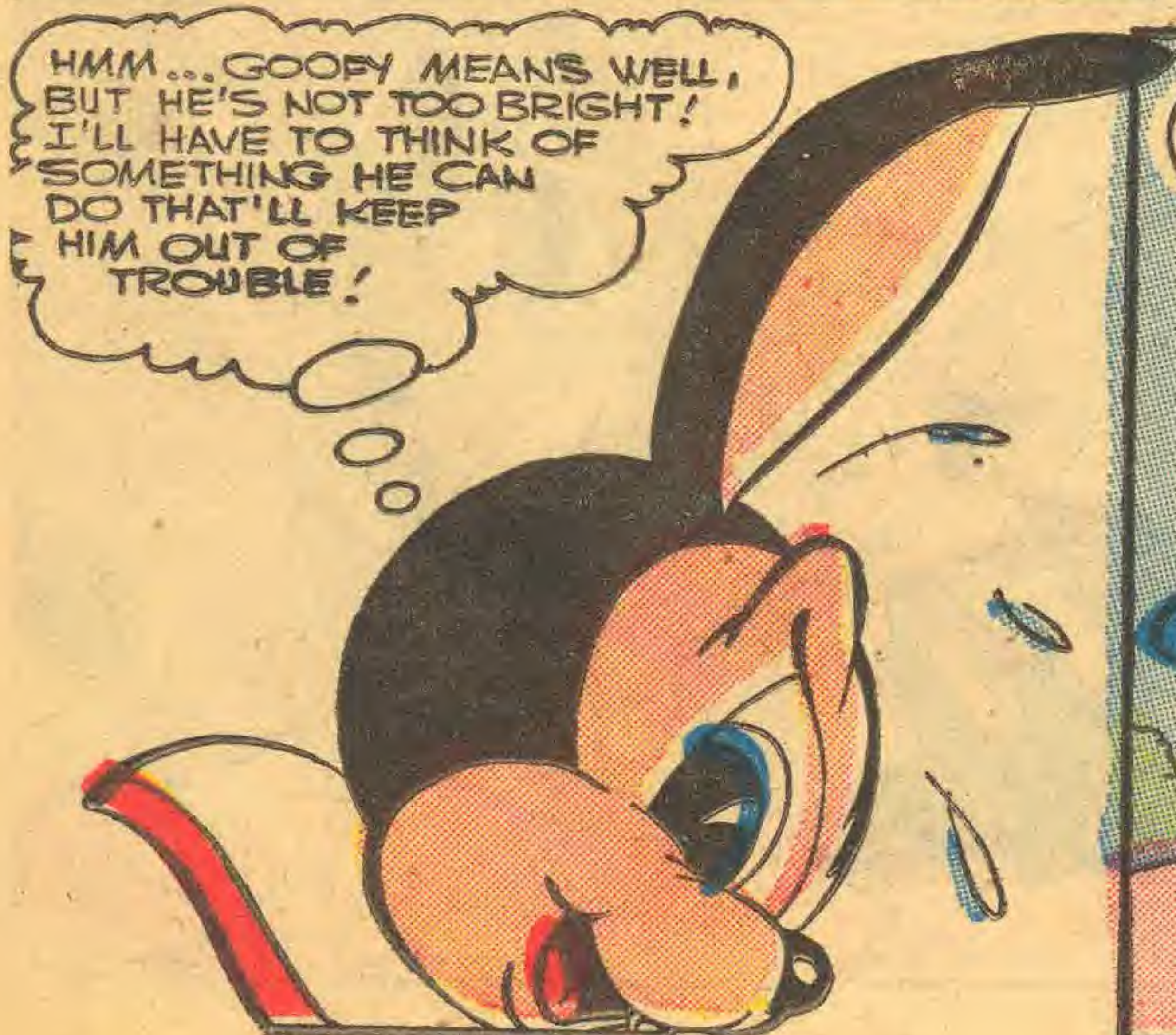
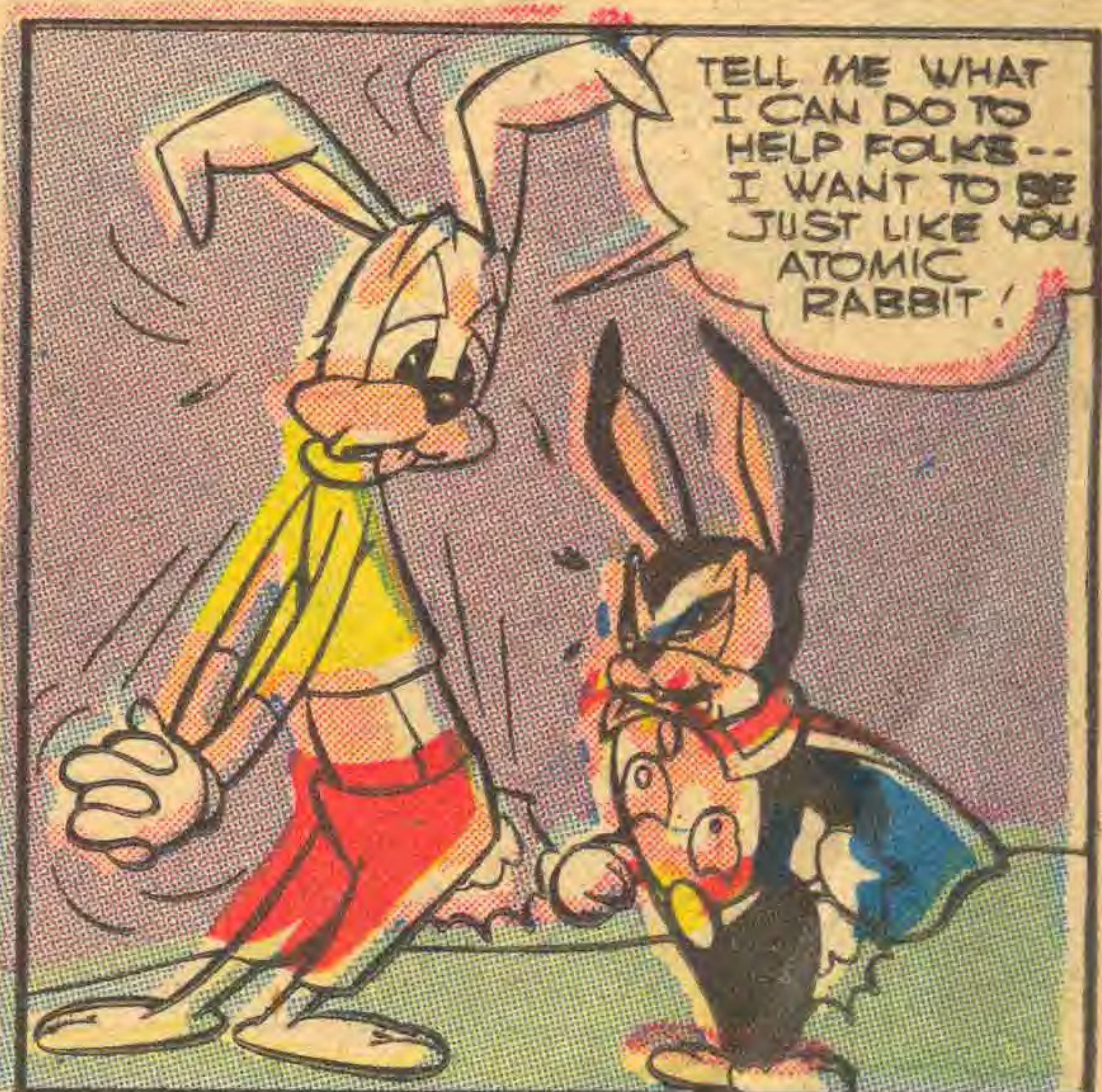
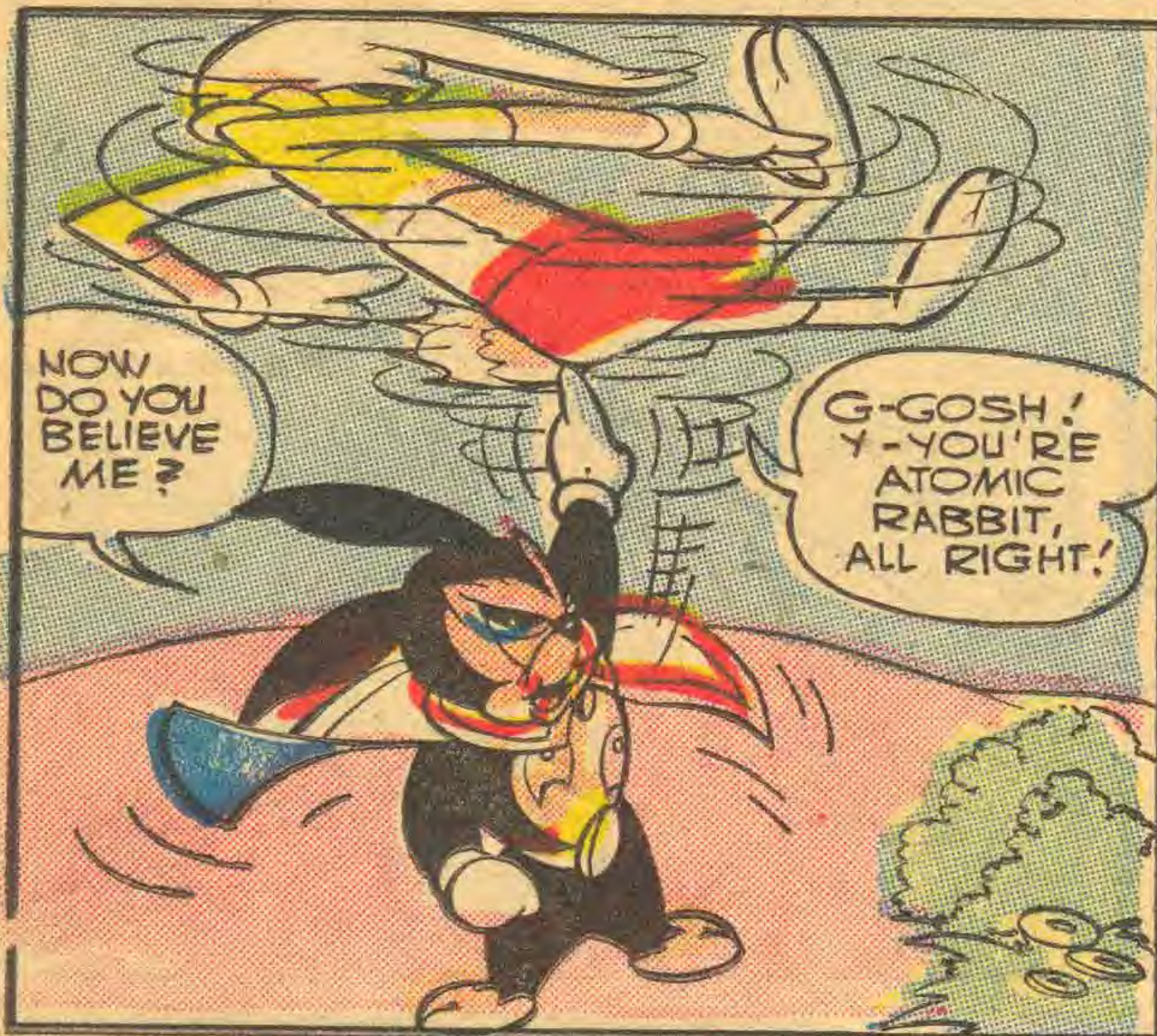
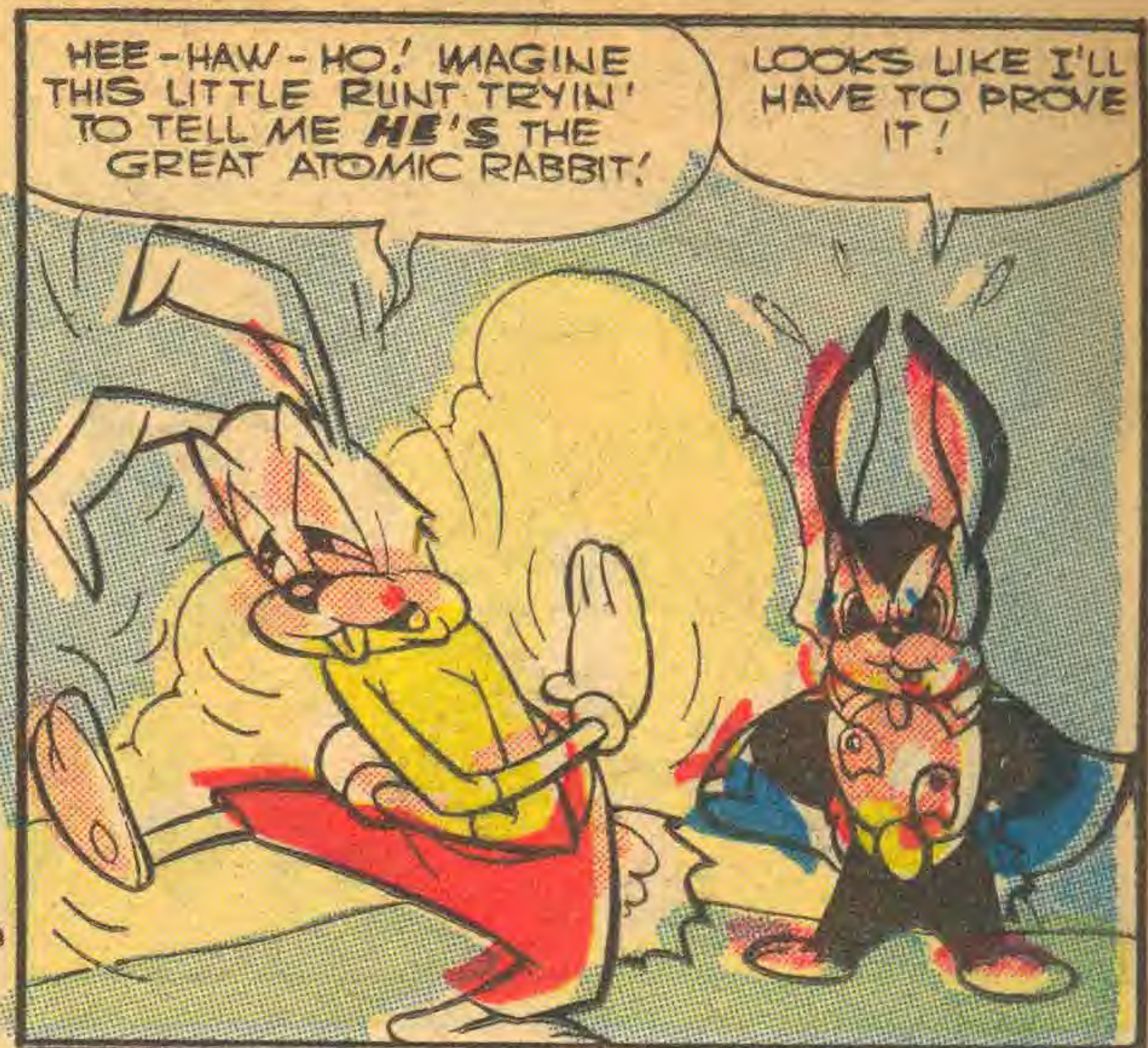
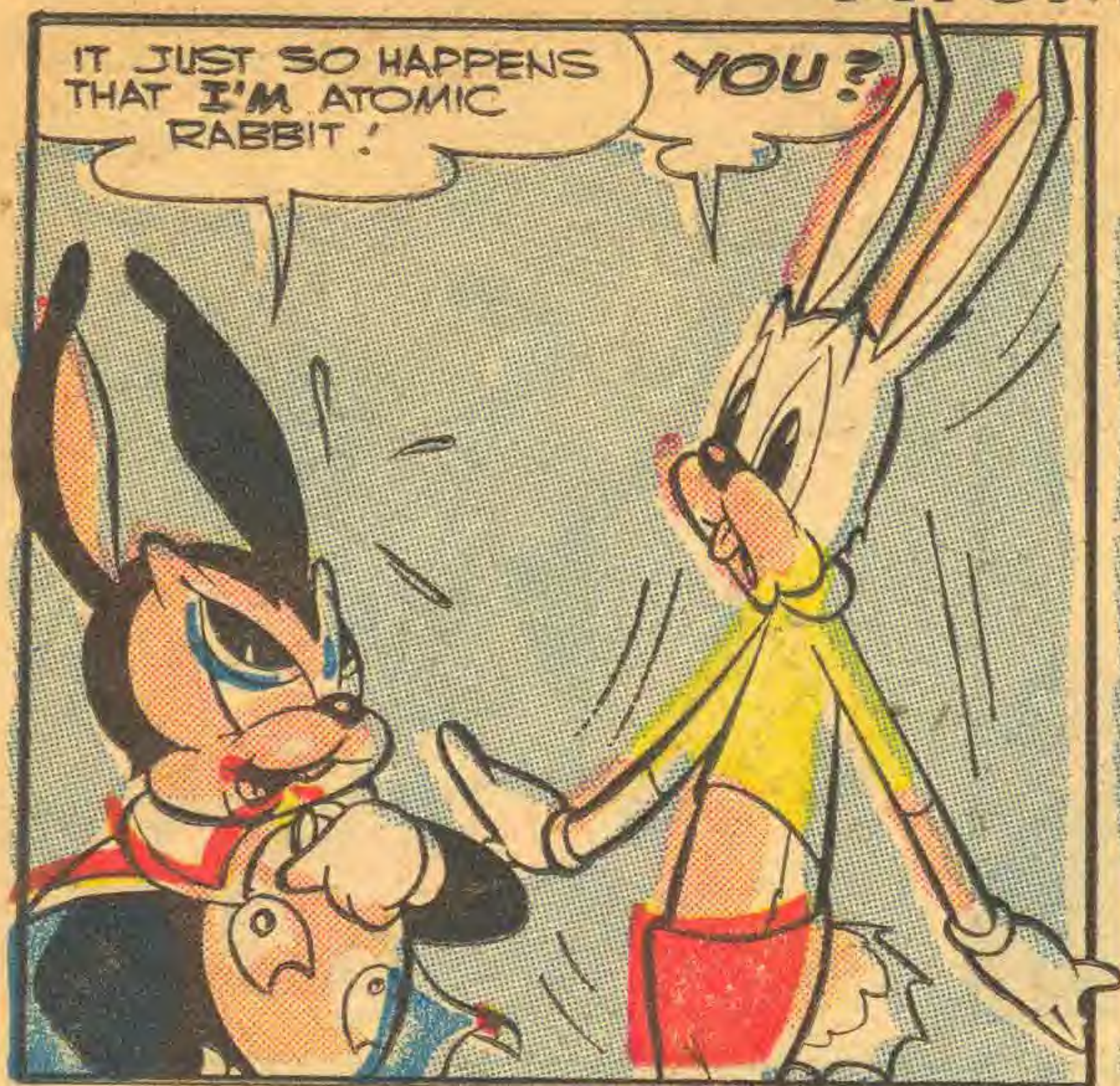
# ATOMIC RABBIT

in "GOOFY COMES TO TOWN"



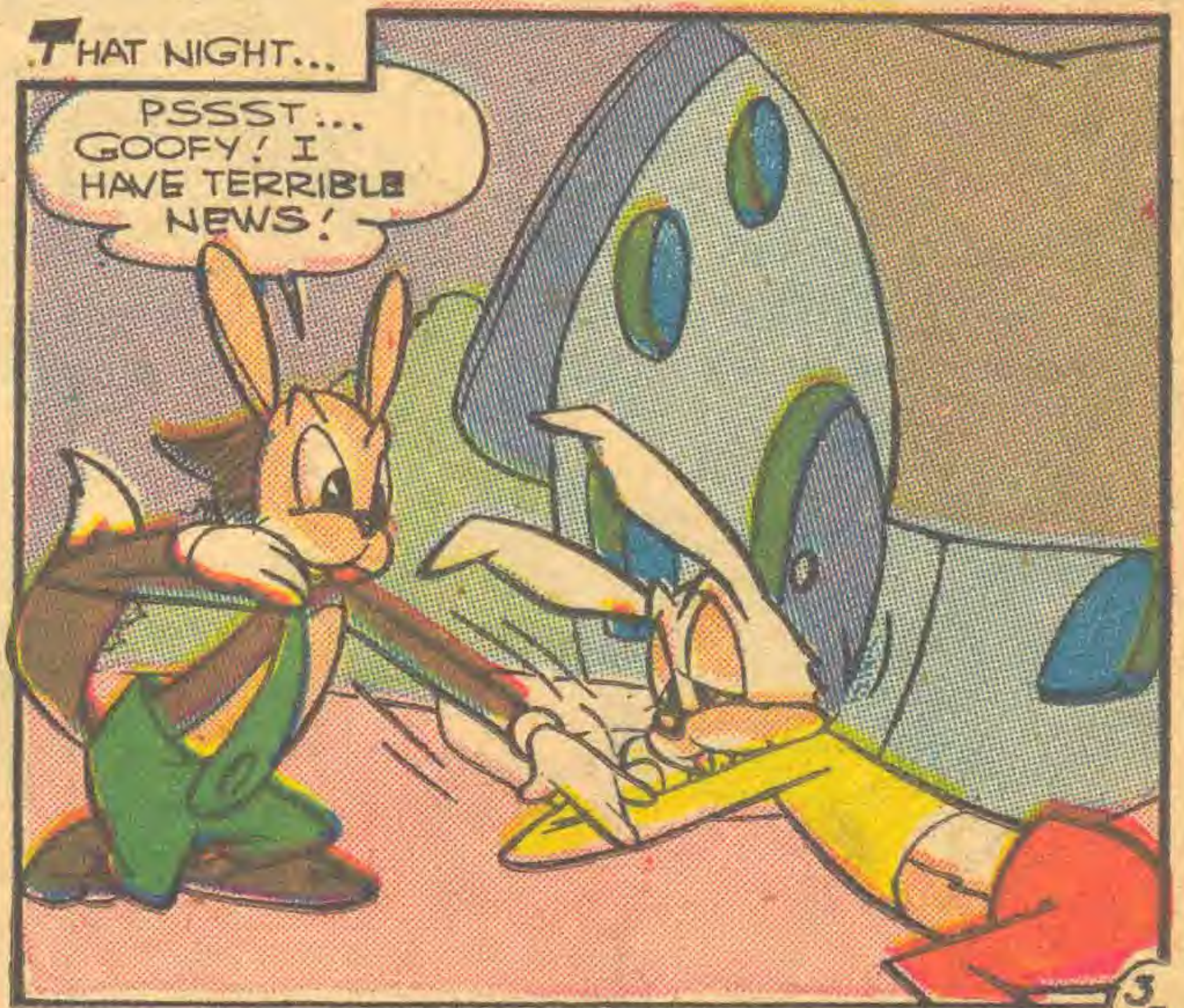
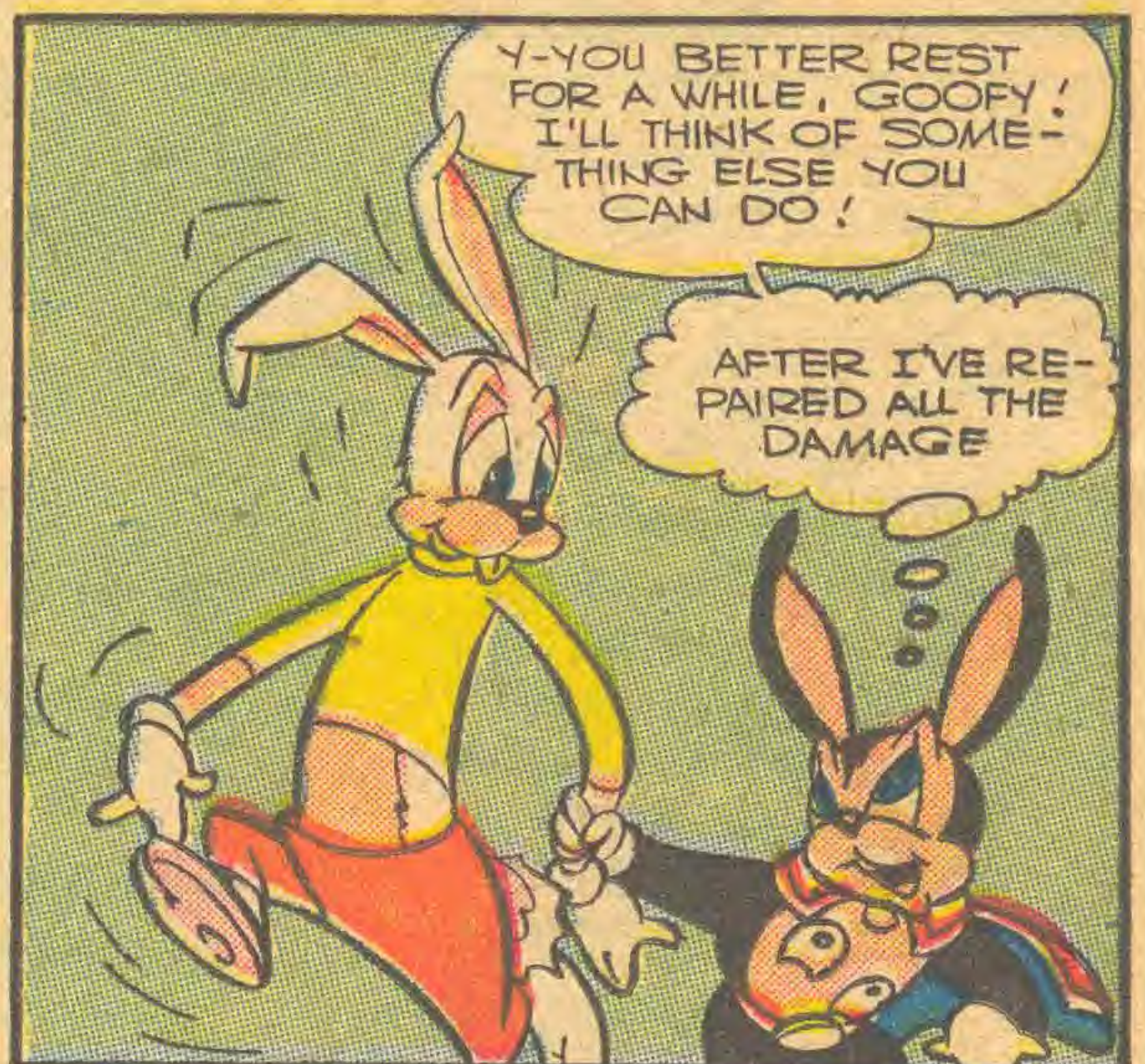
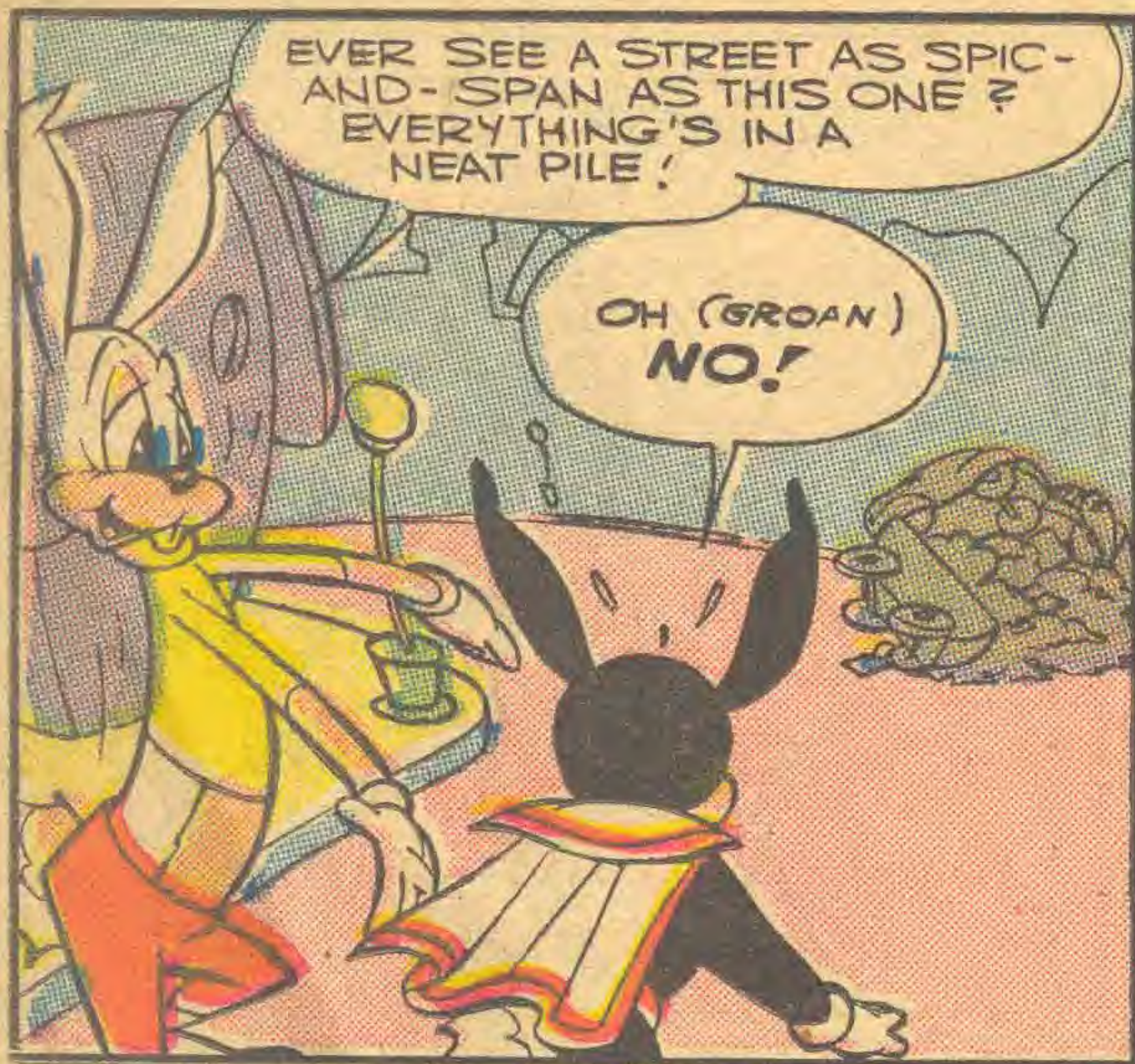
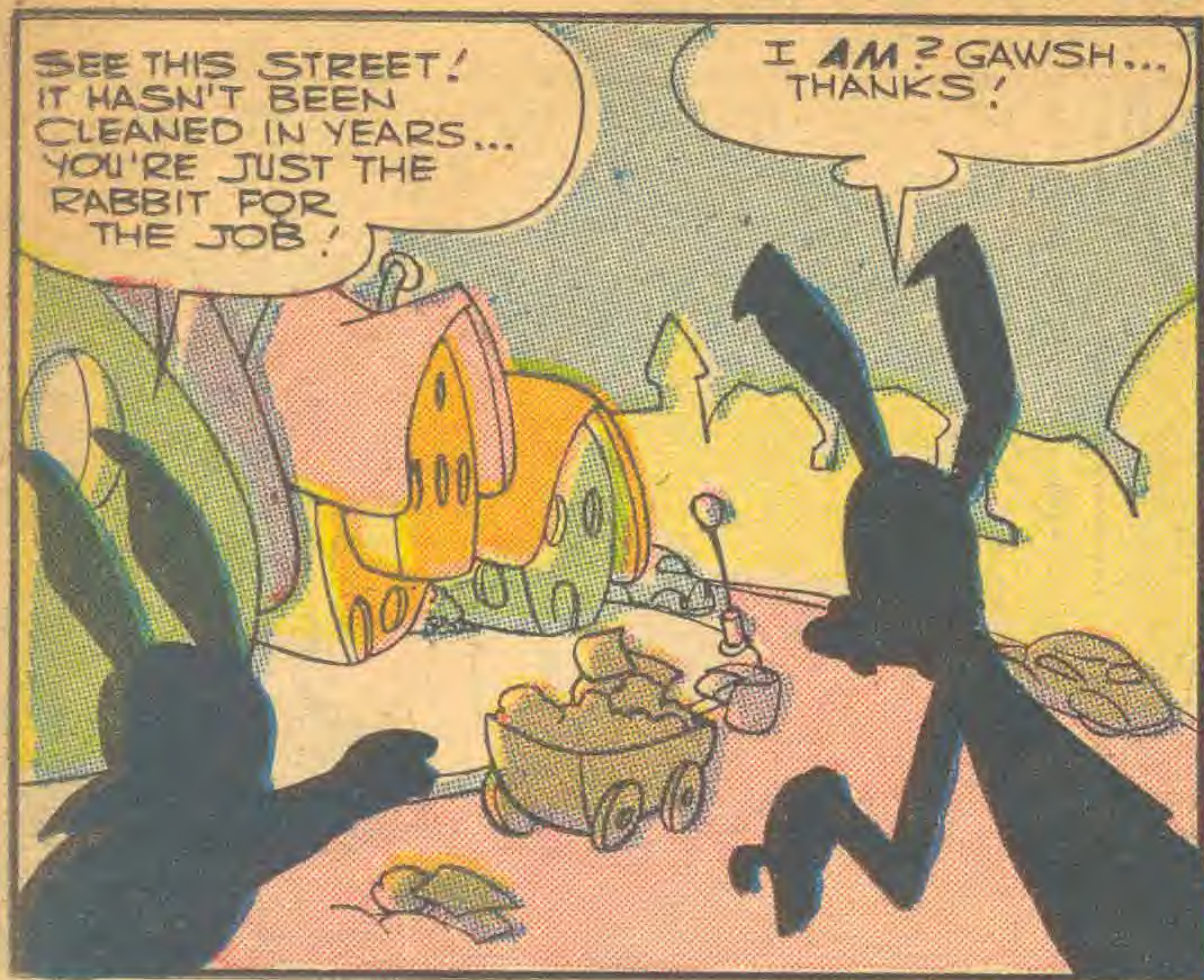


# ATOMIC RABBIT



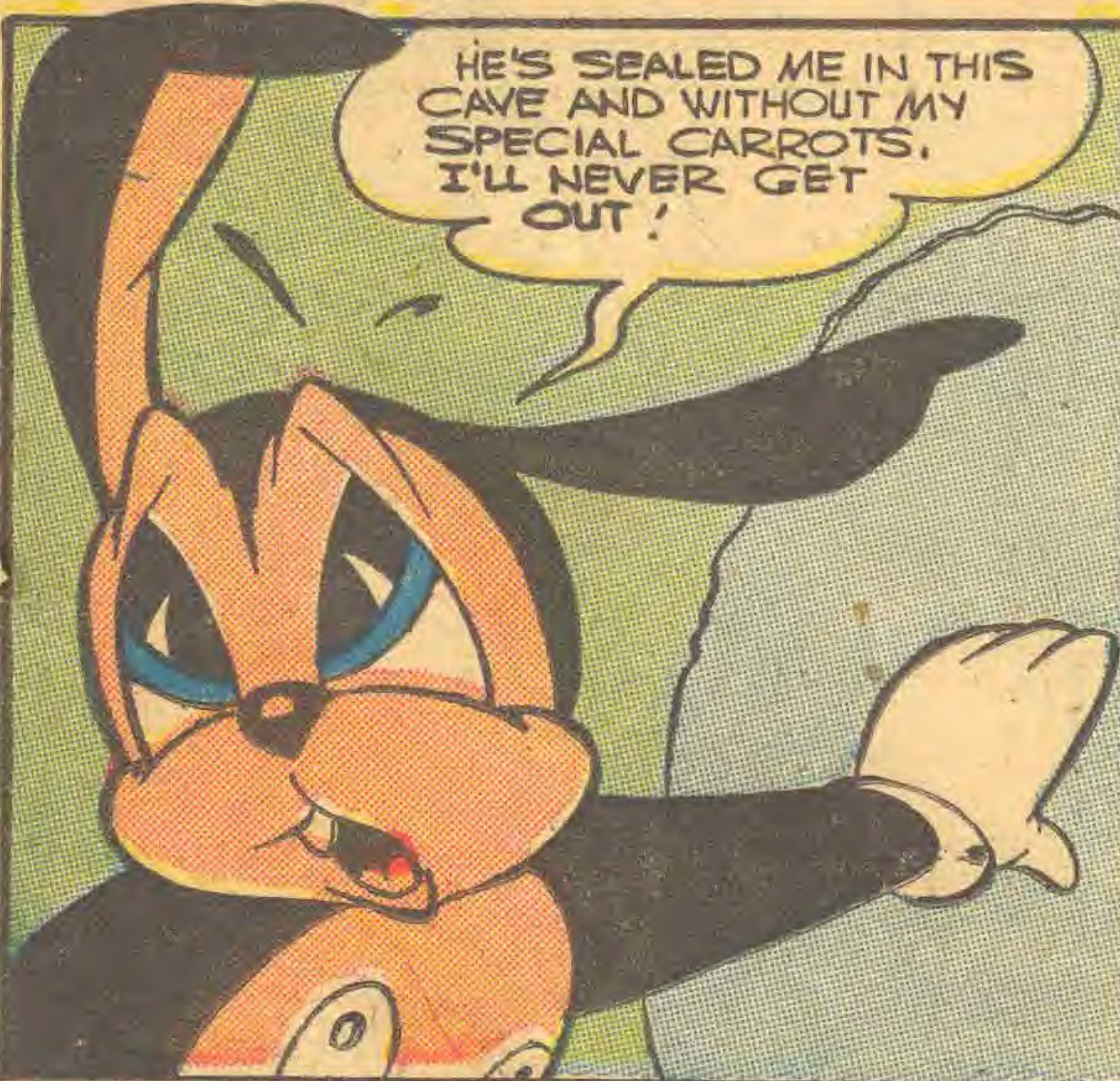
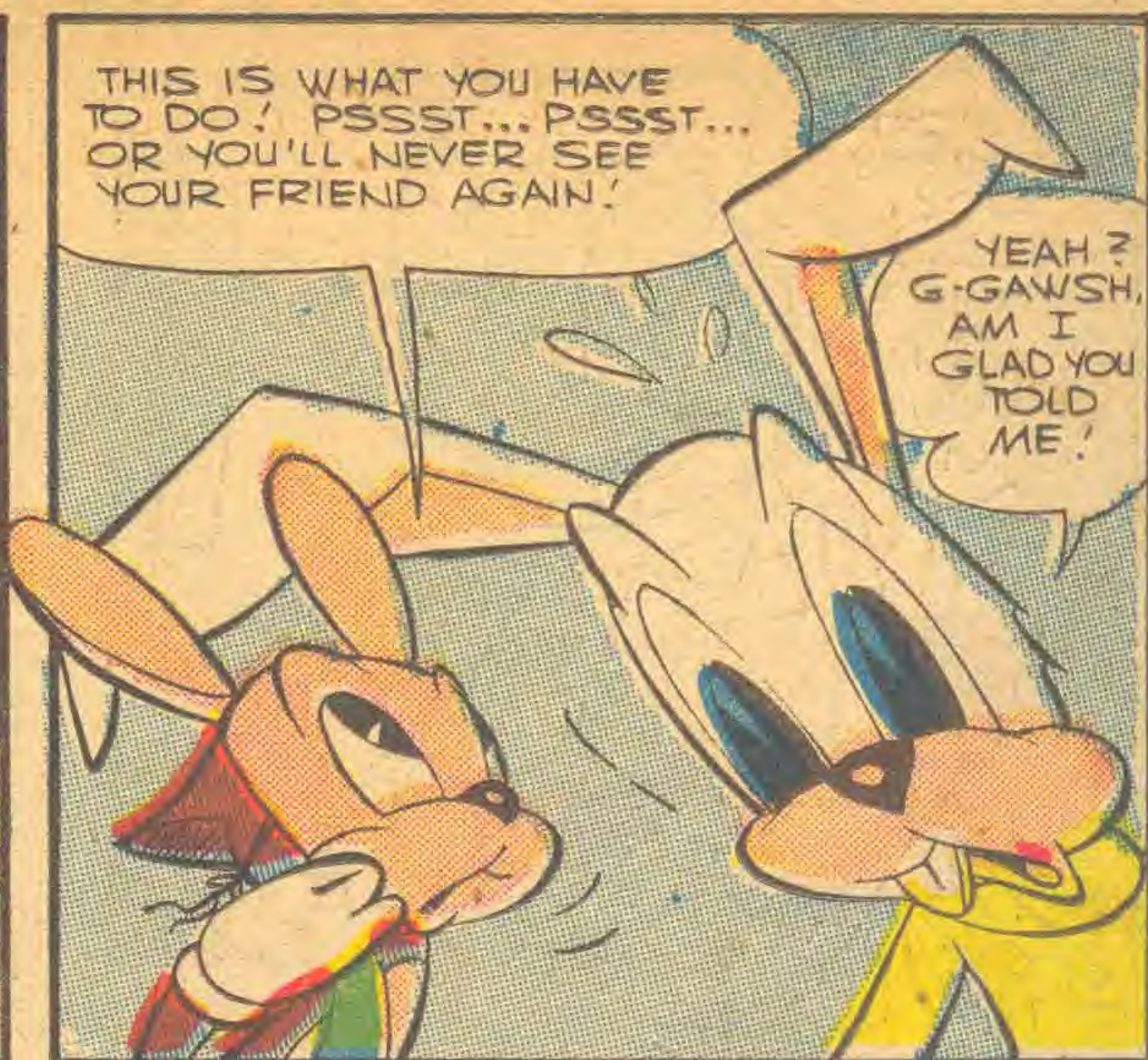
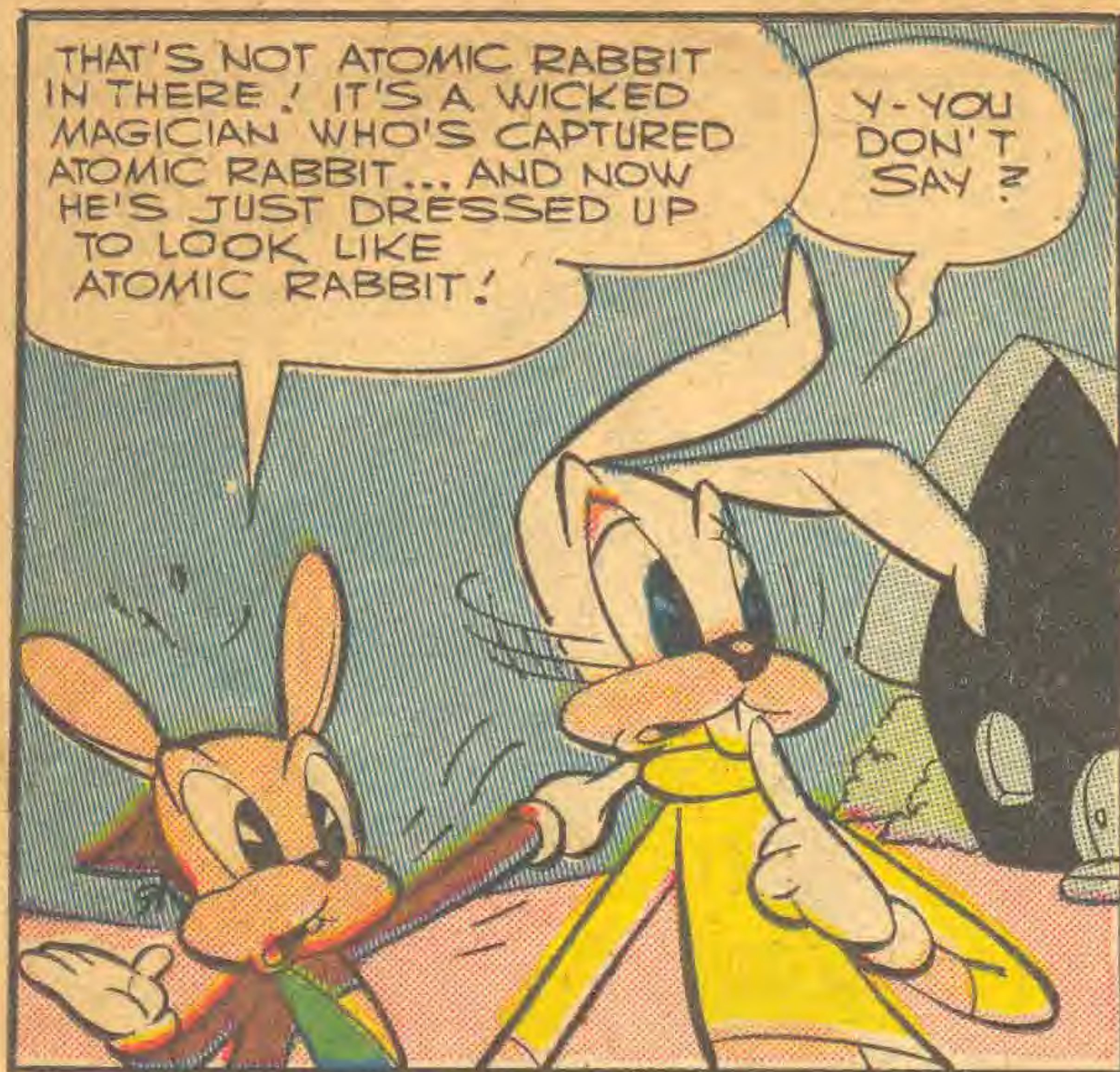


# ATOMIC RABBIT



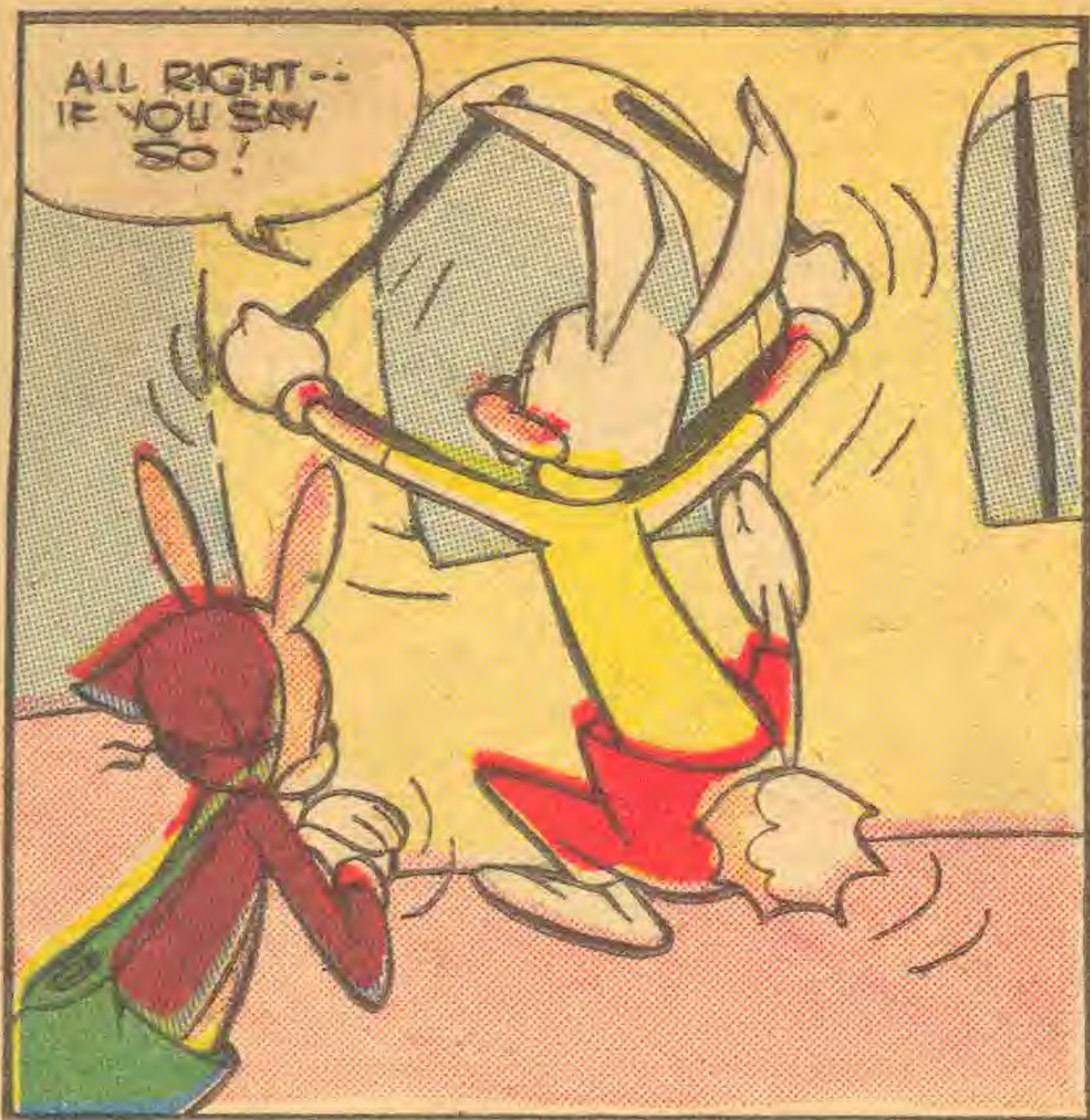


# ATOMIC RABBIT

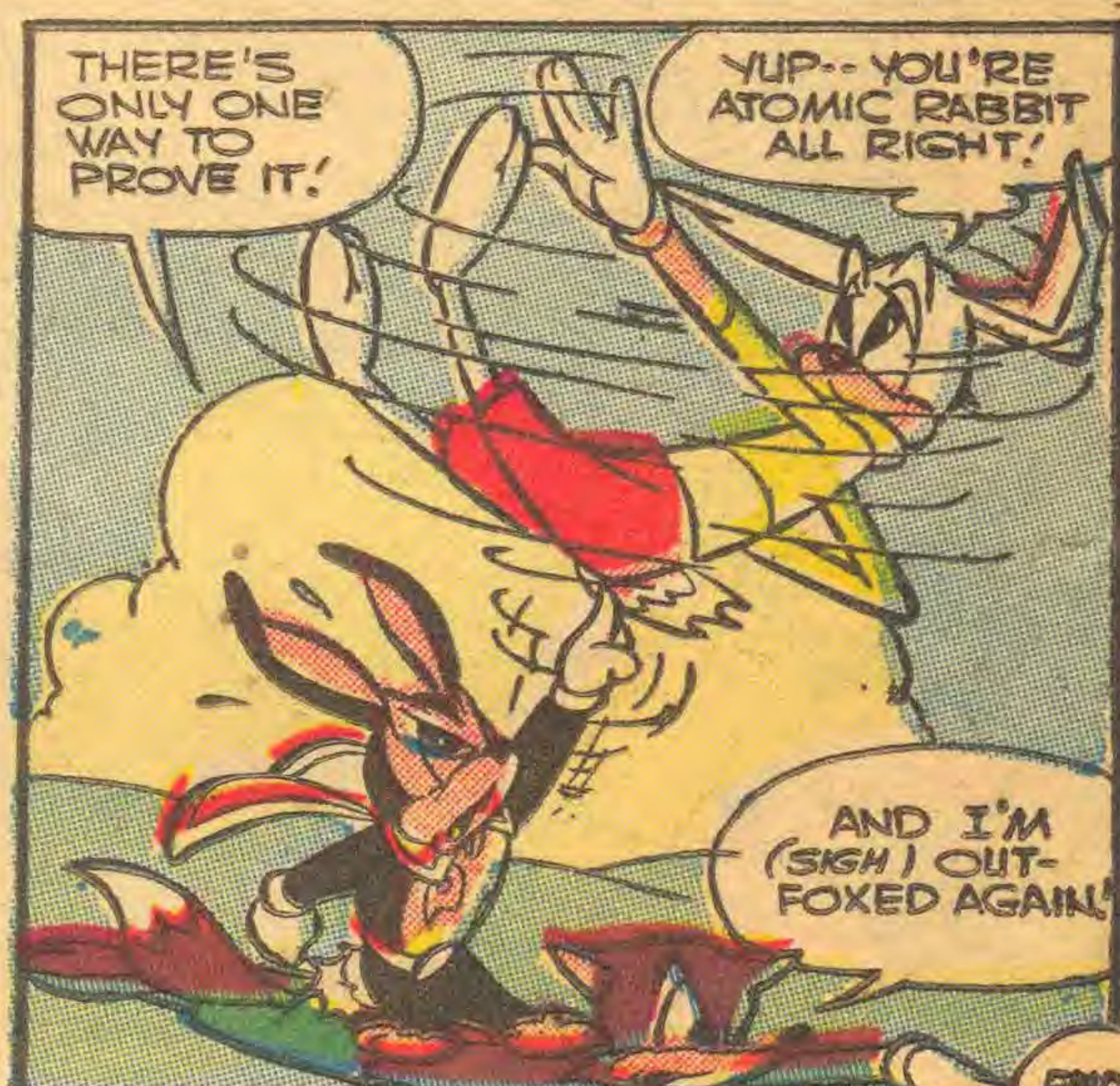
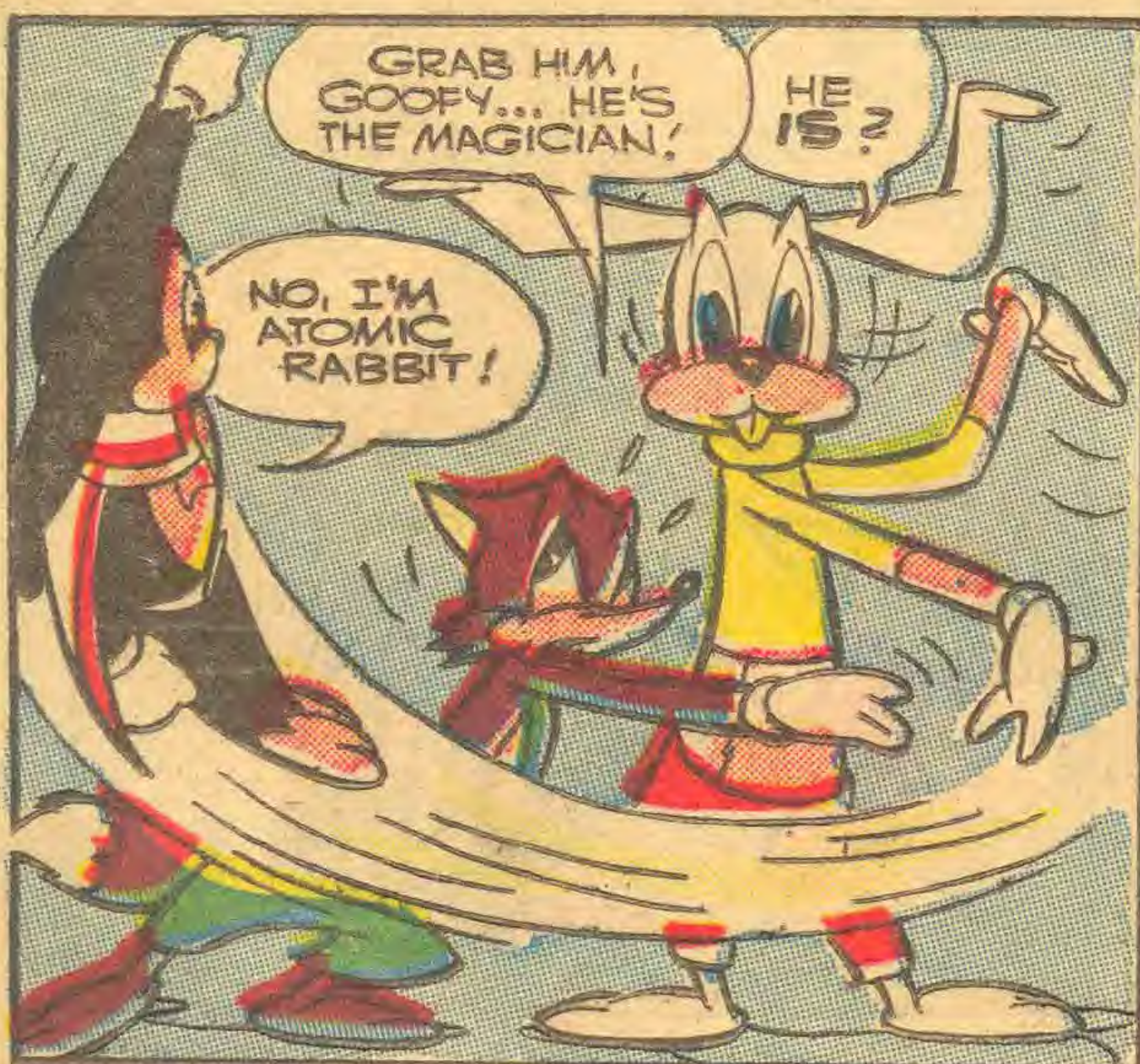




# ATOMIC RABBIT



MEAN-  
WHILE...





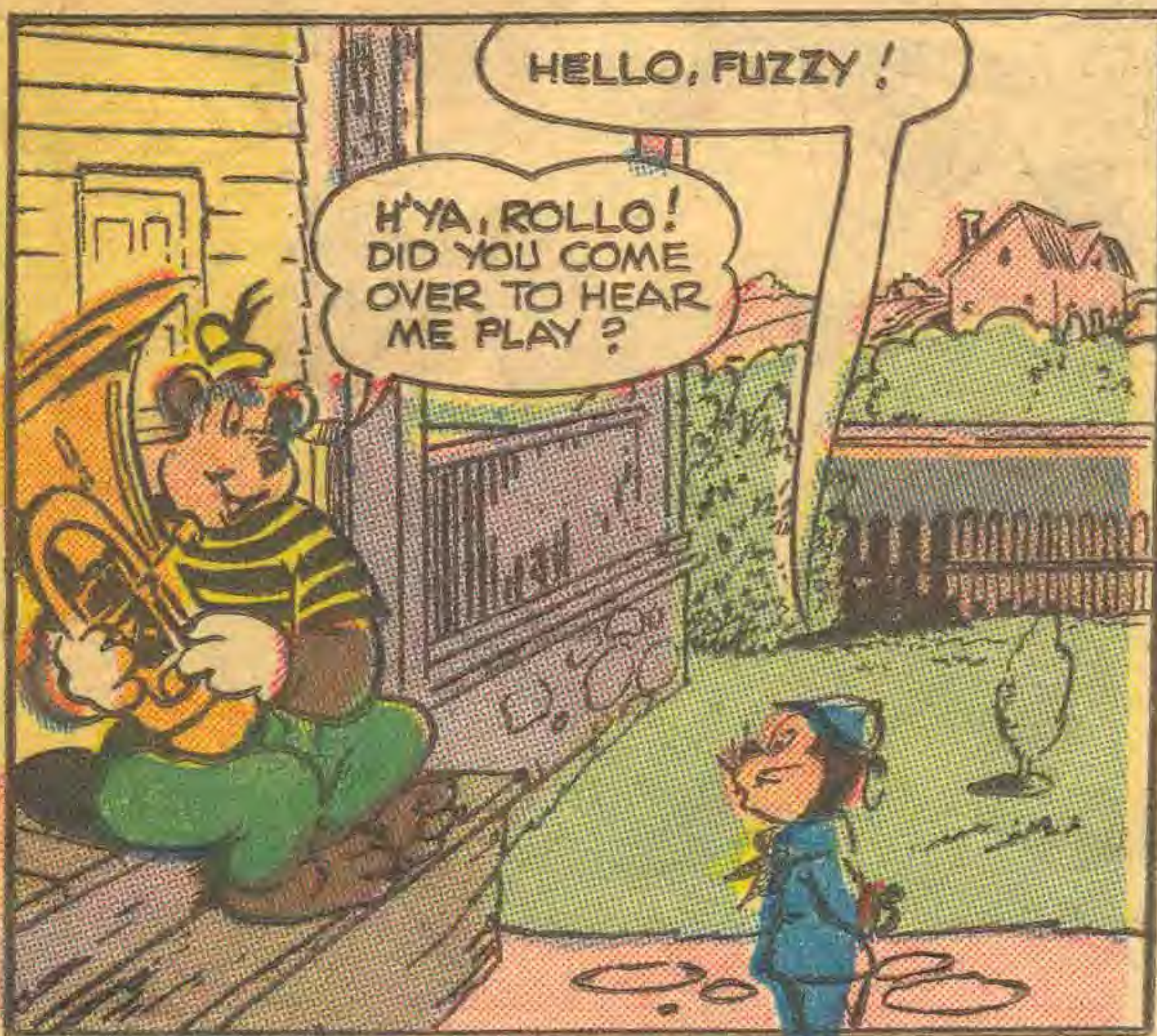
# Fuzzy the Bear

in

## SLUMBER MUSIC!

HERE COMES  
ROLLO, THE NEIGHBOR'S  
LITTLE BOY!

BOOM BOOM BOOM





# ATOMIC RABBIT

HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
POPS

HEH, HEH, HEH! WAIT  
TILL POPS SEES WHAT'S  
IN THIS BIRTHDAY CAKE!  
BOYBOY, WILL HE  
BE CHEERED UP!

YOU MEAN  
**WHO'S** INSIDE  
THE CAKE...  
DON'T YOU?

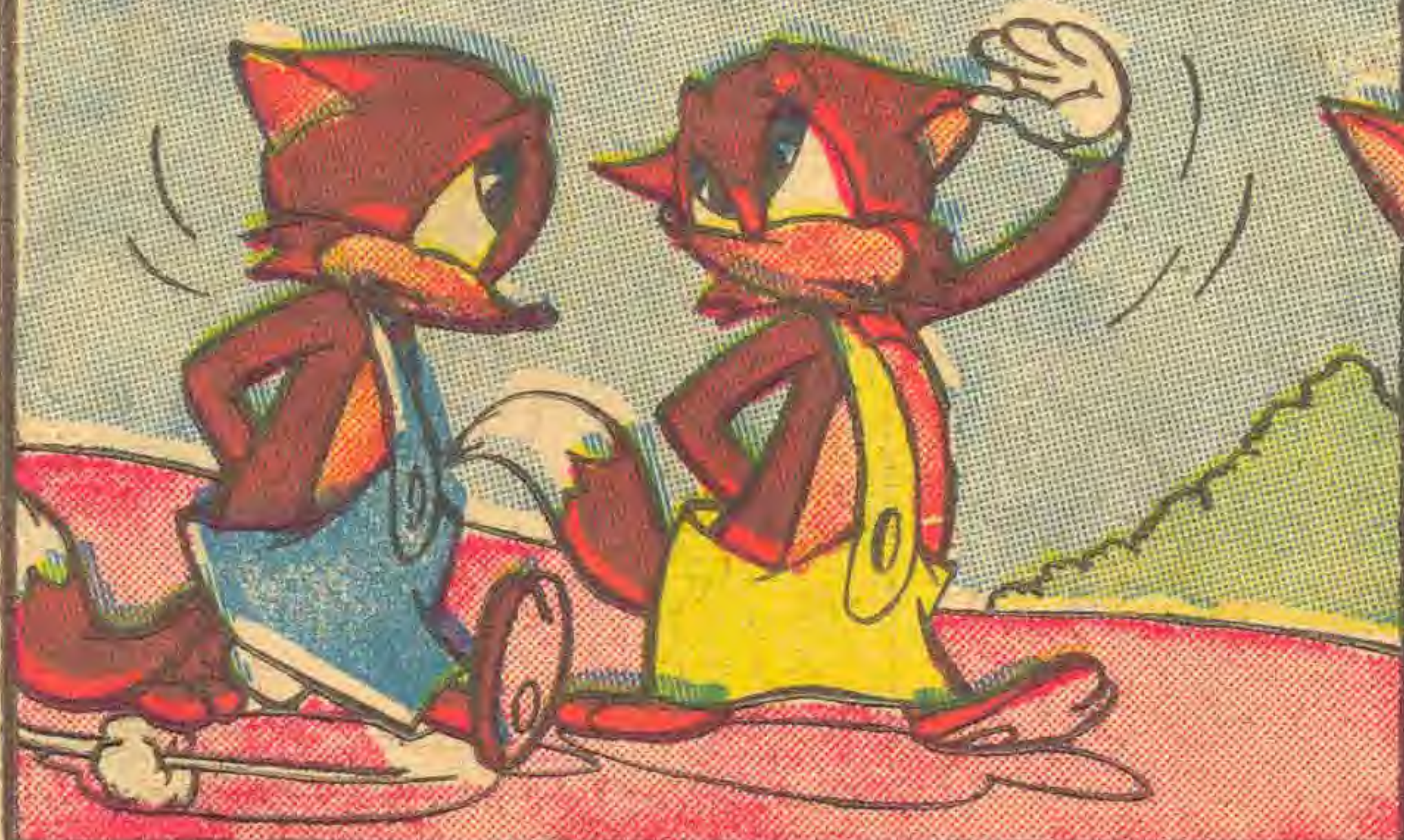


GOSH... POPS  
SURE HAS BEEN  
DOWN IN THE  
DUMPS  
LATELY!

IF WE COULD ONLY  
DREAM UP SOMETHIN'  
SPECIAL TO GET HIM  
FOR HIS BIRTHDAY TO  
CHEER HIM UP!

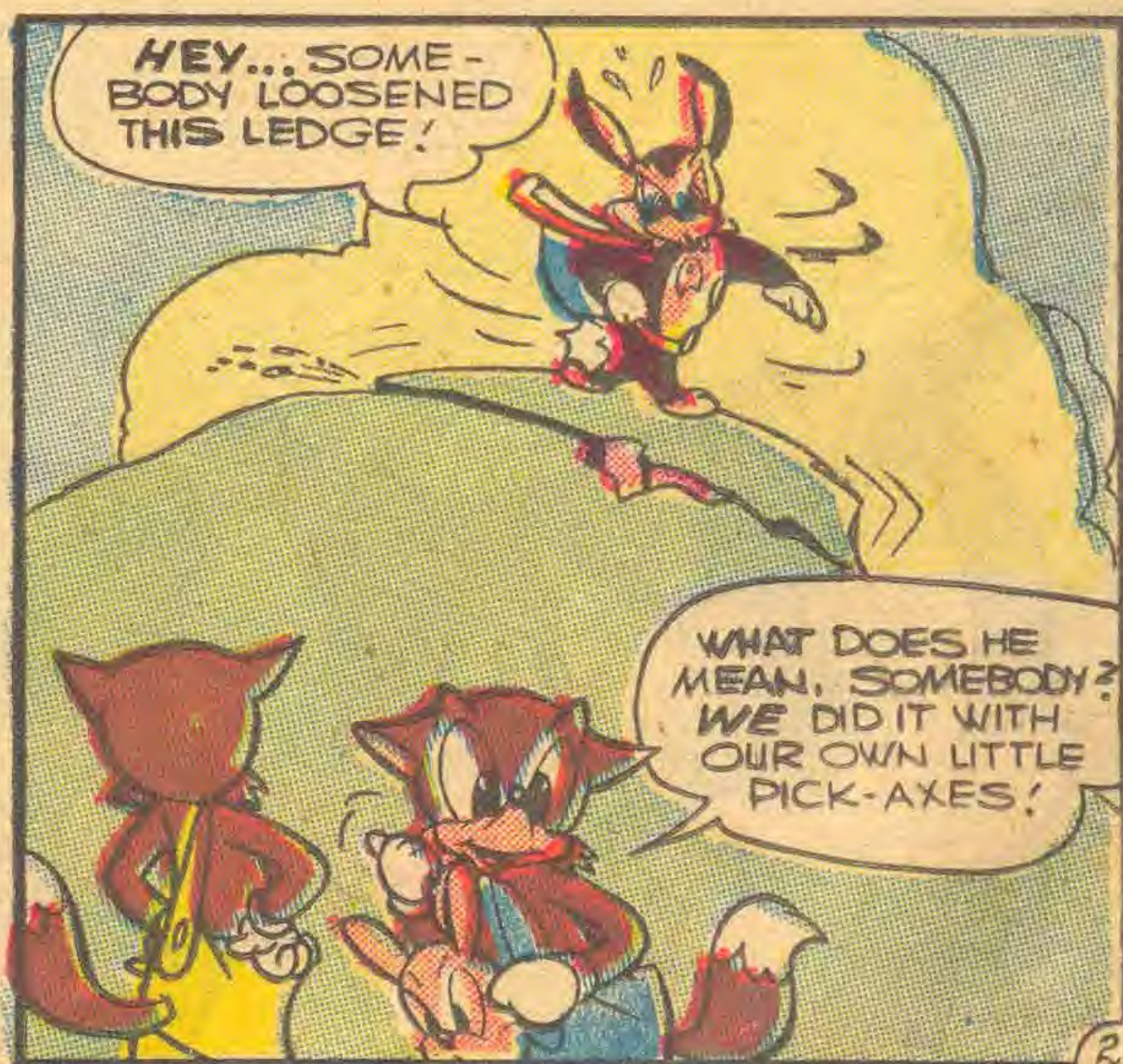
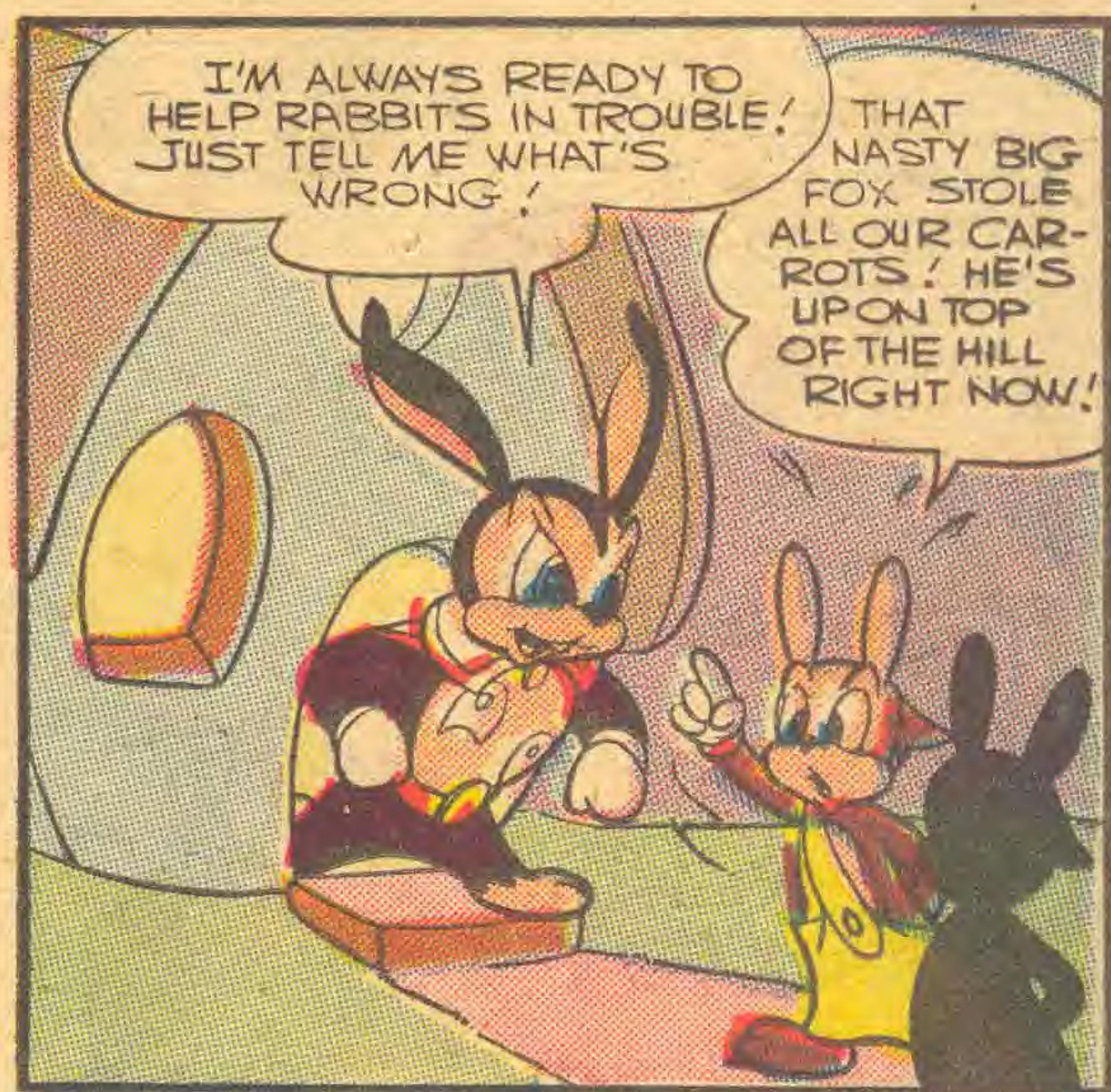
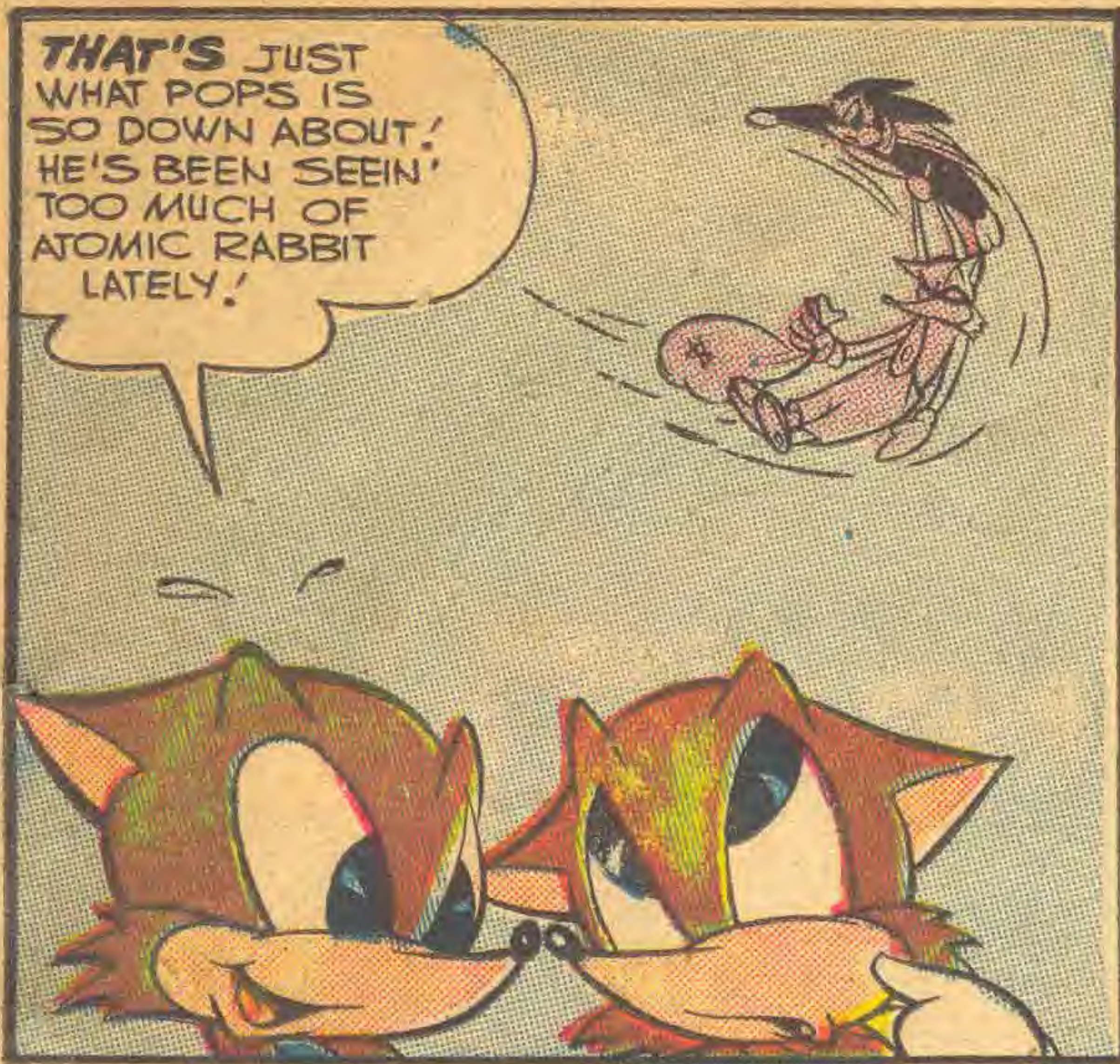
I KNOW WHAT...  
WE'LL GET HIM  
ATOMIC RABBIT  
FOR A PRESENT!

ARE YOU  
**CRAZY?**



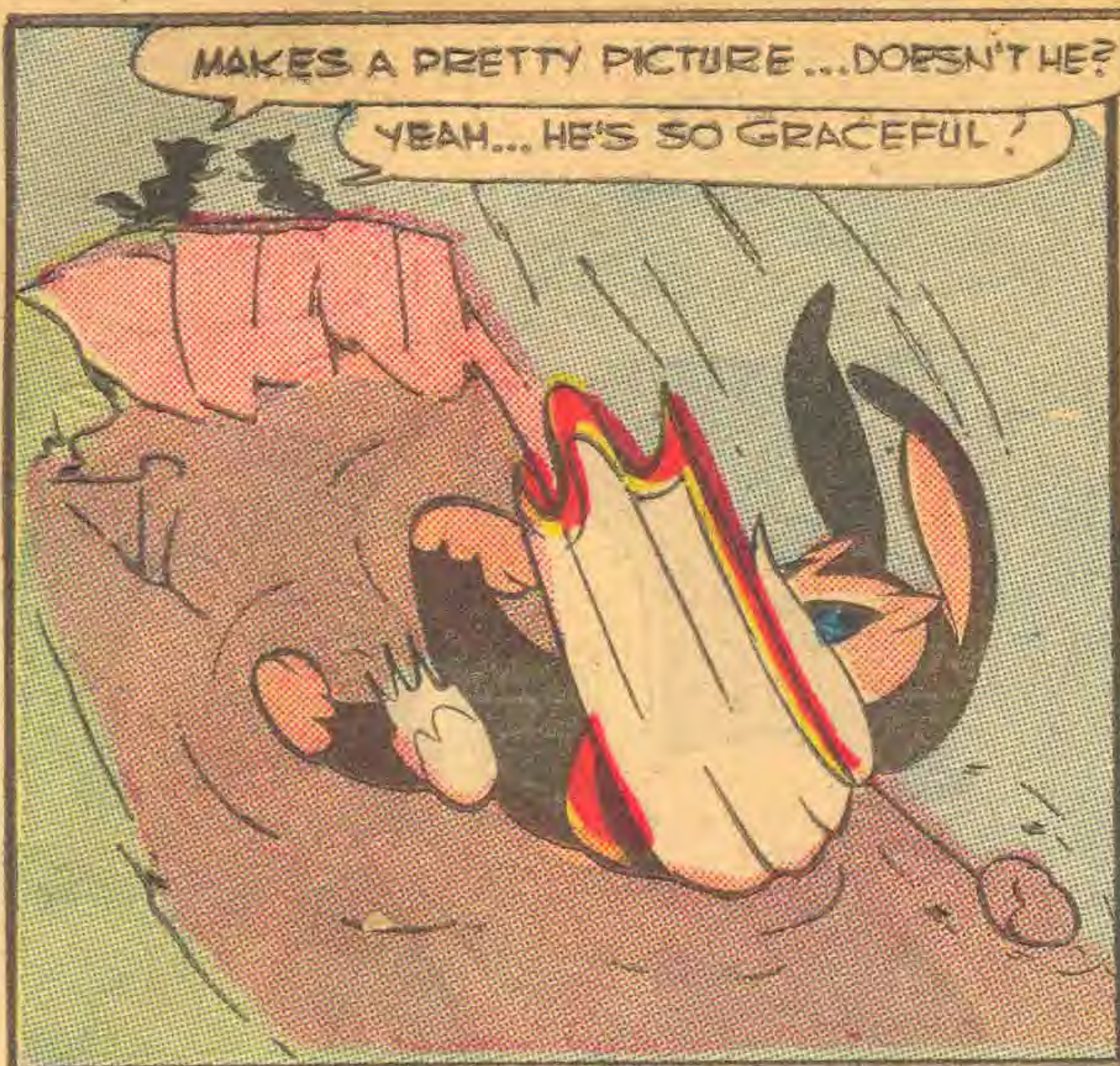


# ATOMIC RABBIT

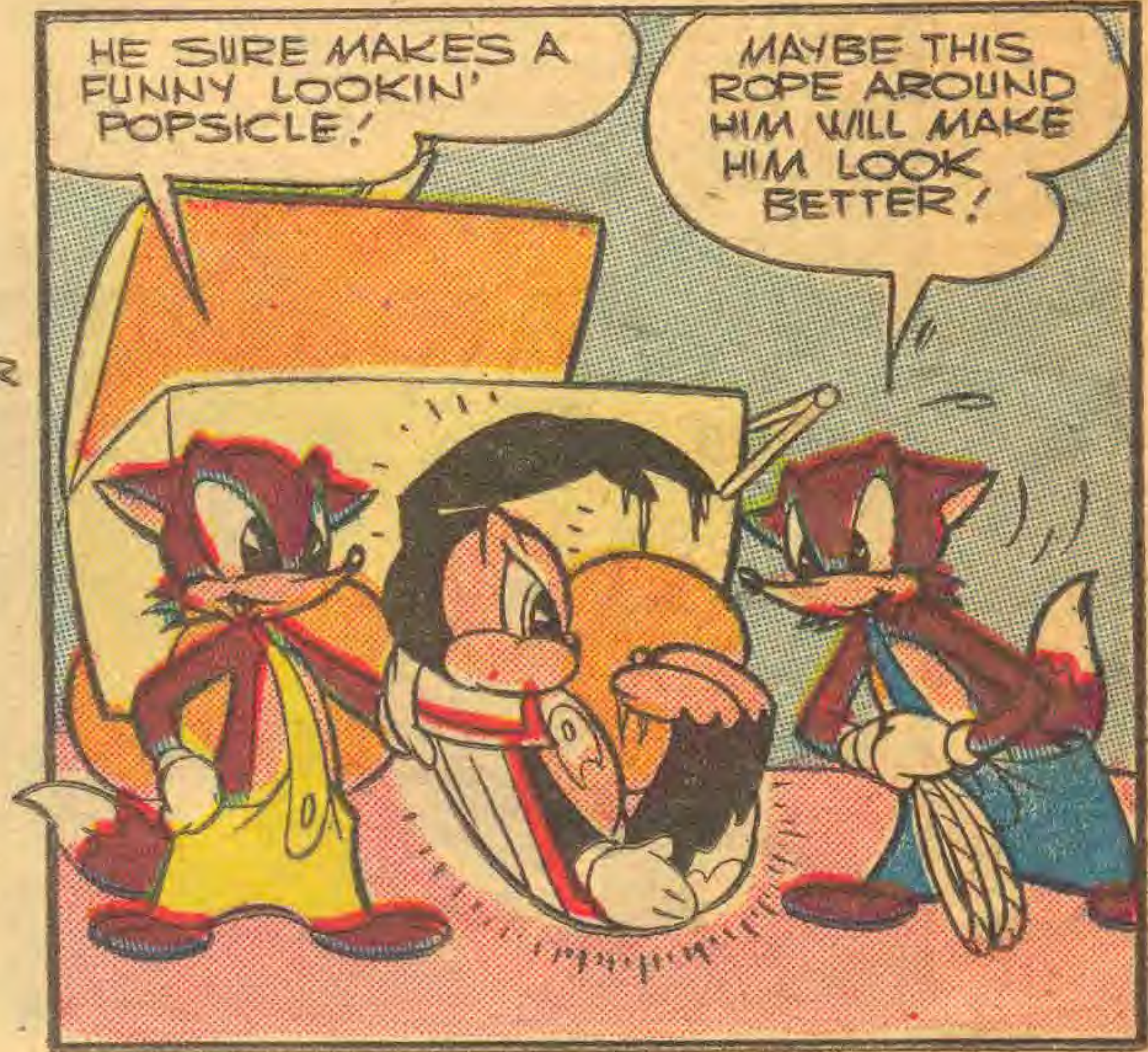




# ATOMIC RABBIT



WATER  
---

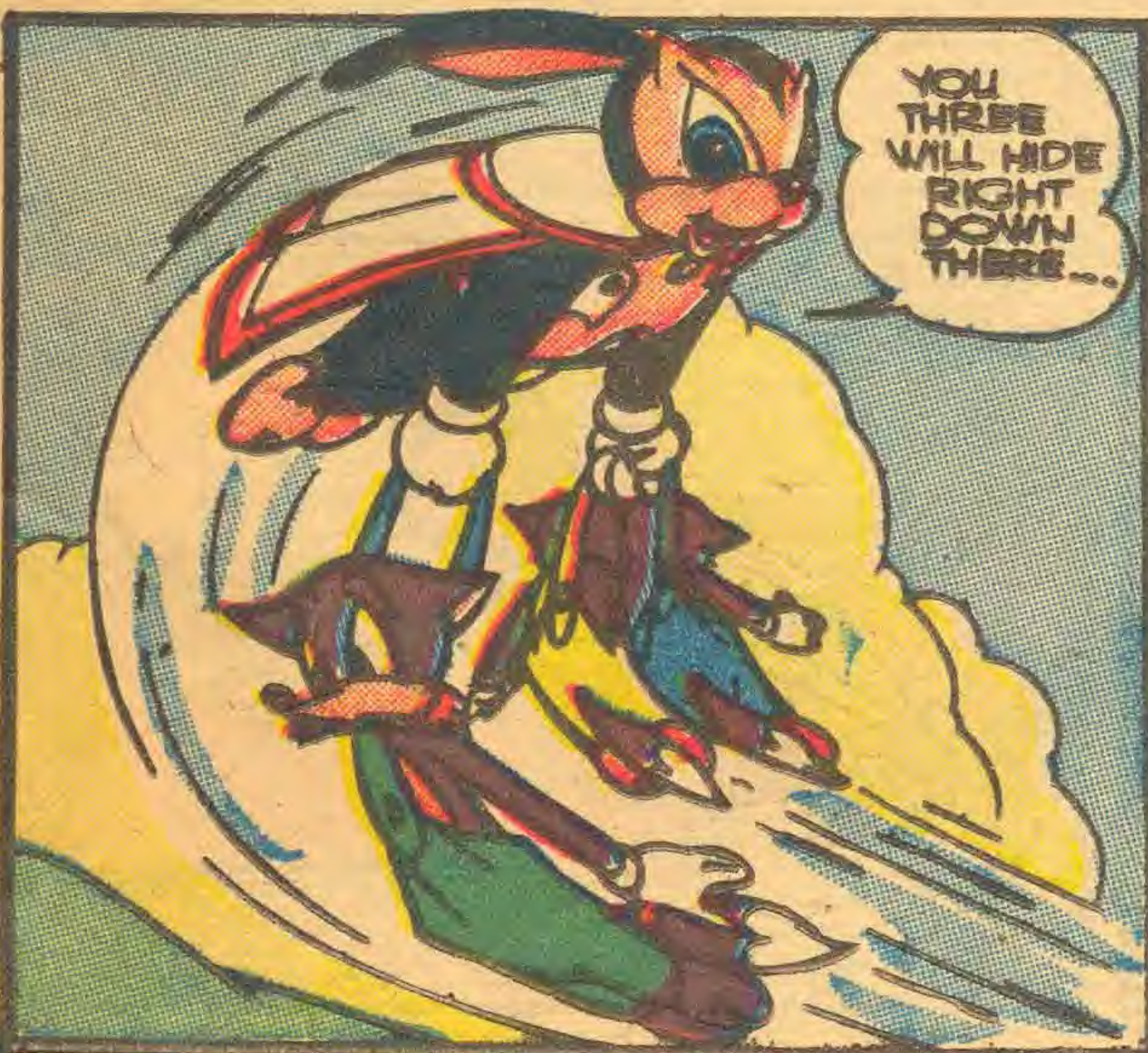




# ATOMIC RABBIT



BUT THE FOX'S HAPPY JIGGLING WHILE HUGGING ATOMIC RABBIT, THAWS OUR HERO! AND ...





# ATOMIC RABBIT

## BERCY PENGUIN

\$883

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, BERCY! BE A GOOD LITTLE PENGUIN... AND DON'T MOVE FROM THAT SPOT!

MOM WON'T MIND IF I SLIDE A LITTLE! THE ICE IS SLIPPERY... I-I CAN'T STOP!

WHEW... WHAT LUCK! I BANGED INTO SOMETHING SOFT!

THUMP!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE PENGUINS WHO WAKE ME UP FROM A NAP?!

GRRR...!

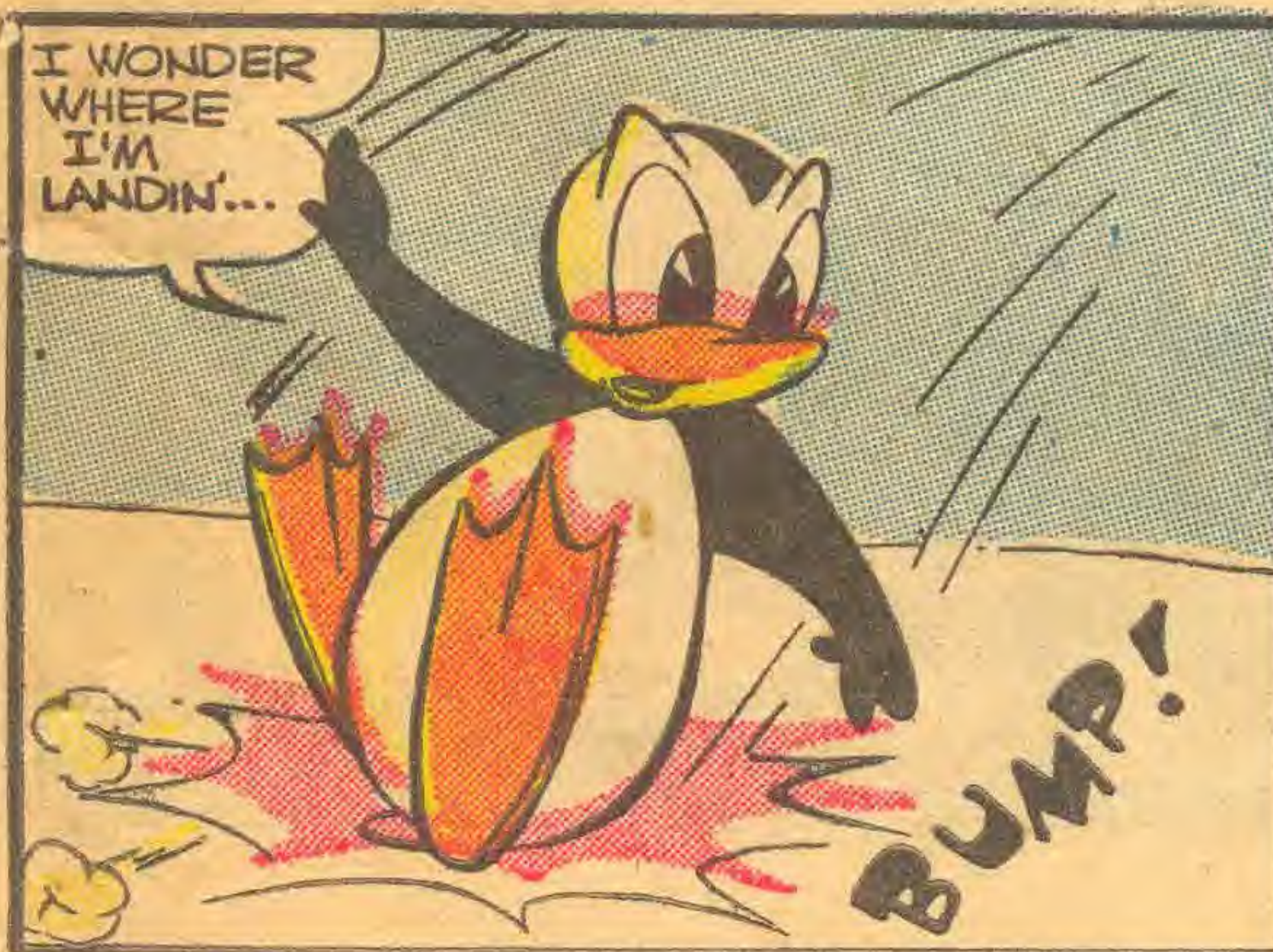
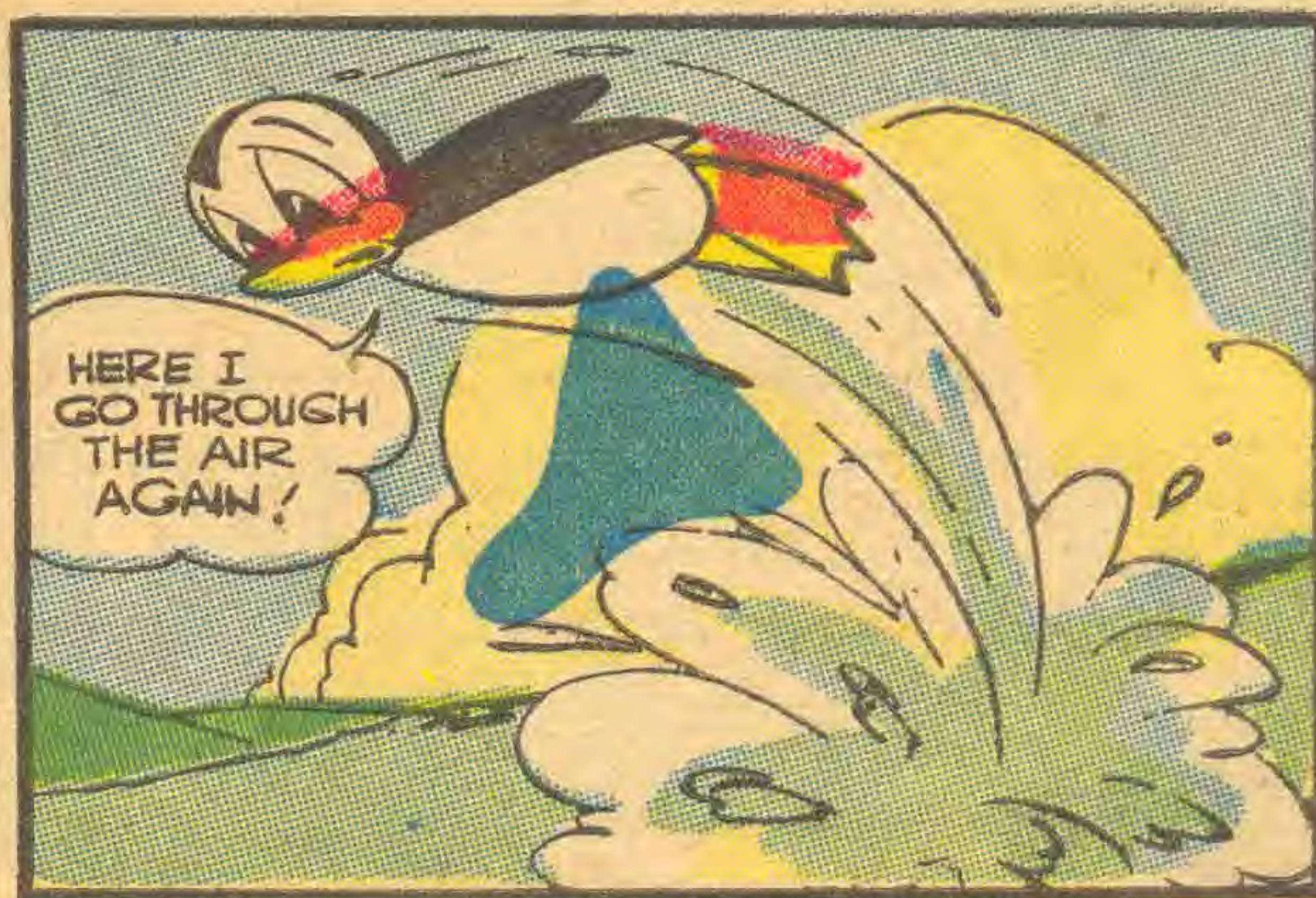
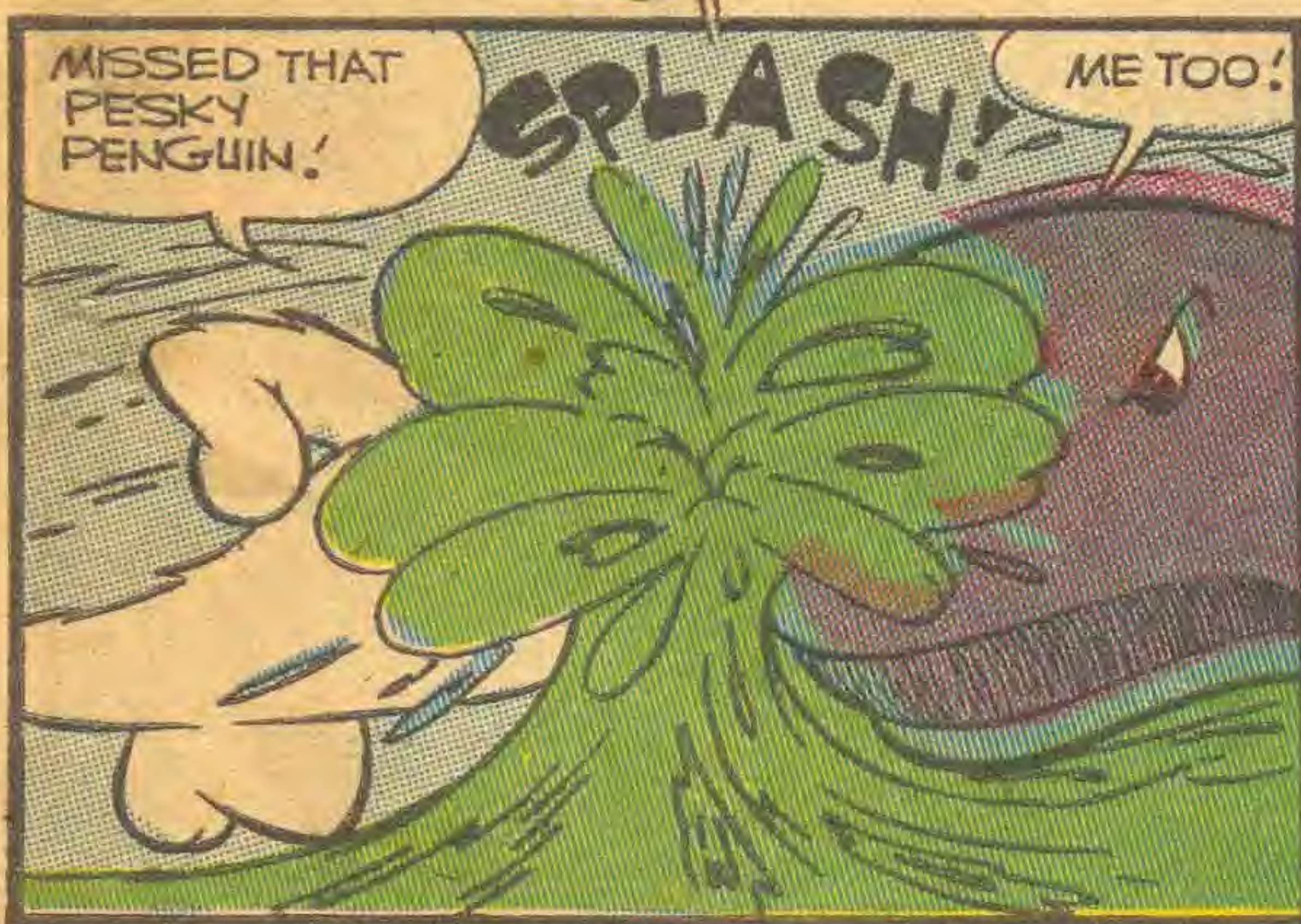
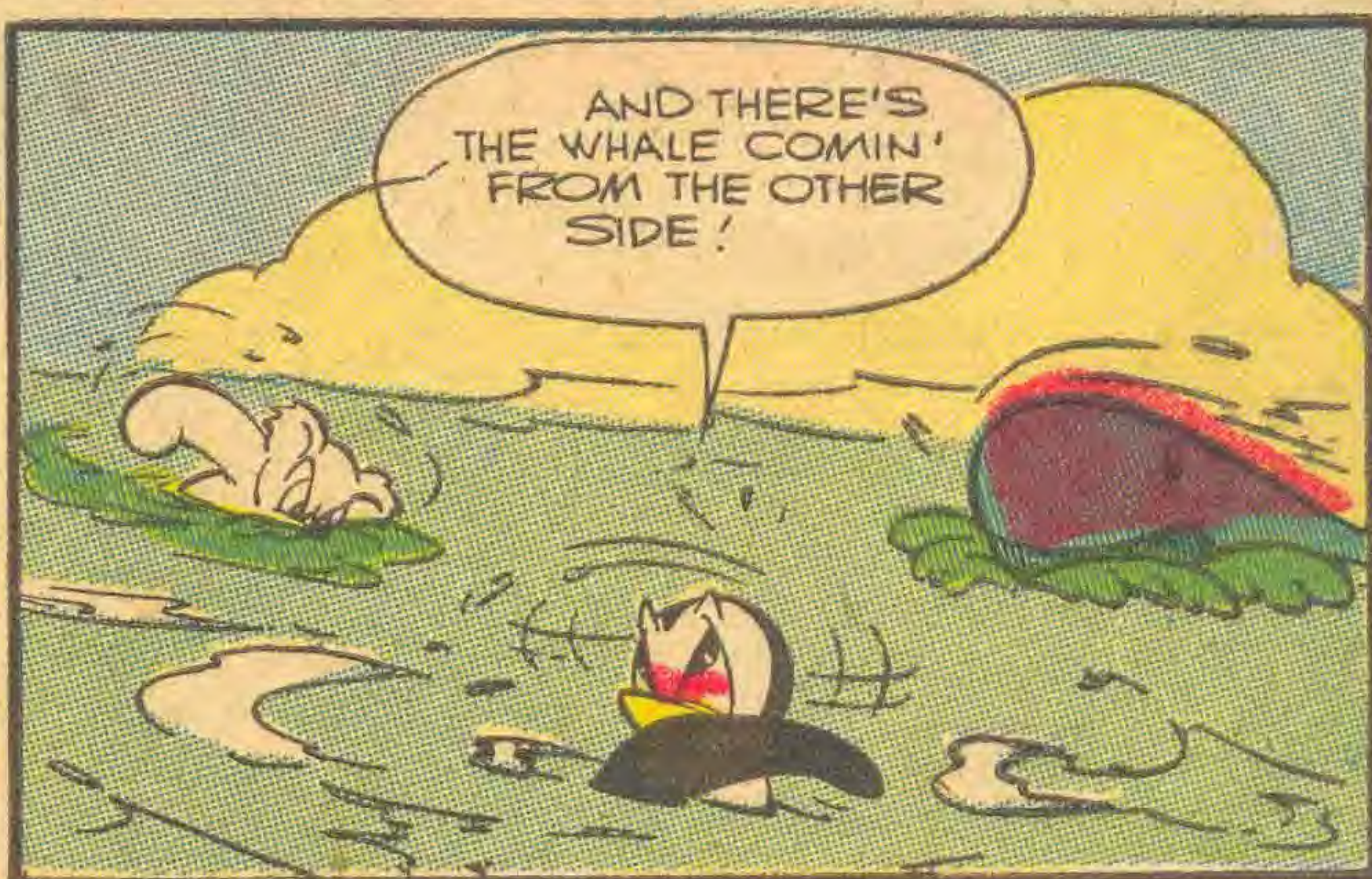
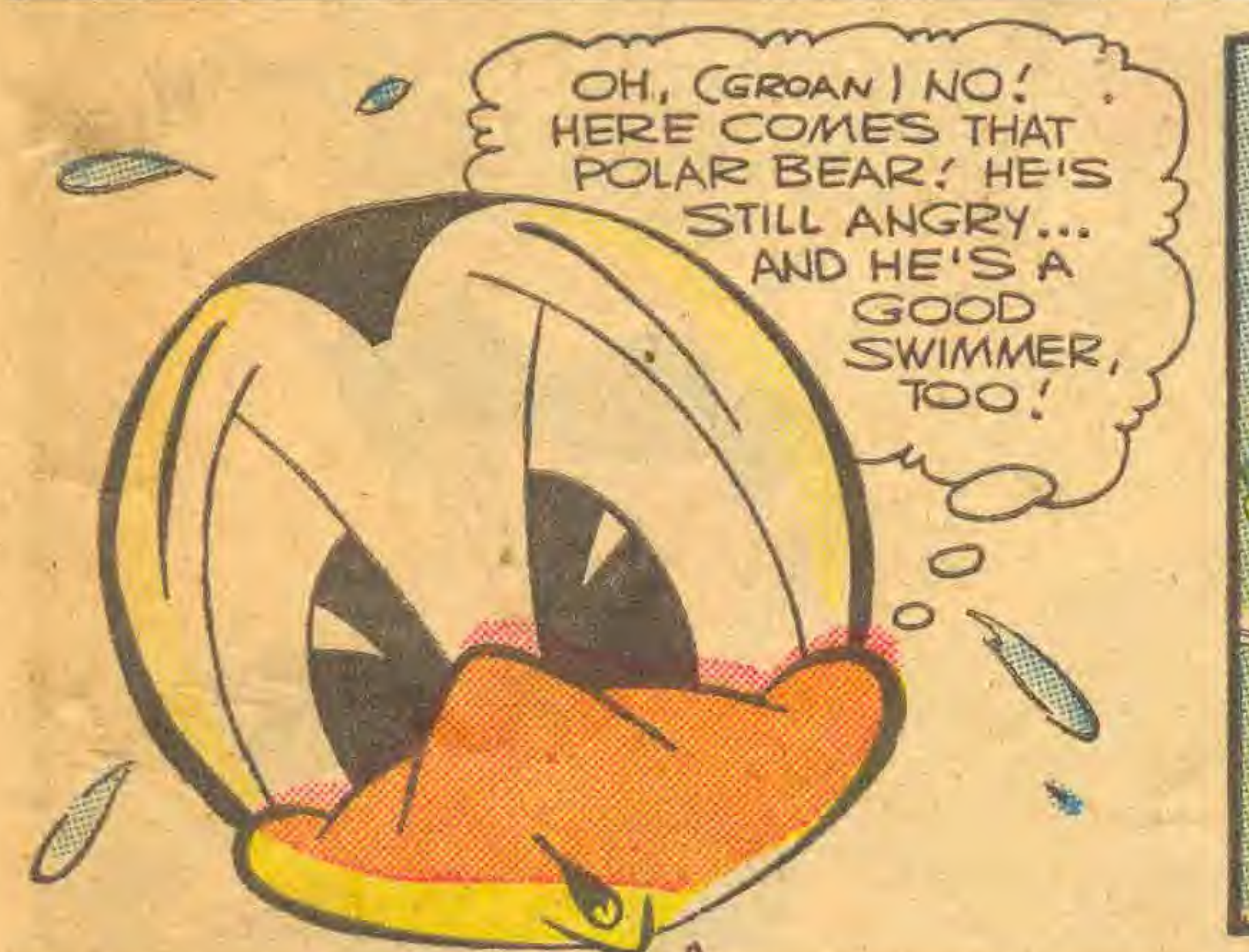
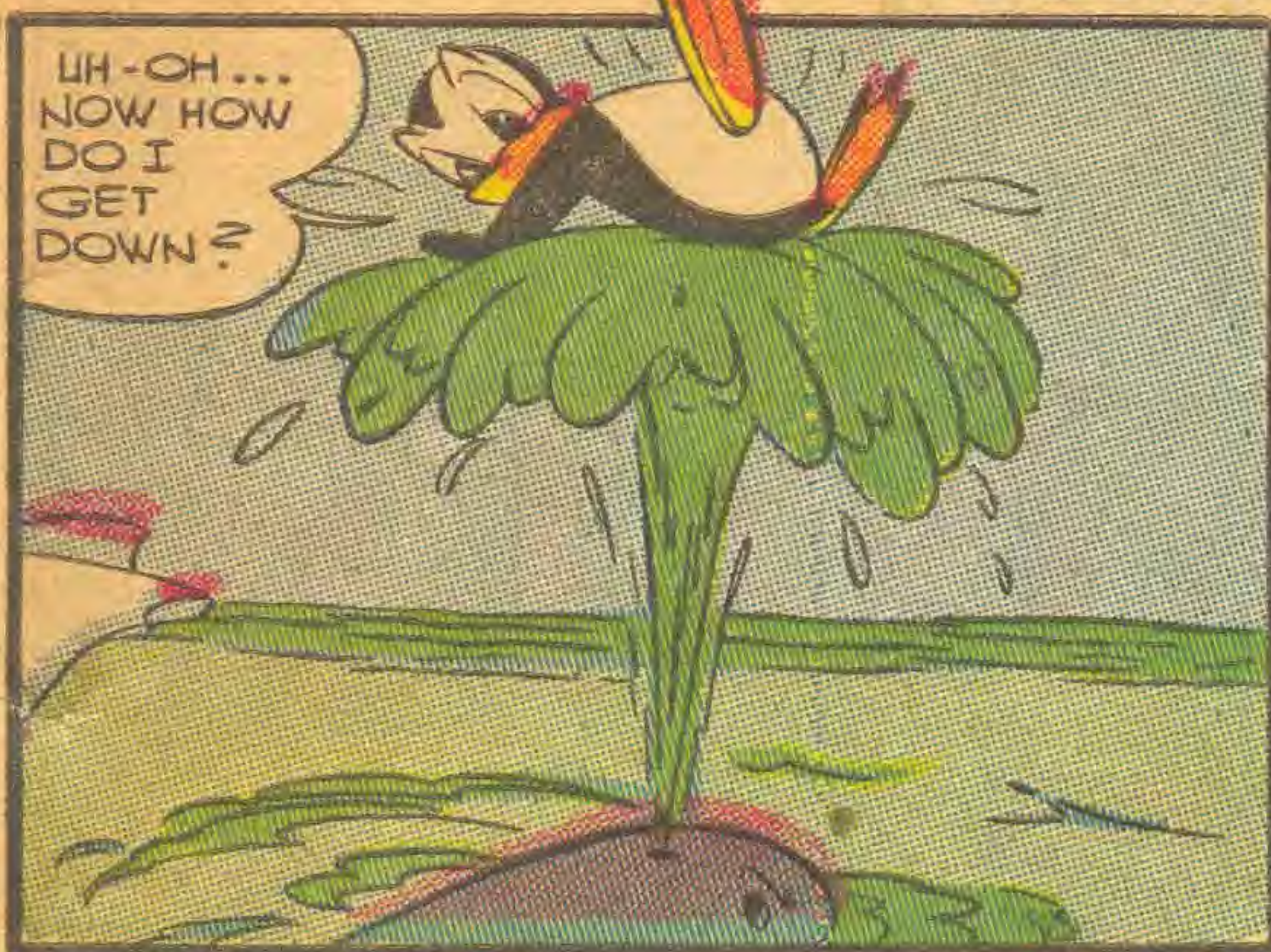
P-PLEASE, MR. POLAR BEAR -- WHATEVER YOU'RE GOING TO DO... PLEASE DO IT IN THE SHADE! THE SUN HURTS MY EYES HERE!

ALL RIGHT, I GUESS I...  
OOOPS!

I SURE TRICKED HIM! I KNEW HE'D SLIP ON THAT SLIPPERY SPOT WHERE I WAS SLIDIN'!



# ATOMIC RABBIT



THE END



# ATOMIC RABBIT

ORSEN BUGGY  
(THE MAD GENIUS) IN

# BANK NITE TONITE

Produced By  
ORSEN BUGGY

Directed by ORSEN BUGGY

Starring  
ORSEN BUGGY



AS OUR STORY OPENS, our  
beetle-browed Hero is just  
starting to Film His last  
Masterpiece —

PLACES, EVERYBODY!  
IT'S A "TAKE!"



--- And as the cameras grind,  
the first scene of "BANK NITE  
TONITE" is Dramatically Begun—

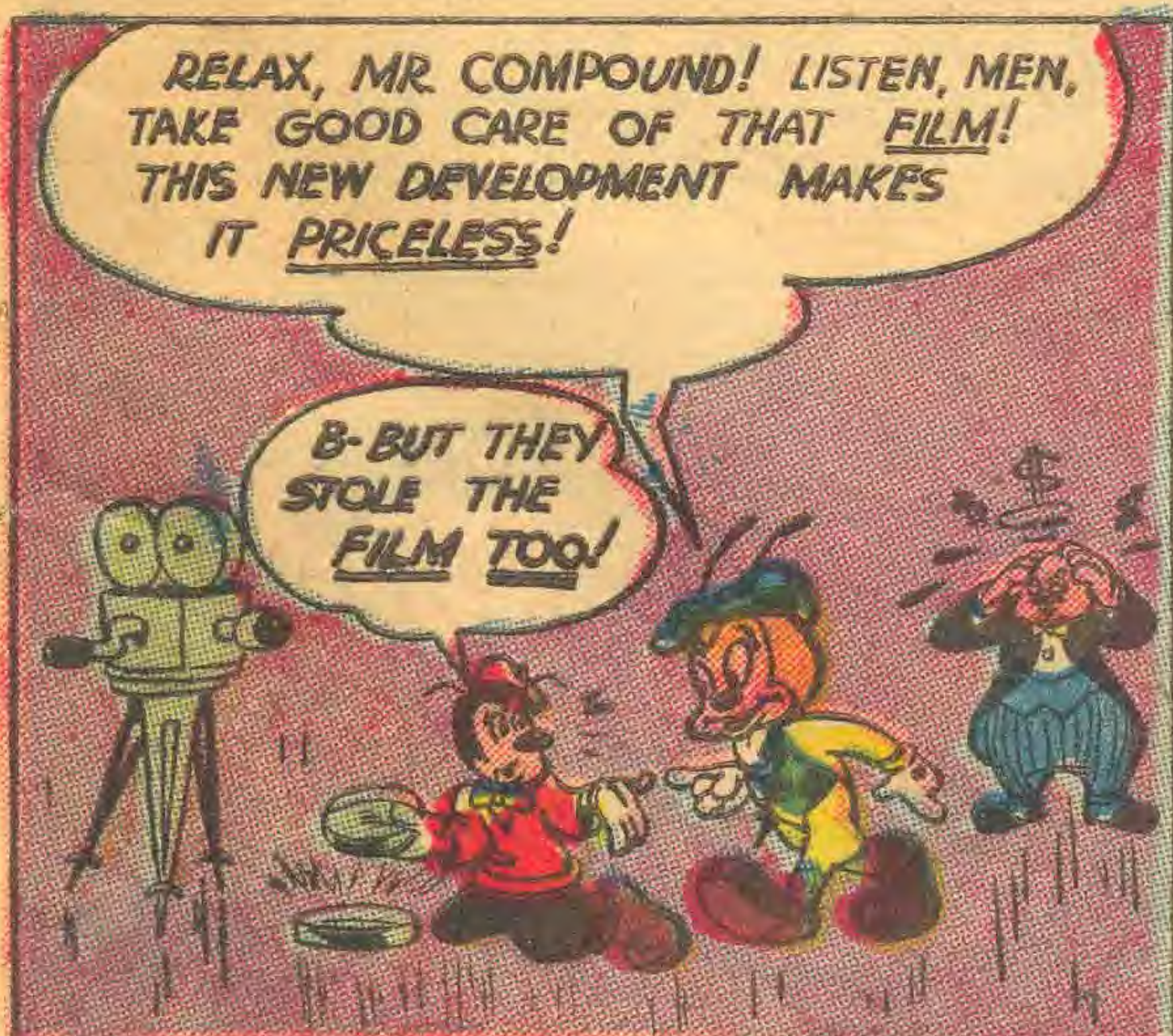
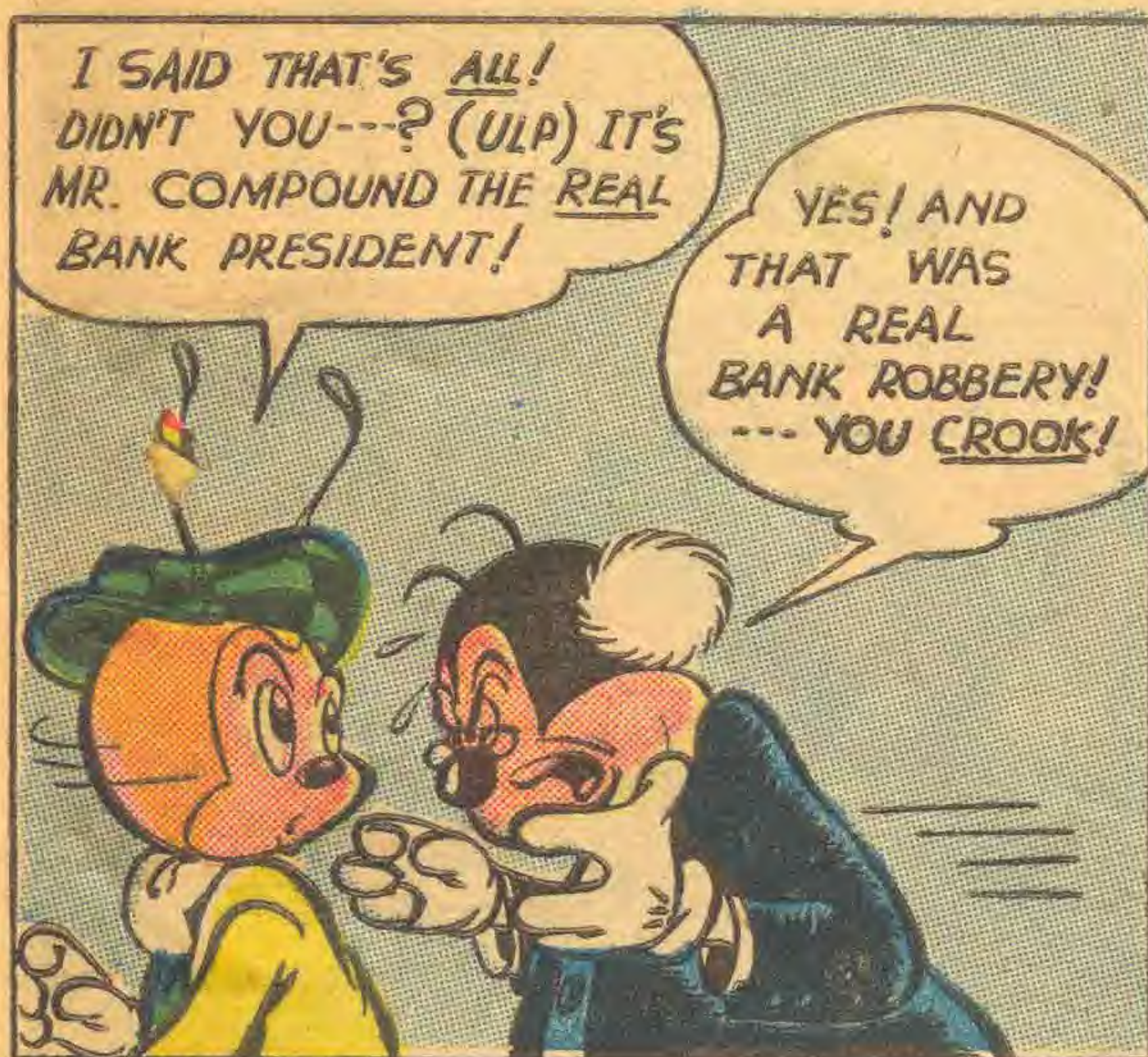
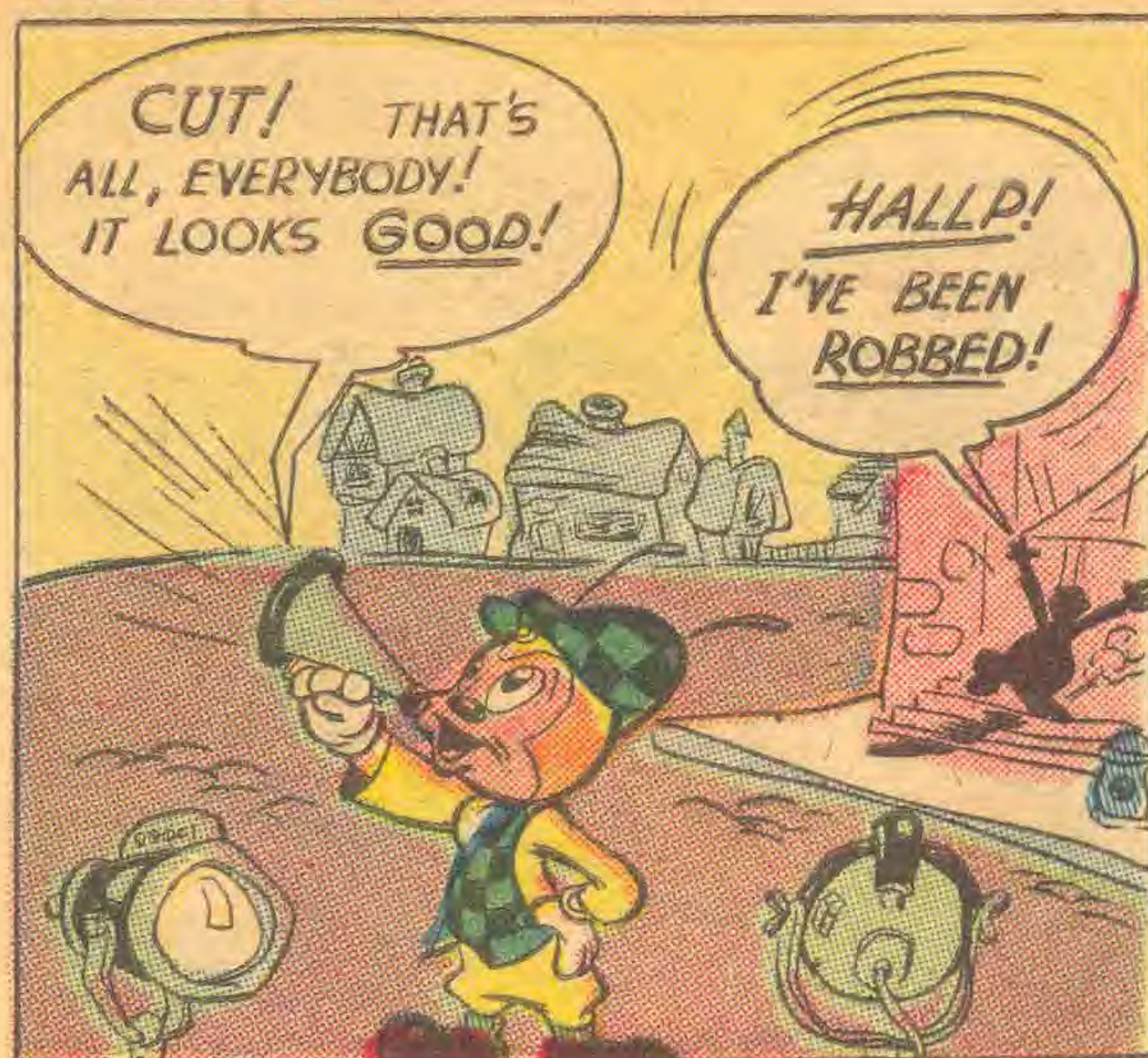
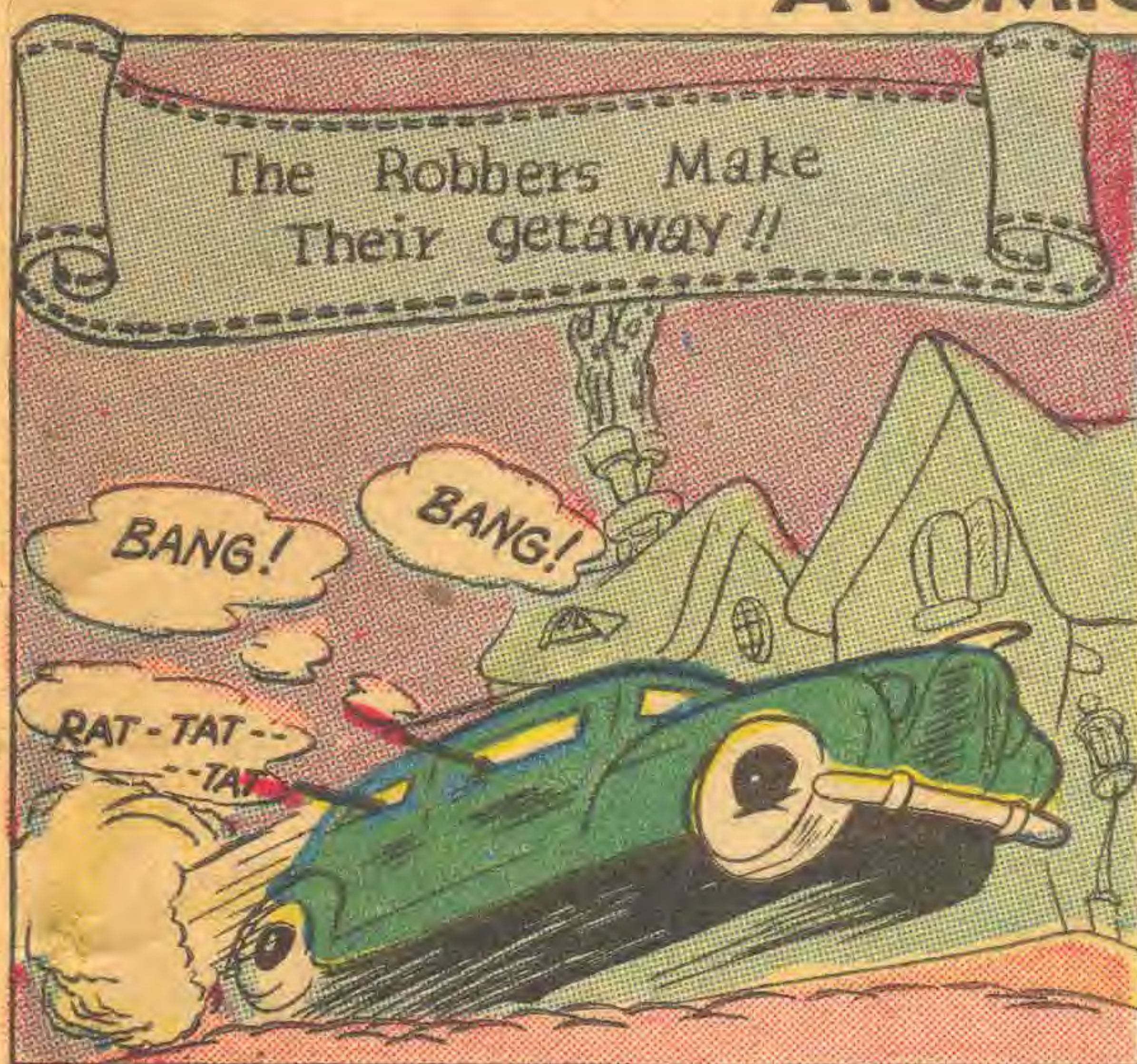
EEE!  
A BANK  
ROBBERY!

KEEP  
BACK!



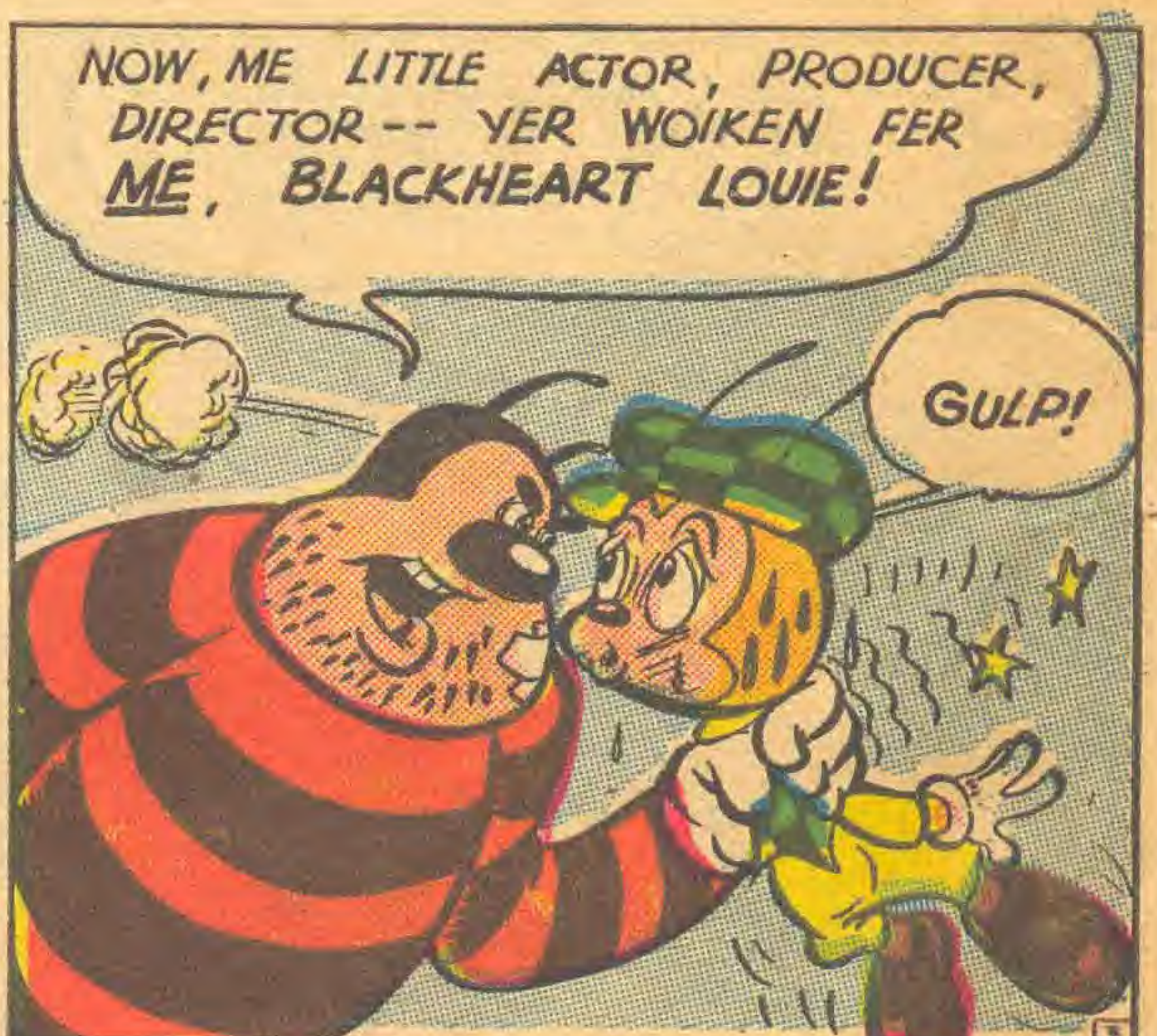
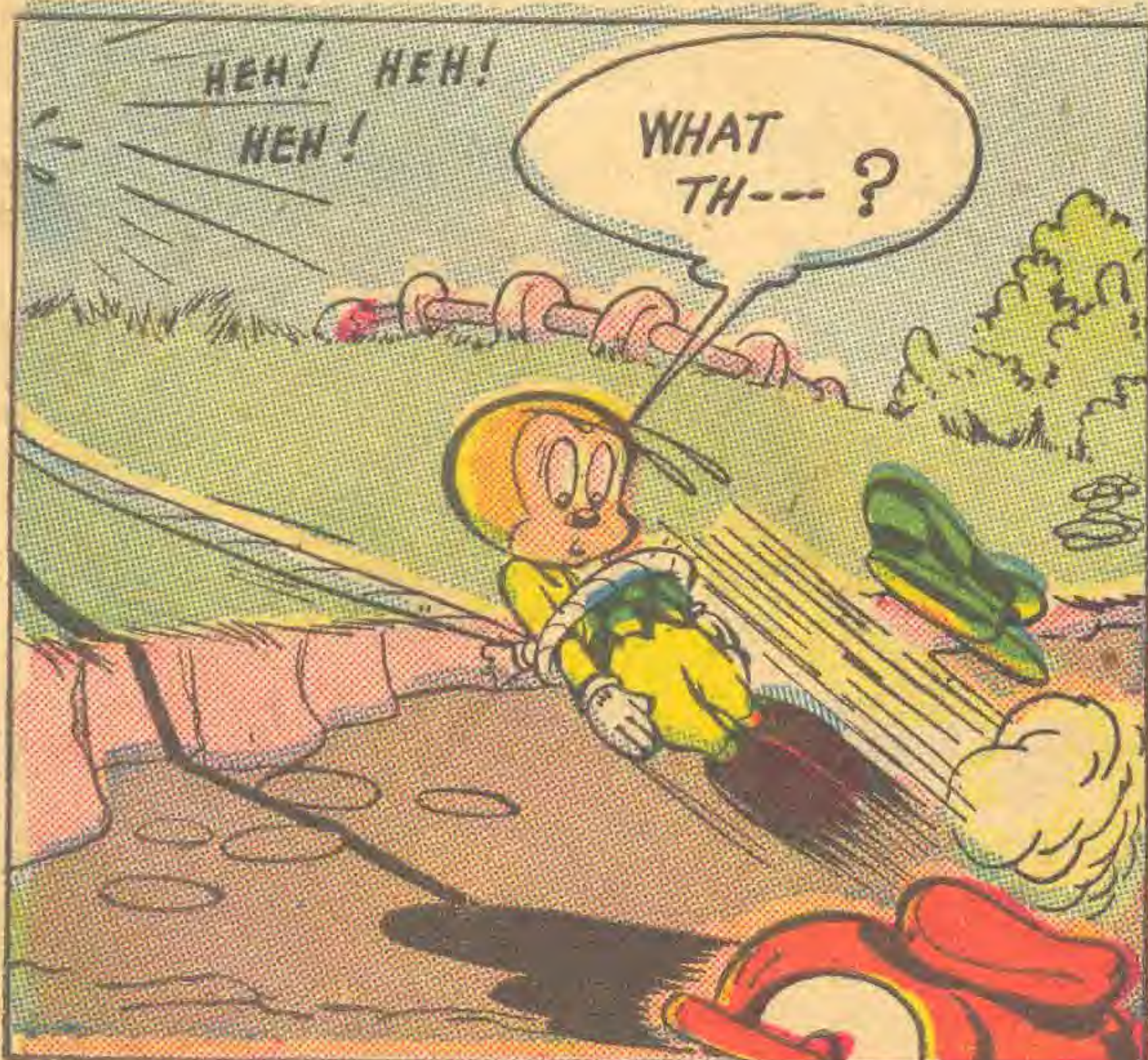
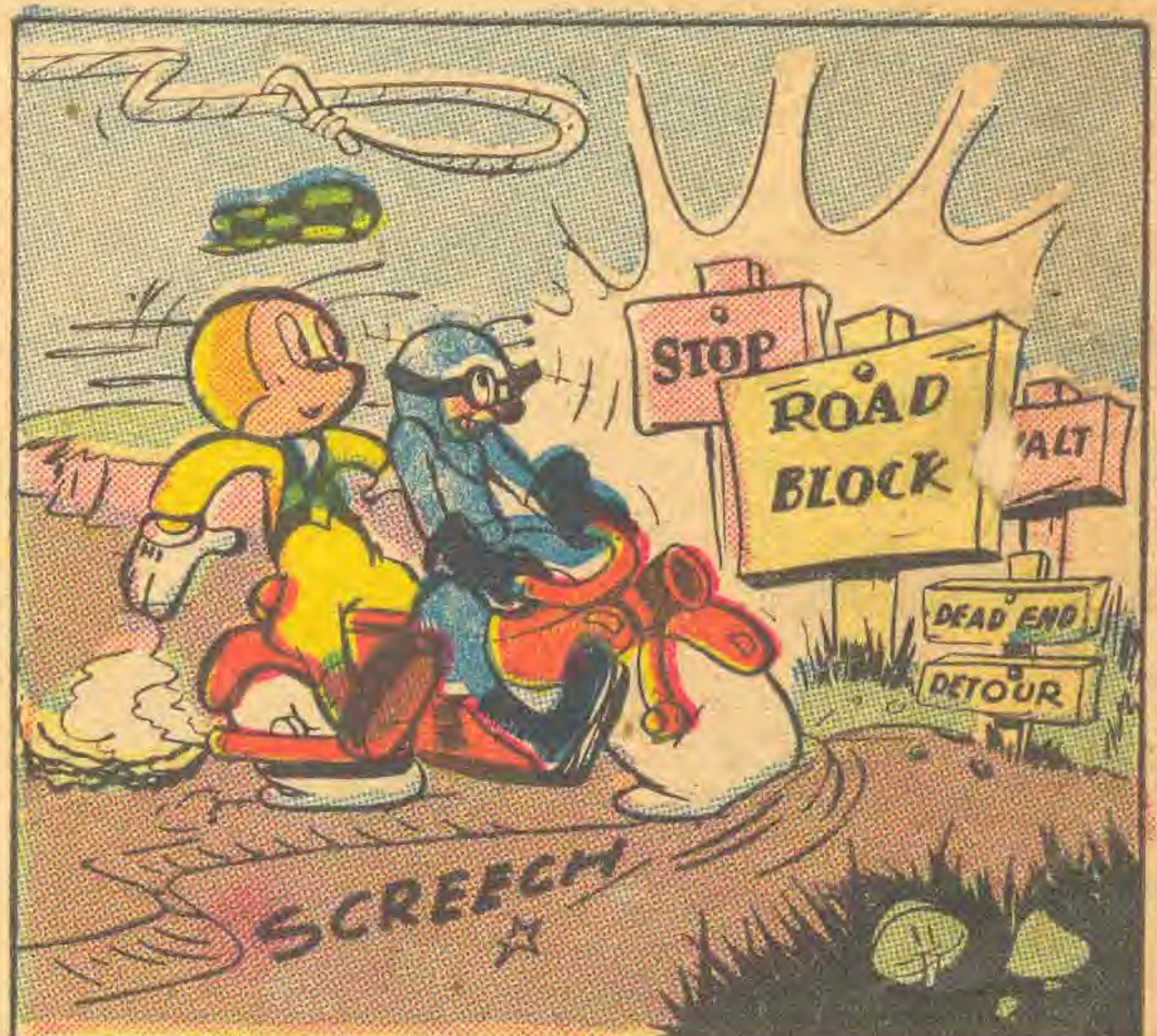
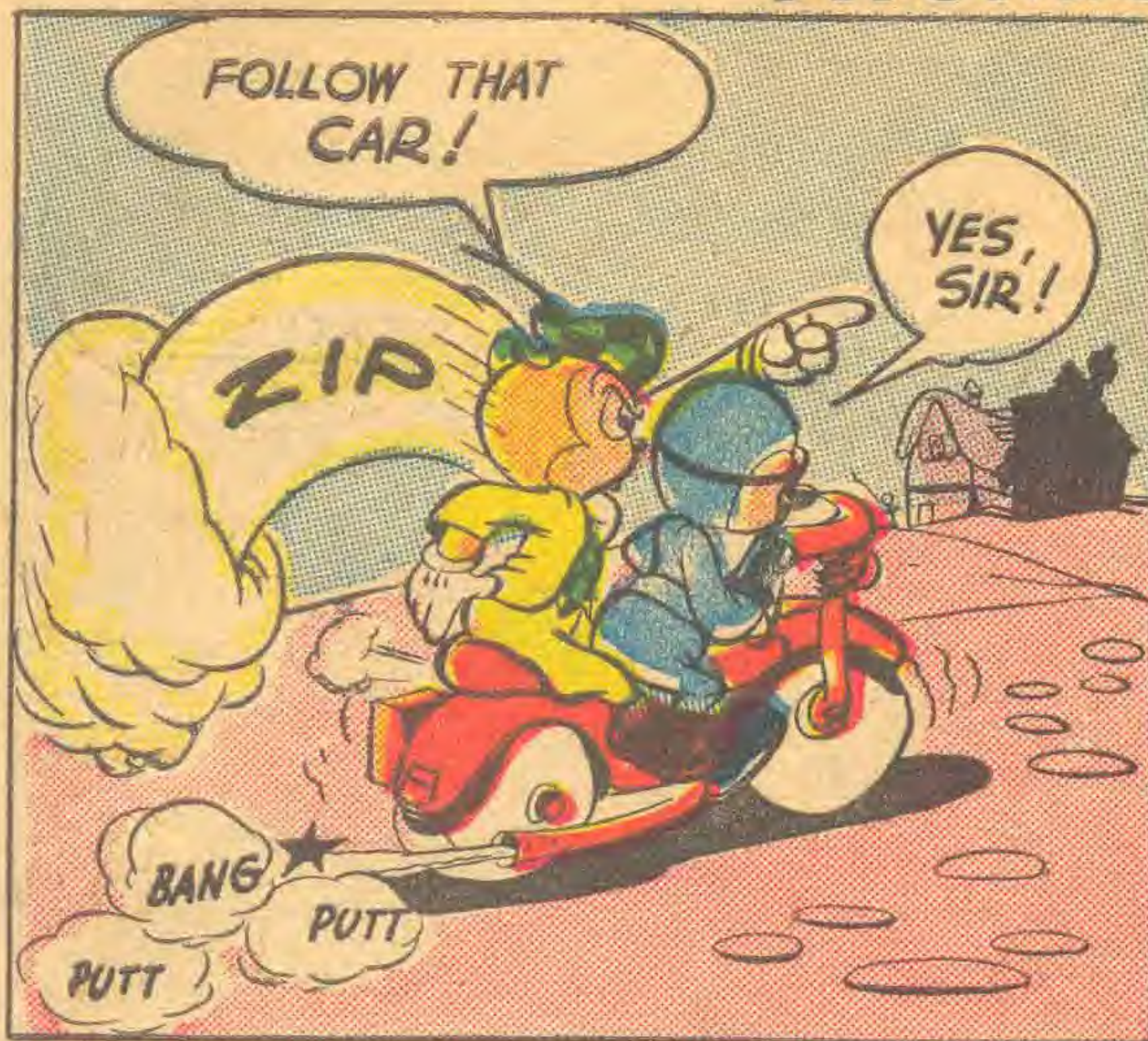


# ATOMIC RABBIT



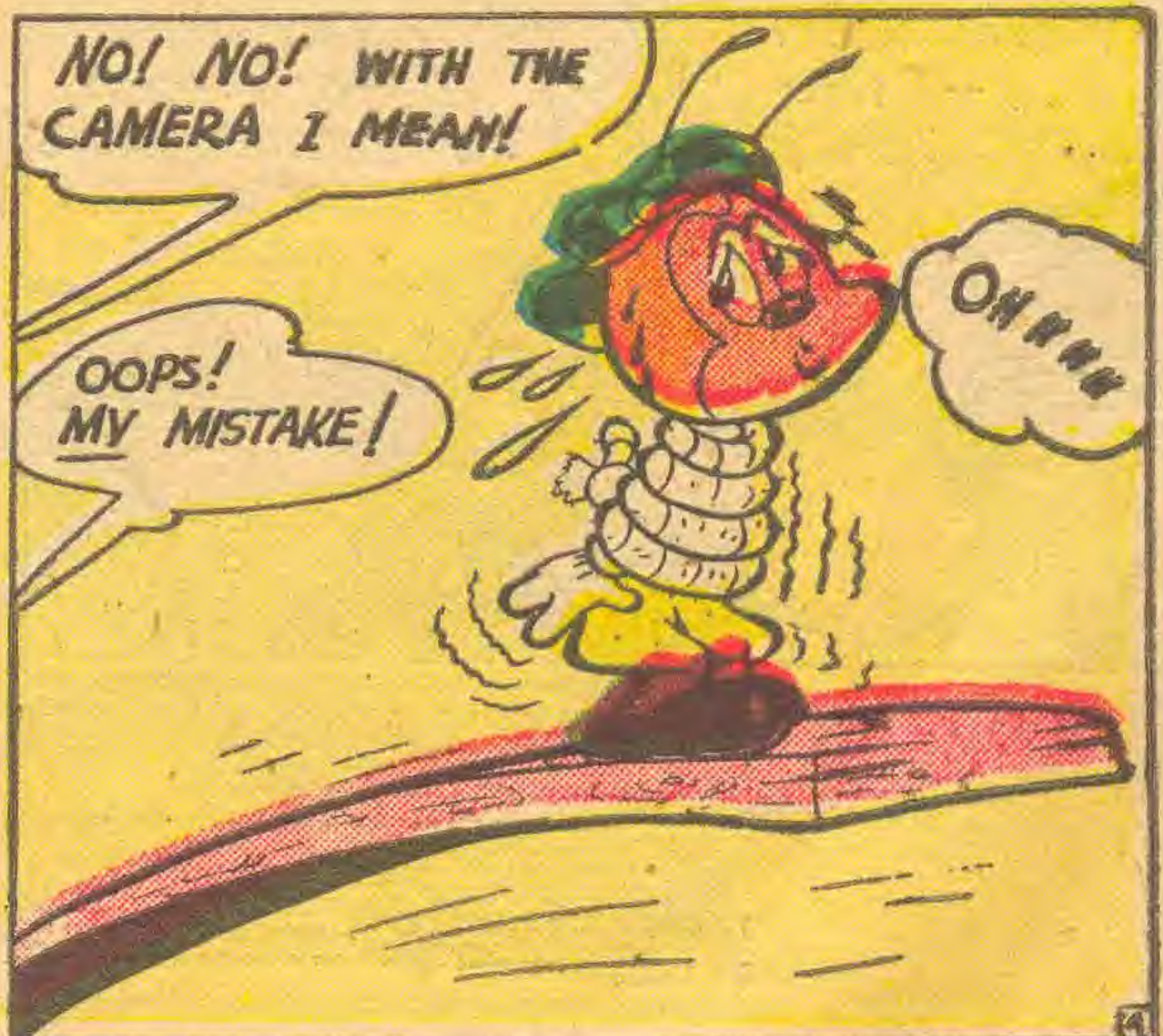
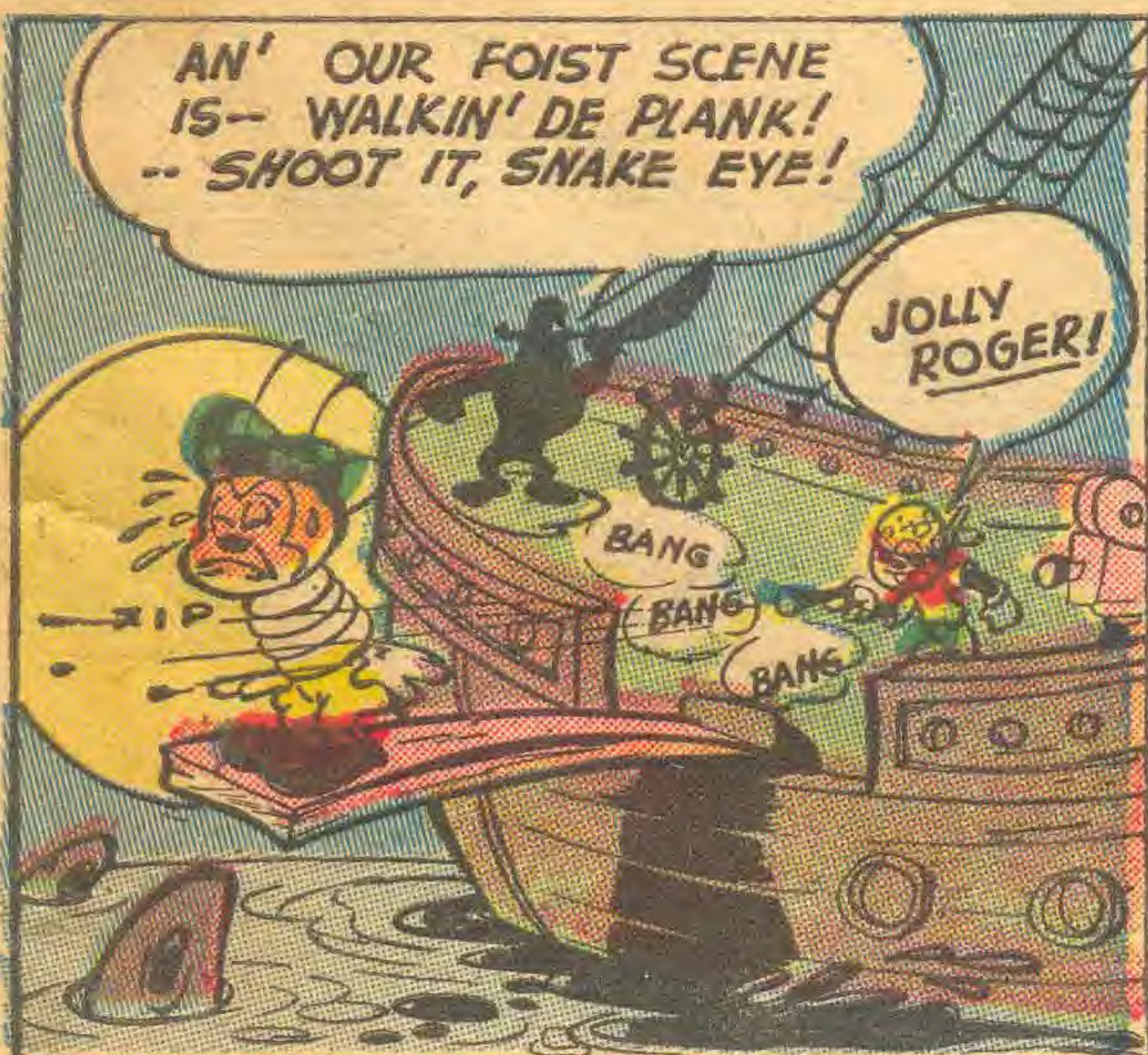
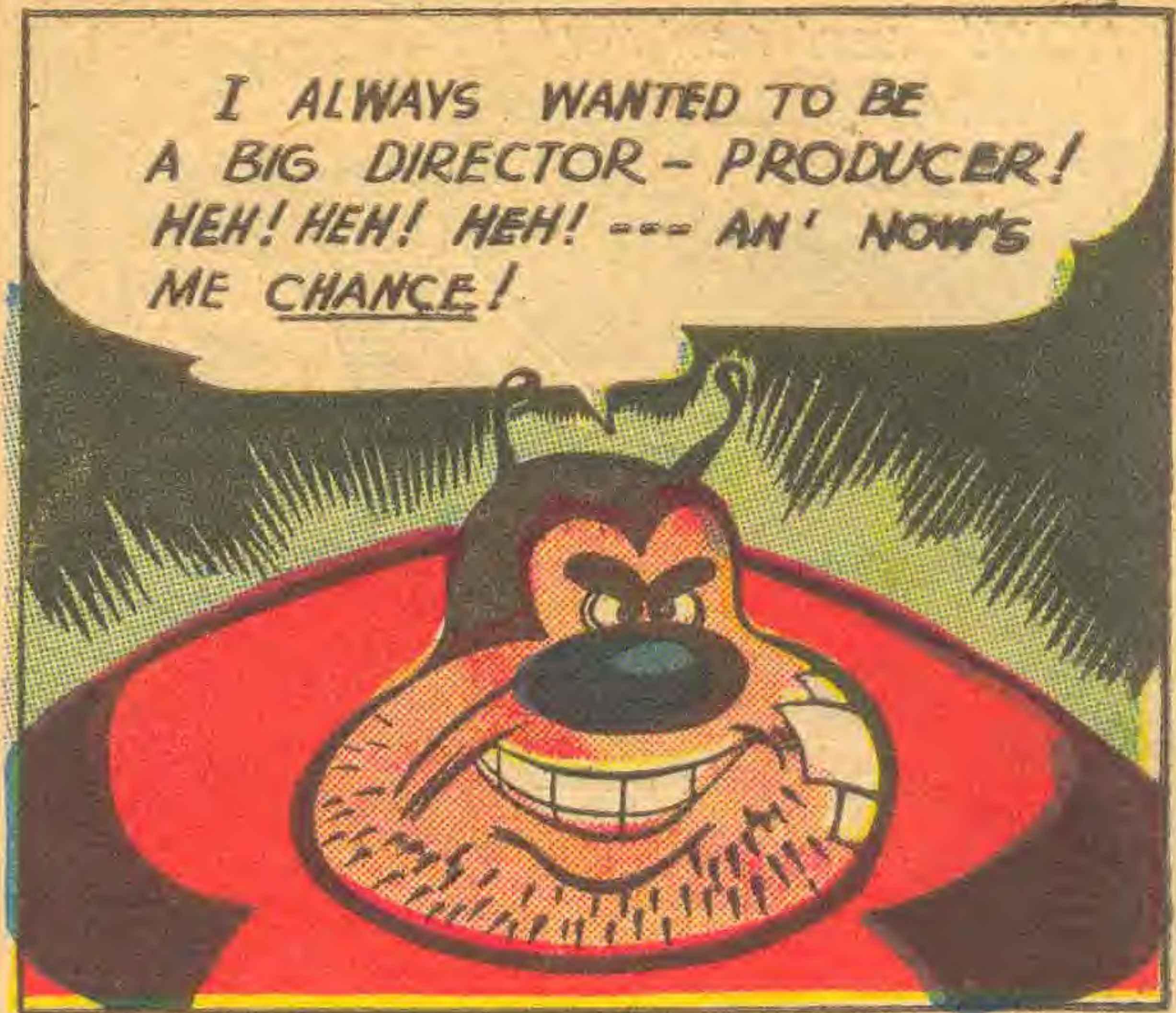


# ATOMIC RABBIT



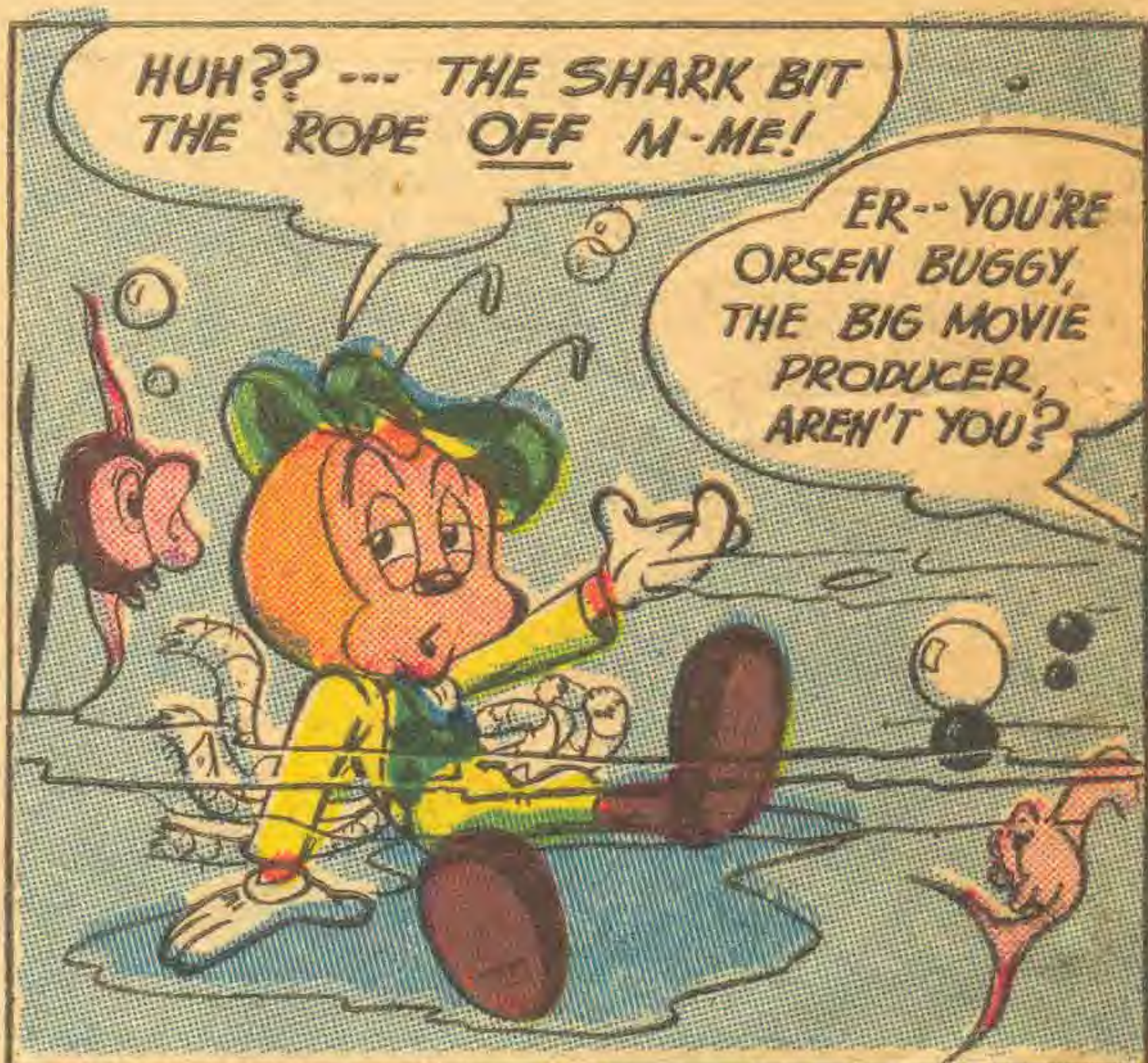
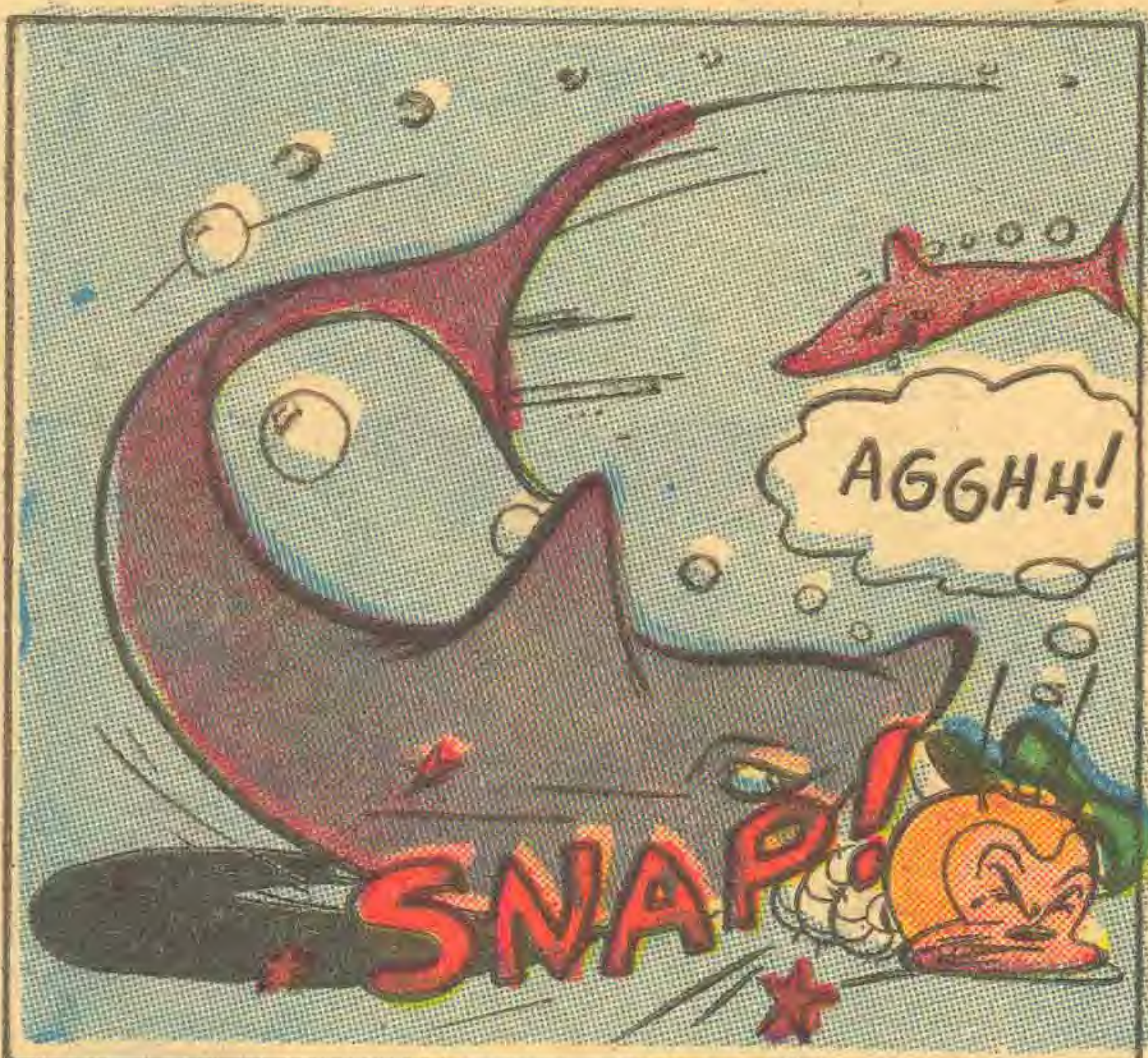
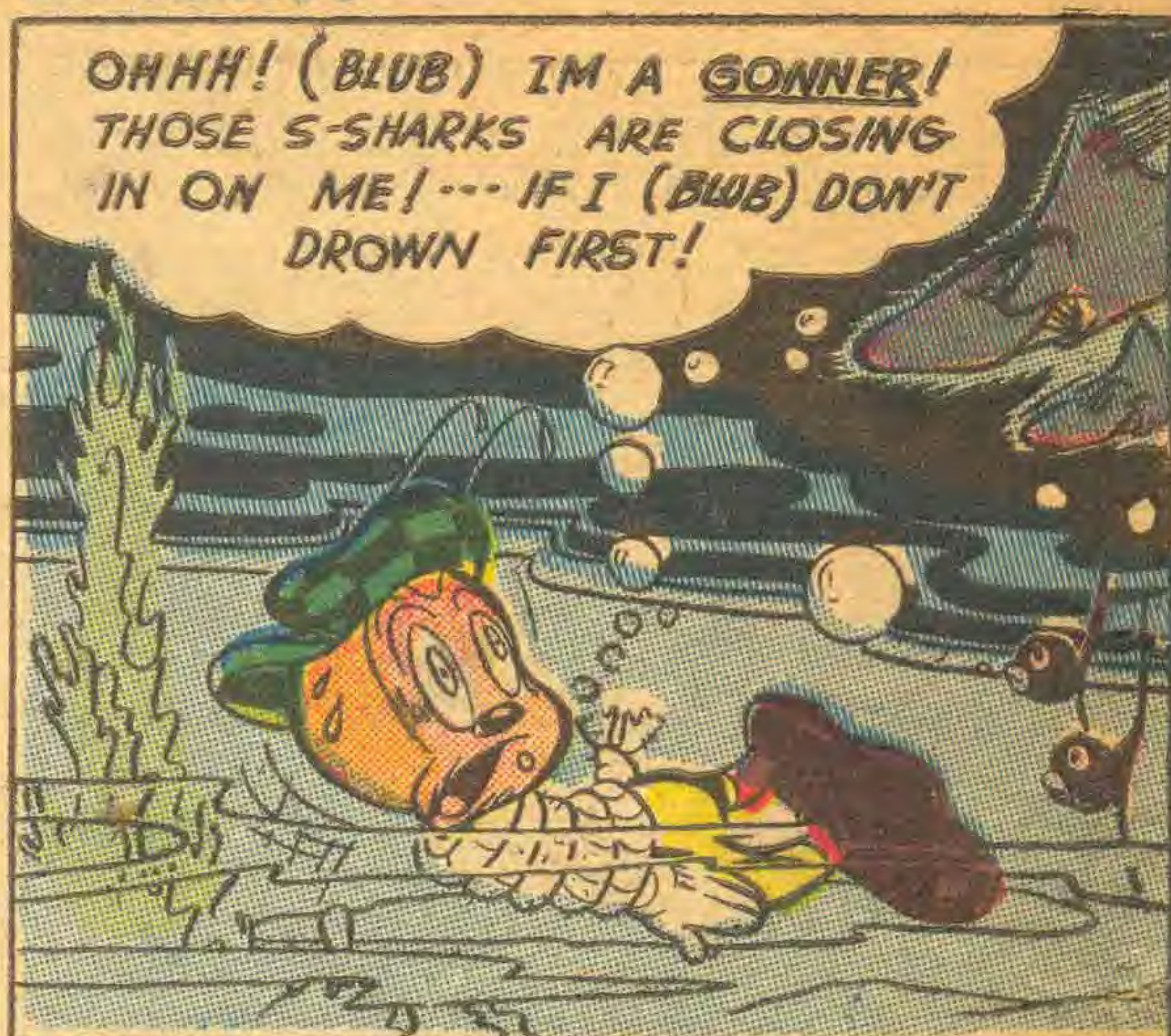


# ATOMIC RABBIT





# ATOMIC RABBIT



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1935, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1909, AND JULY 7, 1940 (Title 49, United States Code, Section 1461) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF:

ATOMIC RABBIT

Published Weekly at Derby, Conn., for September 24, 1944.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:  
 Publisher - Edward Levy, Westfield, Conn.  
 Editor and Managing Editor - Edwin H. Levy, Orange, Conn.  
 Business Manager - John Cunningham, Derby, Conn.  
 2. The owner is: (a) owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.

Charles Press, Inc., Charles Building, Derby, Conn.  
 Edward Levy, Westfield, Conn.  
 John Cunningham, Derby, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities must be listed.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs above the affiliate's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which securities are owned and whether or not such owner owns the stock of the company as trustee, agent, or otherwise in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

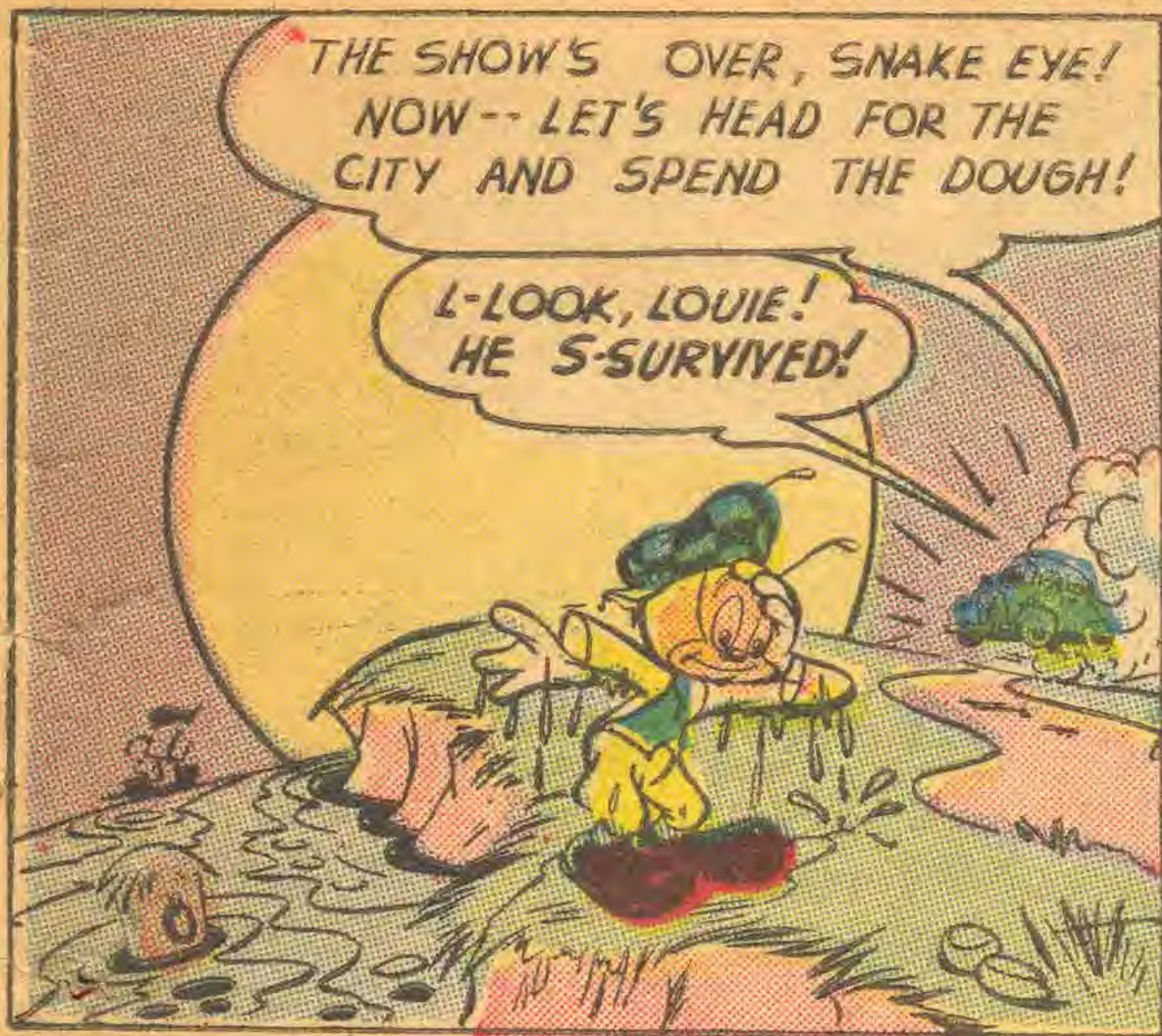
EDWIN H. LEVY, Editor  
 Derby, Conn. and published before me this 24th day of September, 1944.  
 My commission expires April 2, 1945.



# ATOMIC RABBIT

THE SHOW'S OVER, SNAKE EYE!  
NOW-- LET'S HEAD FOR THE  
CITY AND SPEND THE DOUGH!

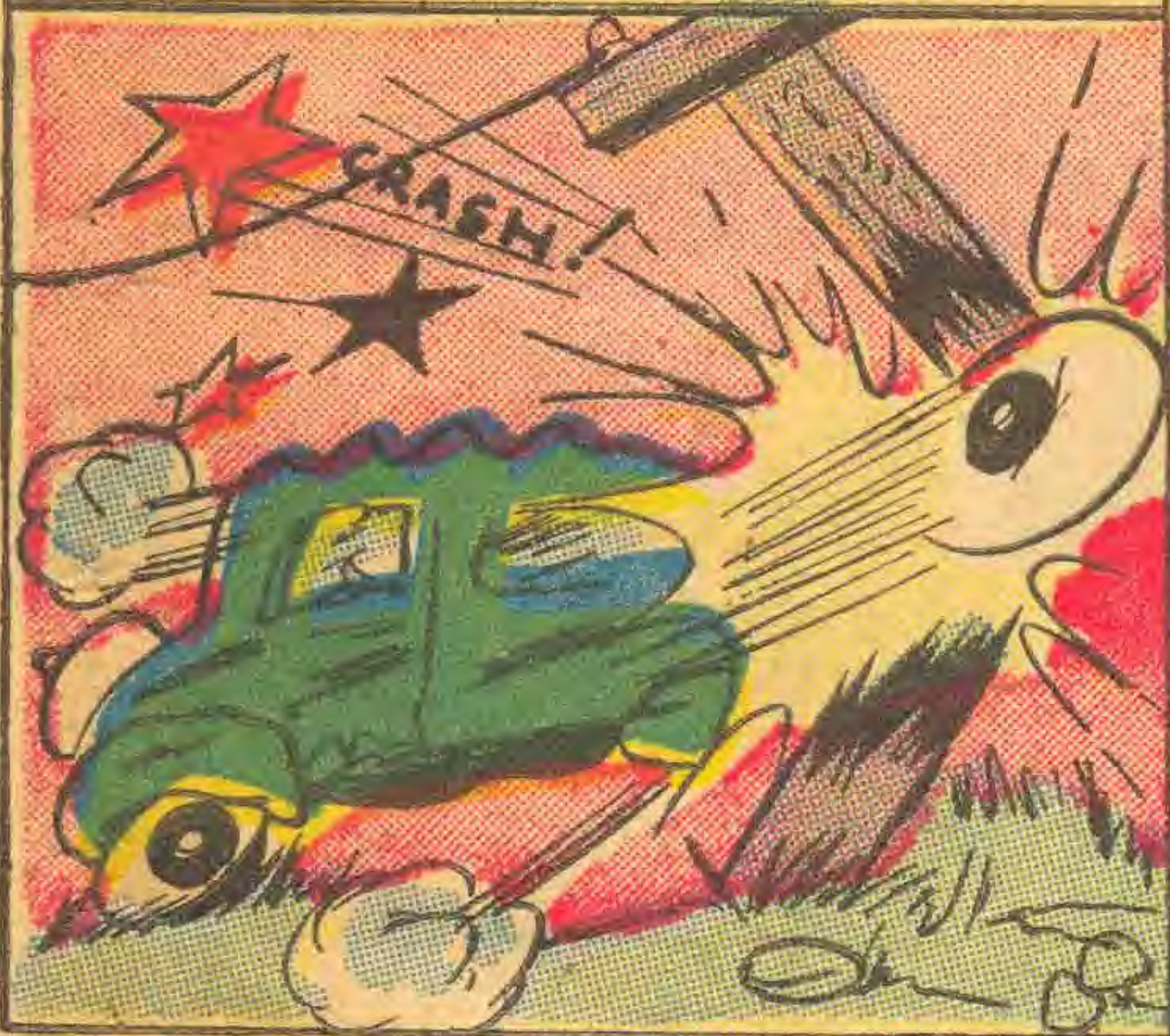
L-LOOK, LOUIE!  
HE S-SURVIVED!



WELL-- HE WON'T  
SURVIVE DIS!



EATE STEPS IN, AND AFTER  
RUNNING OUR HERO DOWN, LOUIE  
CRASHES INTO A TELEPHONE POLE!



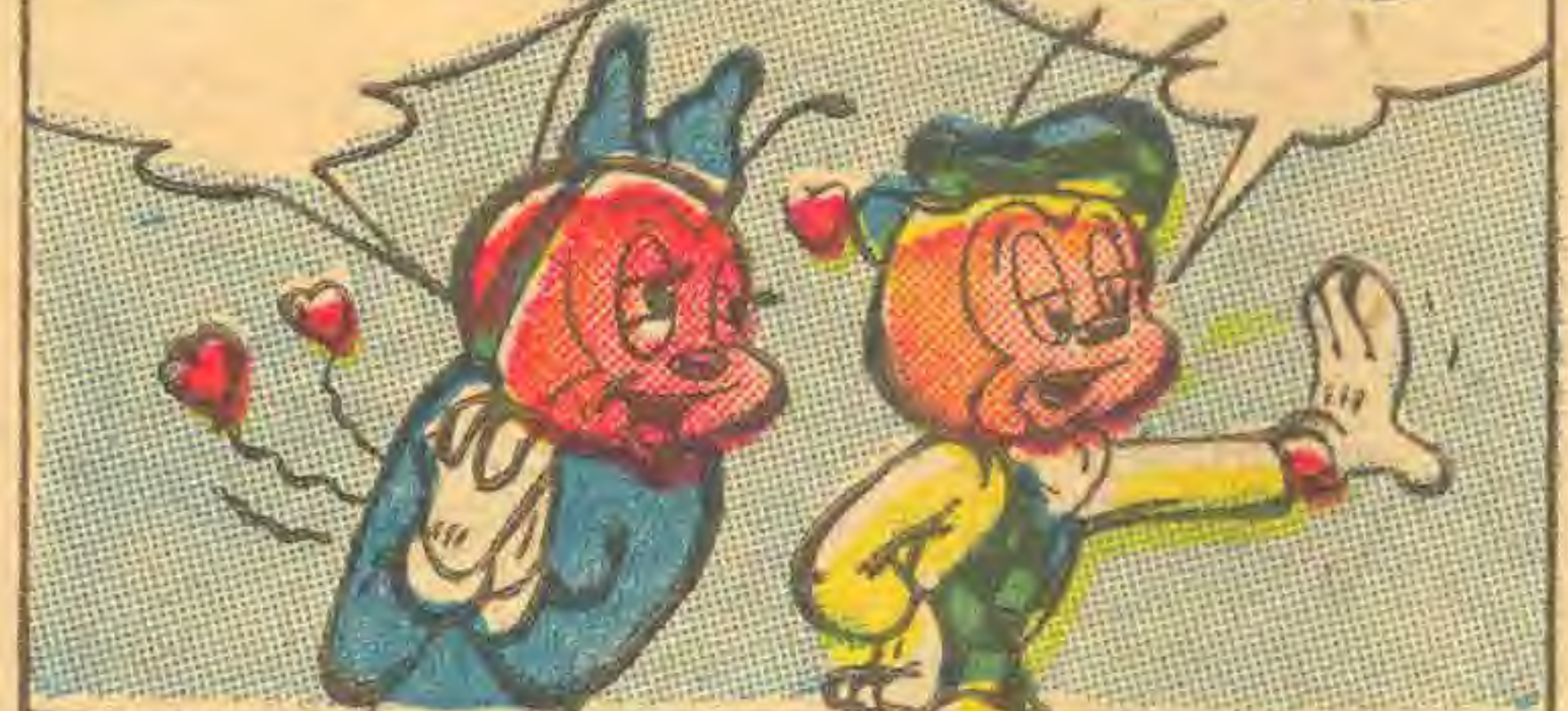
THE ACCIDENT  
IS REPORTED BY  
A PASSING  
MOTORIST, AND  
THE POLICE  
ARRIVE TO  
ACCLAIM OUR  
HERO!



Later, at the studio--

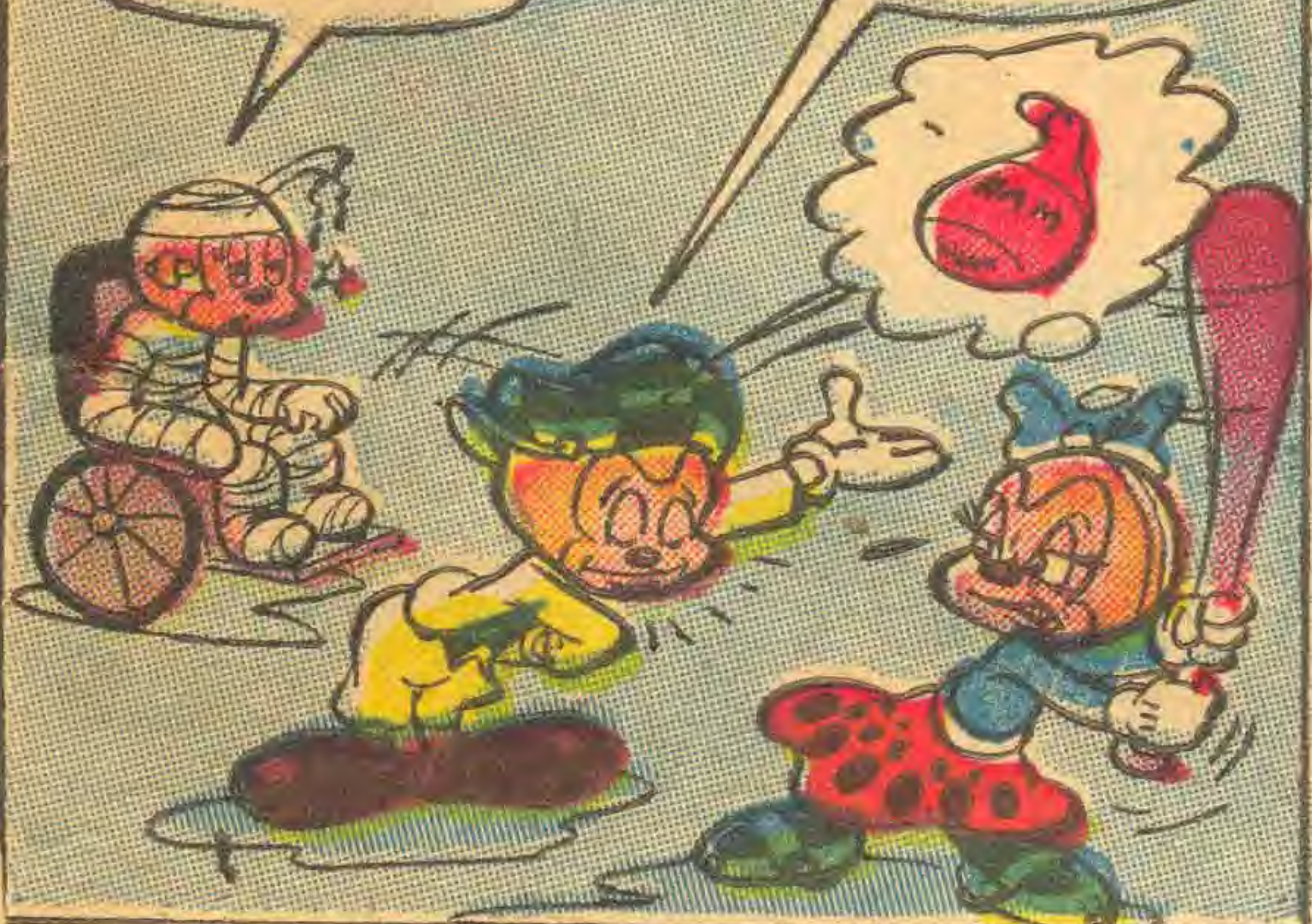
YOU WERE  
WONDERFUL!  
ORSEN! AND NOT  
A SCRATCH ON  
YOU! HOW'D YOU  
DO IT?

SIMPLE!  
MY STUNT MAN  
TOOK THE  
KNOCKS! TAKE  
A BOW,  
STUPID--



I CAN'T, BOSS ---  
ME BACK'S IN A  
CAST---

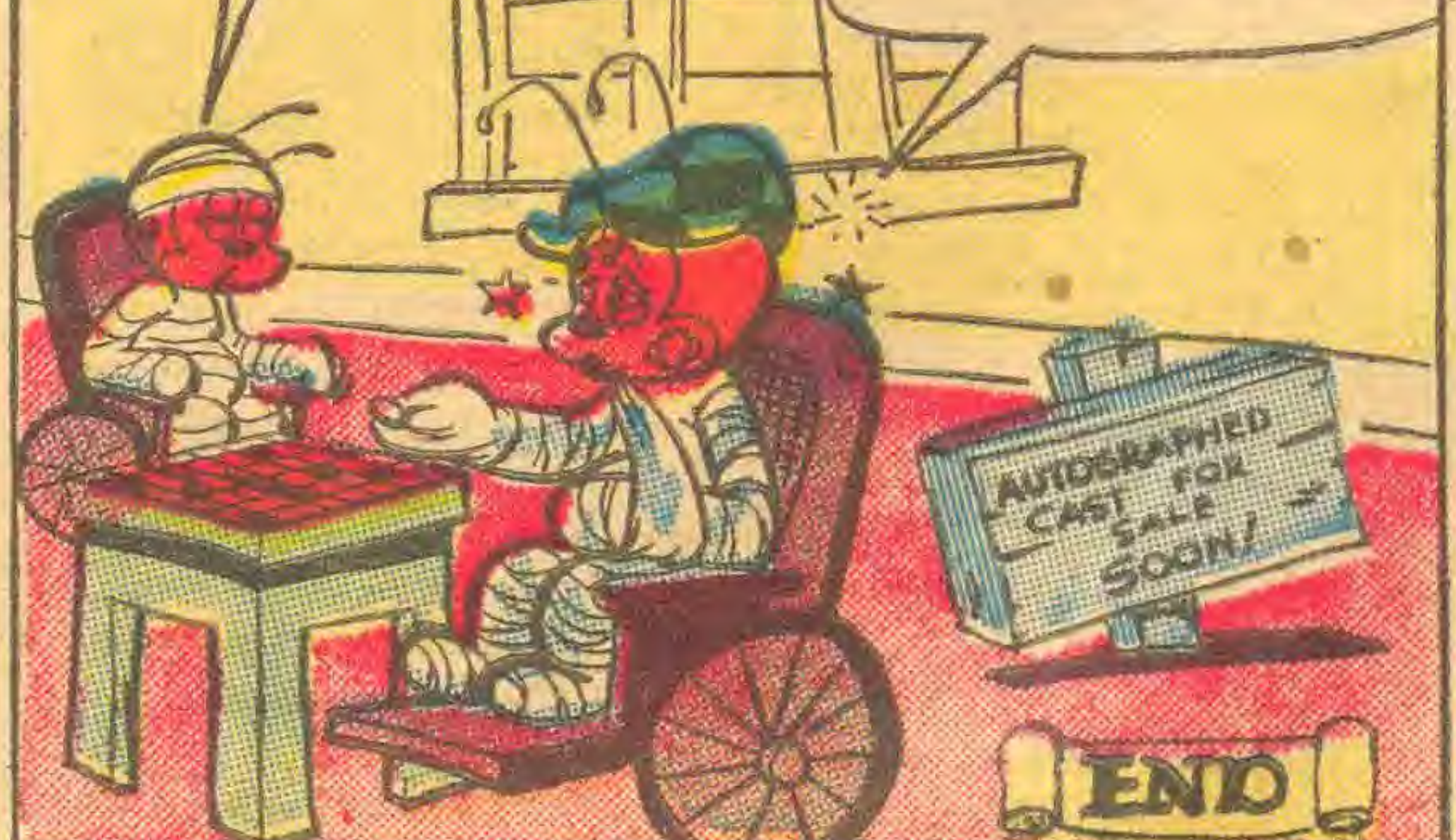
OH-- VERY WELL  
-- I'LL TAKE  
IT MYSELF!



The Following day--

IT'S YOUR  
MOVE, BOSS---

WHAT? OH, LET'S  
SKIP IT! MIND'S  
NOT ON THE GAME!  
-- WOMEN, PHOOEY!



AUTOGRAPHED  
CAST FOR  
SALE  
SOON!

END



# An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer" DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE NO LESSONS! NO TALENT!

Anyone can Draw With This  
Amazing New Invention—  
Instantly!



De Luxe Model  
Complete for only

\$1.98

—With same  
high power,  
extra clear and  
sharp "repro-  
ducer" unit.

## A New Hobby Gives You A Brand New Interest!

Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now... the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! An unlimited variety and amount of drawings can be made. Art is admired and respected by everyone. Most hobbies are expensive, but drawing costs very little, just some inexpensive paper, pencils, crayons, or paint. No costly upkeep, nothing to wear out, no parts to replace. It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet of paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil... and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. No guesswork, no judging sizes and shapes! Reproduces black and white and actual colors for paintings.

Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish.

Anyone can use it on any desk, table, board, etc.—indoors or outdoors! Light and compact to be taken wherever you wish. No other lessons or practice or talent needed! You'll be proud to frame your original drawings for a more distinctive touch to your home. Give them to friends as gifts that are "different," appreciated.

Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have—which may lead to a good paying art career.

## FREE!

"How to Easily Draw Artists' Models"

This valuable illustrated guide is yours free with order of "Magic Art Reproducer."

Packed with pictures showing all the basic poses of artists' models with simple instruction for beginners of art. Includes guidance on anatomy, techniques and figure action.

## SEND NO MONEY!

Free 10-Day Trial!

Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery \$1.98 plus postage. Or send only \$1.98 with order and we pay postage. You must be convinced that you can draw anything like an artist, or return merchandise after 10-day trial and your money will be refunded.

## ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EVERY OTHER TYPE OF DRAWING AND HOBBY!



Create Your Own Design  
for All Hobbies!  
Reproduces on anything.



Copy all cartoons,  
comics.



Outdoor Scenes,  
landscapes, buildings



Copy photos, portraits  
of family, friends, etc.



Still life, vases, bowls  
of fruit, lamps,  
furniture, all objects.



Copy blueprints,  
plans.

## FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. CCG5W  
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Rush my "Magic Art Reproducer" plus FREE illustrated guide "How to Easily Draw Artists' Models." I will pay postman on delivery only \$1.98 plus postage. I must be convinced that I can draw anything like an artist, or I can return merchandise after 10-day trial and get my money back.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by sending only \$1.98 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee!

**NORTON PRODUCTS**

Dept. CCG5W 296 Broadway  
New York 7, N. Y.



# ATOMIC RABBIT

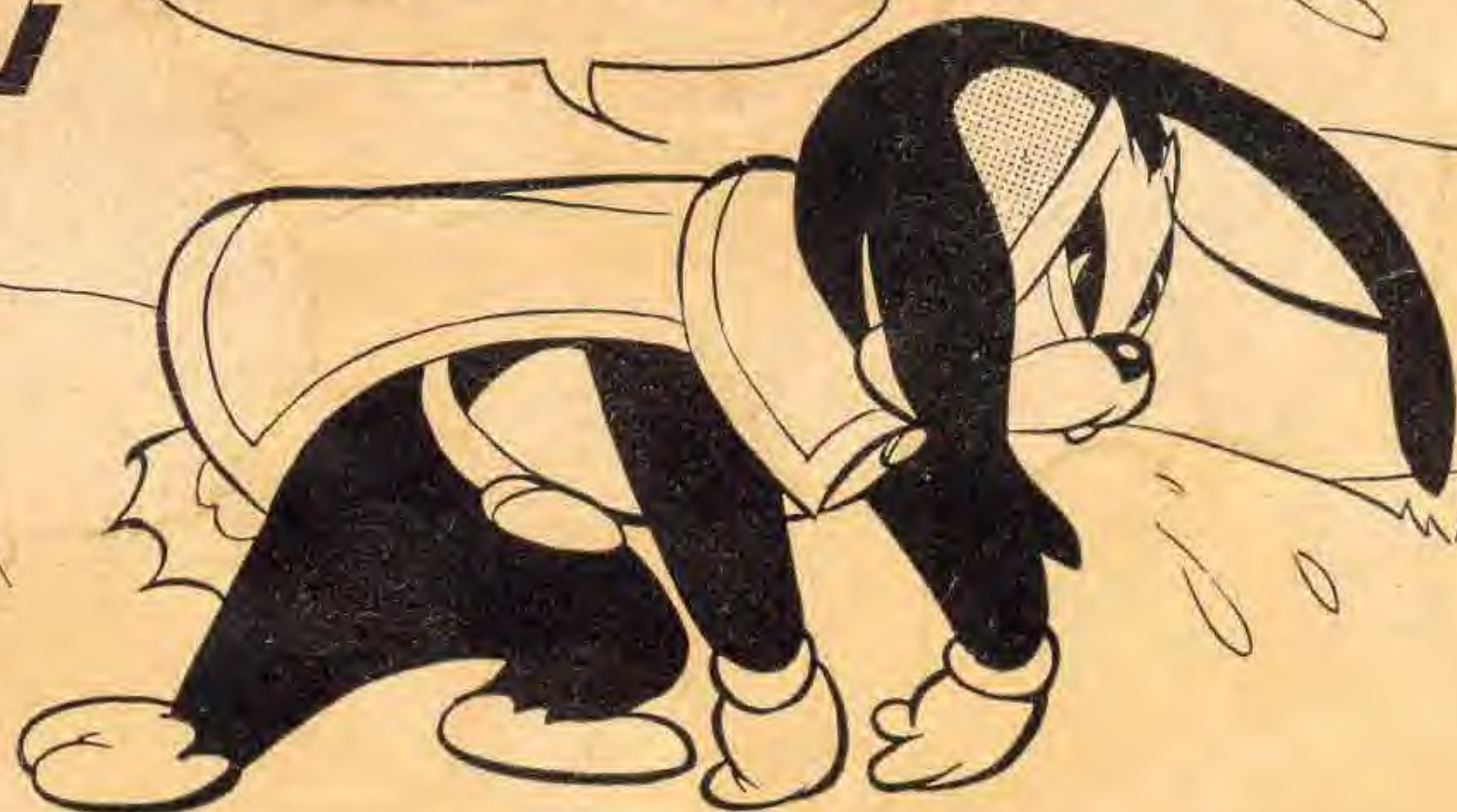
in

## 'DUCK SOUP'

5891

I (GASP) ANSWERED  
496 CALLS FOR HELP  
TODAY! WHEW...  
AM I TIRED!

HELP!  
HELP!

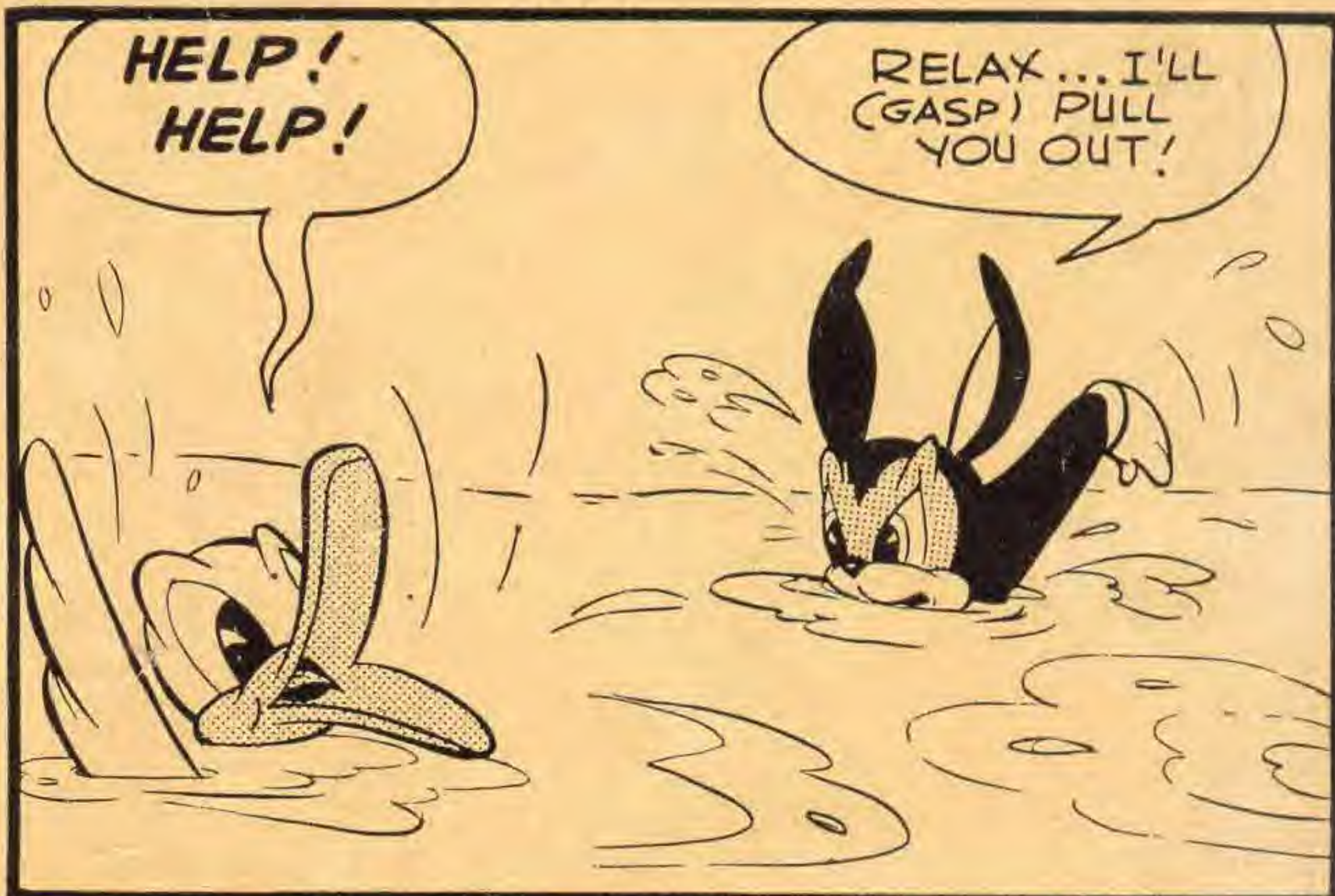


THAT'S A  
DUCK THAT'S  
GOING  
DOWN...  
HMM... I  
NEVER  
HEARD OF  
A DUCK  
THAT  
COULDN'T  
SWIM!

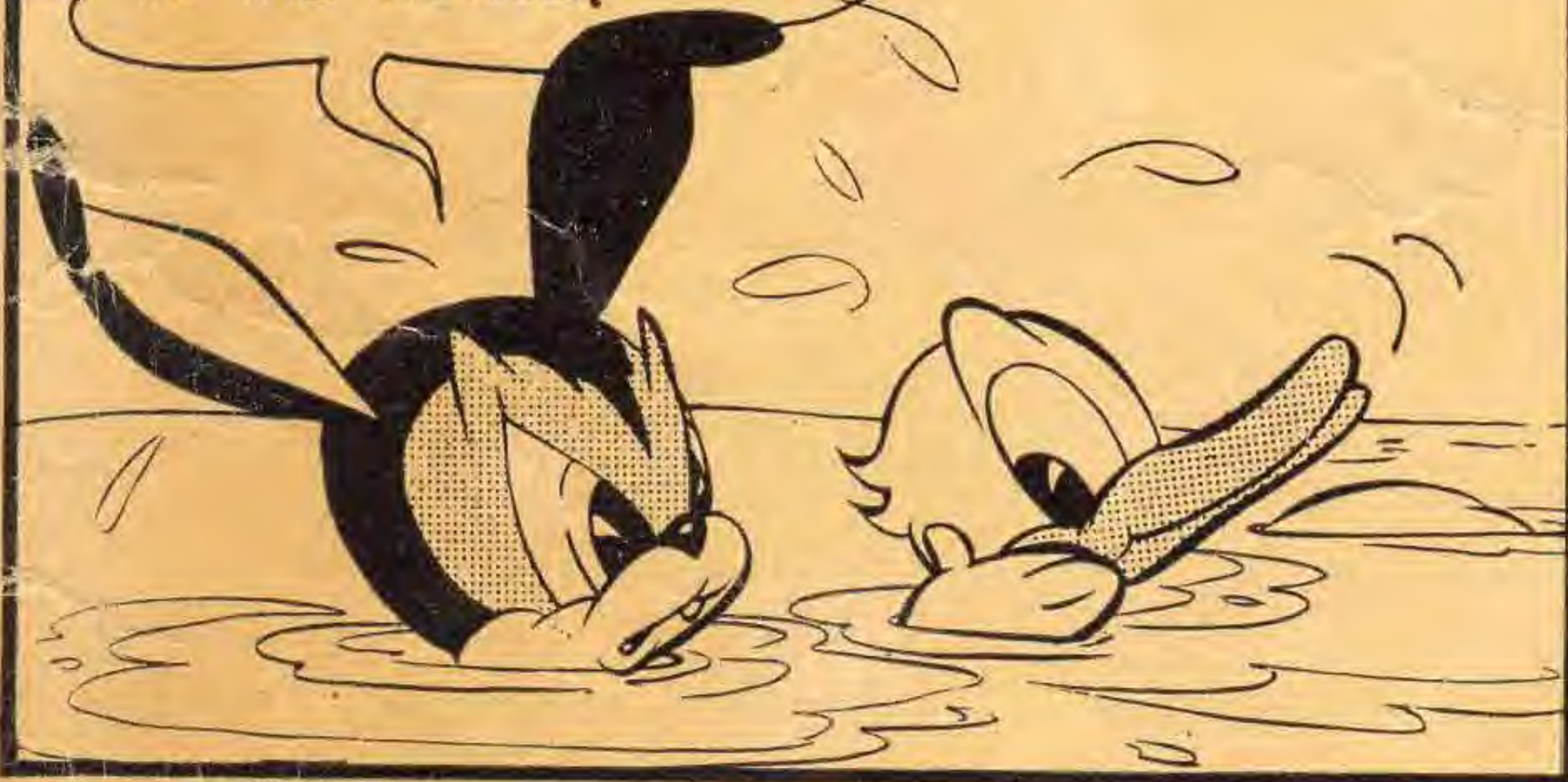


HELP!  
HELP!

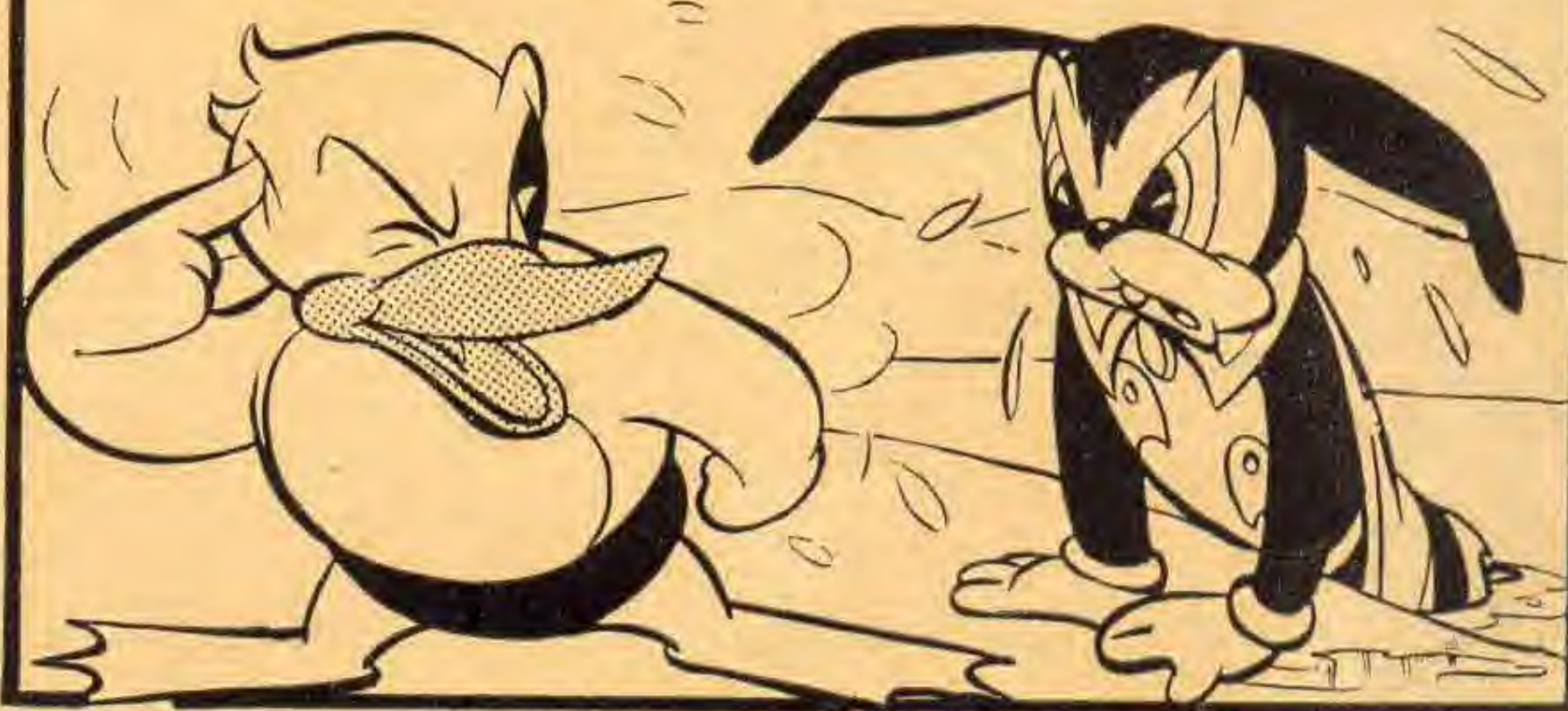
RELAX... I'LL  
(GASP) PULL  
YOU OUT!



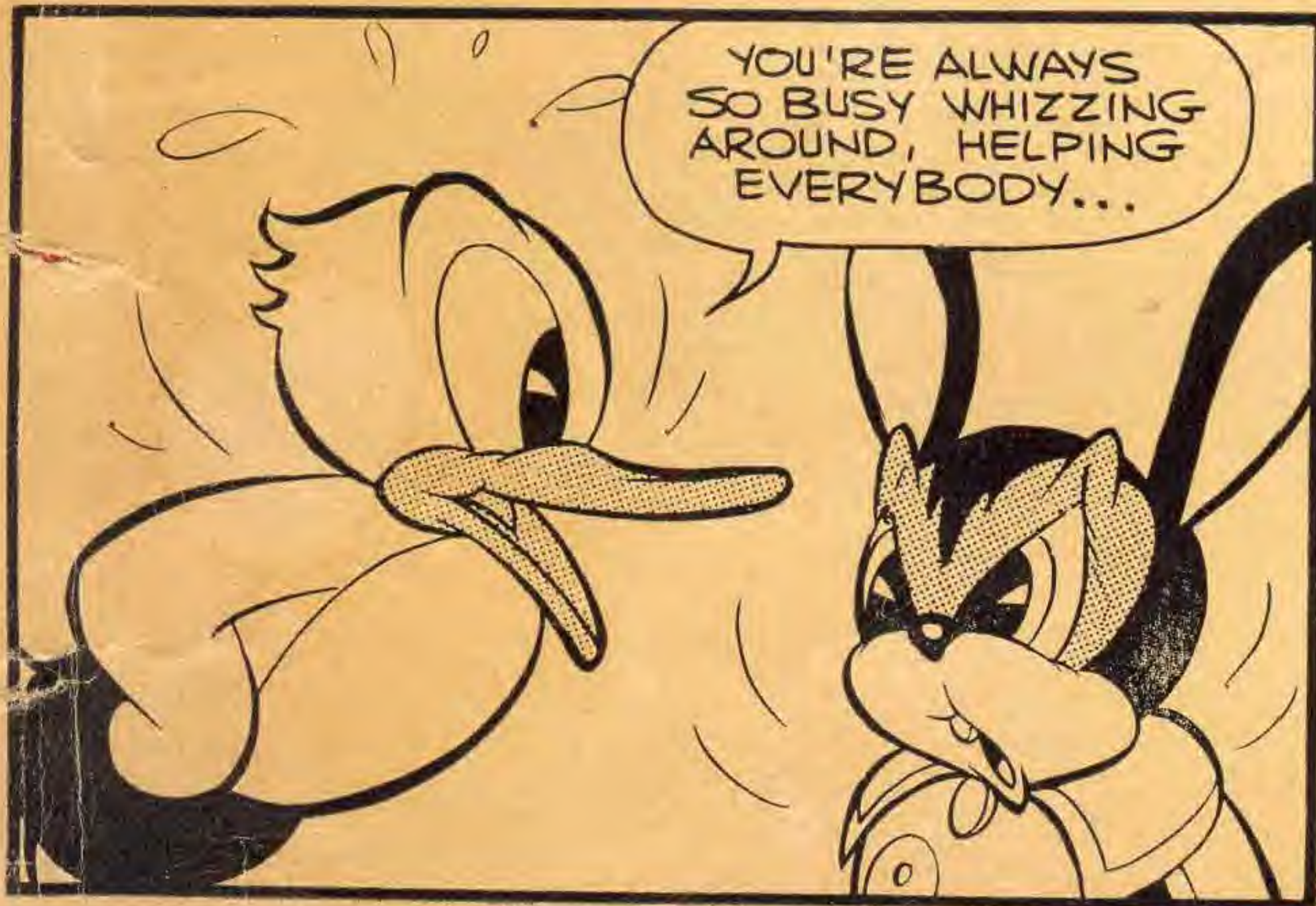
HEY -- HOW COME YOU  
CAN'T SWIM? I (GASP)  
THOUGHT DUCKS WERE  
THE BEST SWIMMERS  
IN THE WORLD!



WHO SAID I  
CAN'T SWIM?



YOU'RE ALWAYS  
SO BUSY WHIZZING  
AROUND, HELPING  
EVERYBODY...

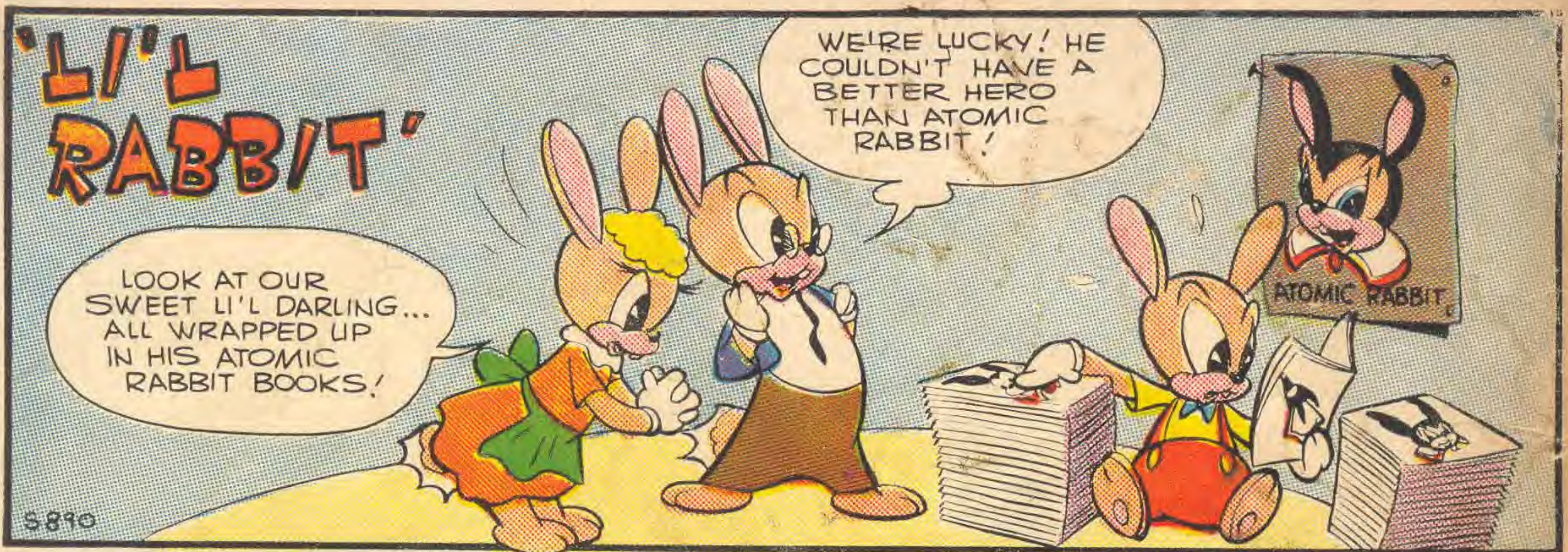


...THIS IS THE  
ONLY TIME I COULD  
COME CLOSE ENOUGH  
TO ASK YOU FOR  
YOUR AUTOGRAPH!



END





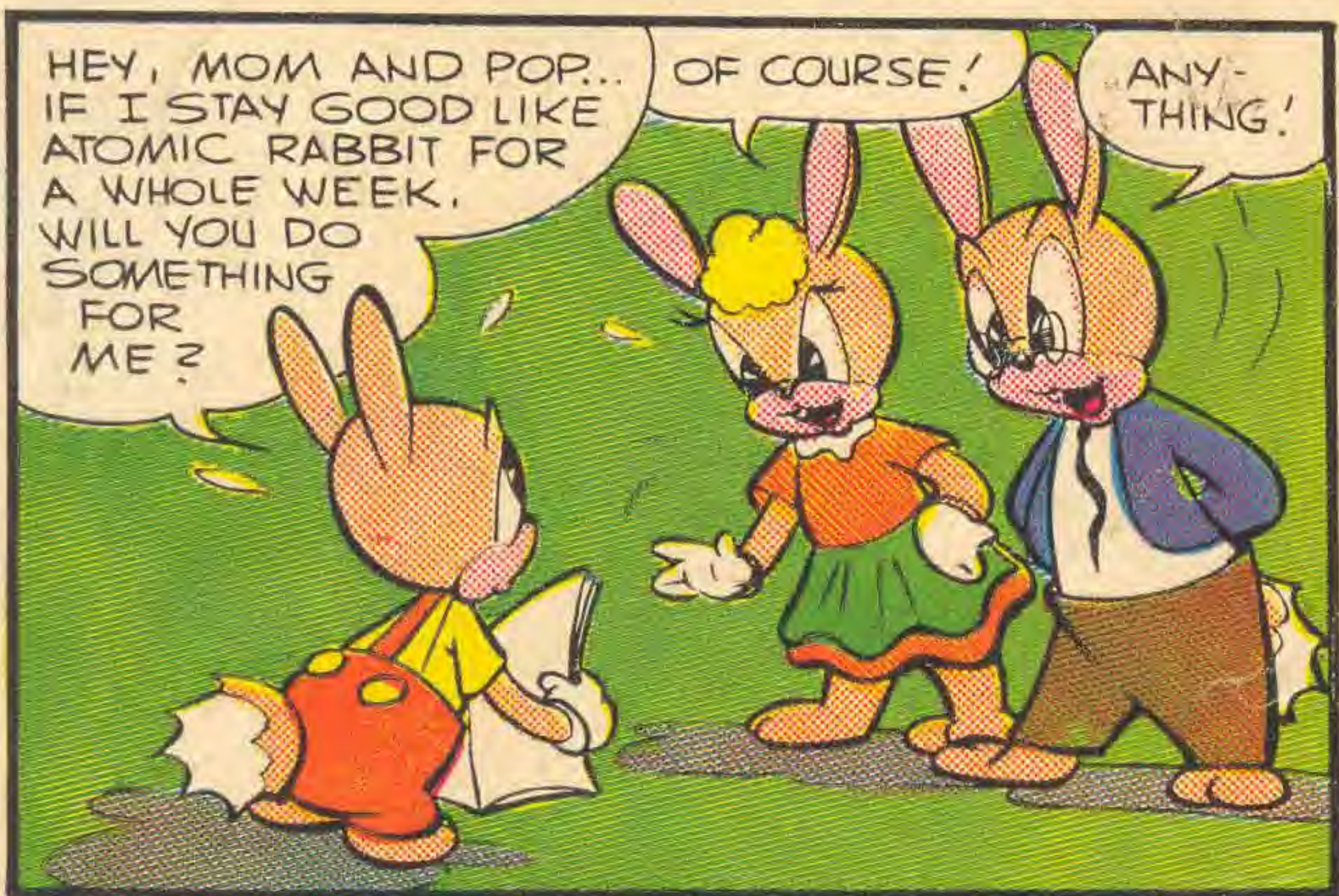
**'LI'L RABBIT'**

LOOK AT OUR SWEET LI'L DARLING... ALL WRAPPED UP IN HIS ATOMIC RABBIT BOOKS!

WE'RE LUCKY! HE COULDN'T HAVE A BETTER HERO THAN ATOMIC RABBIT!



5890

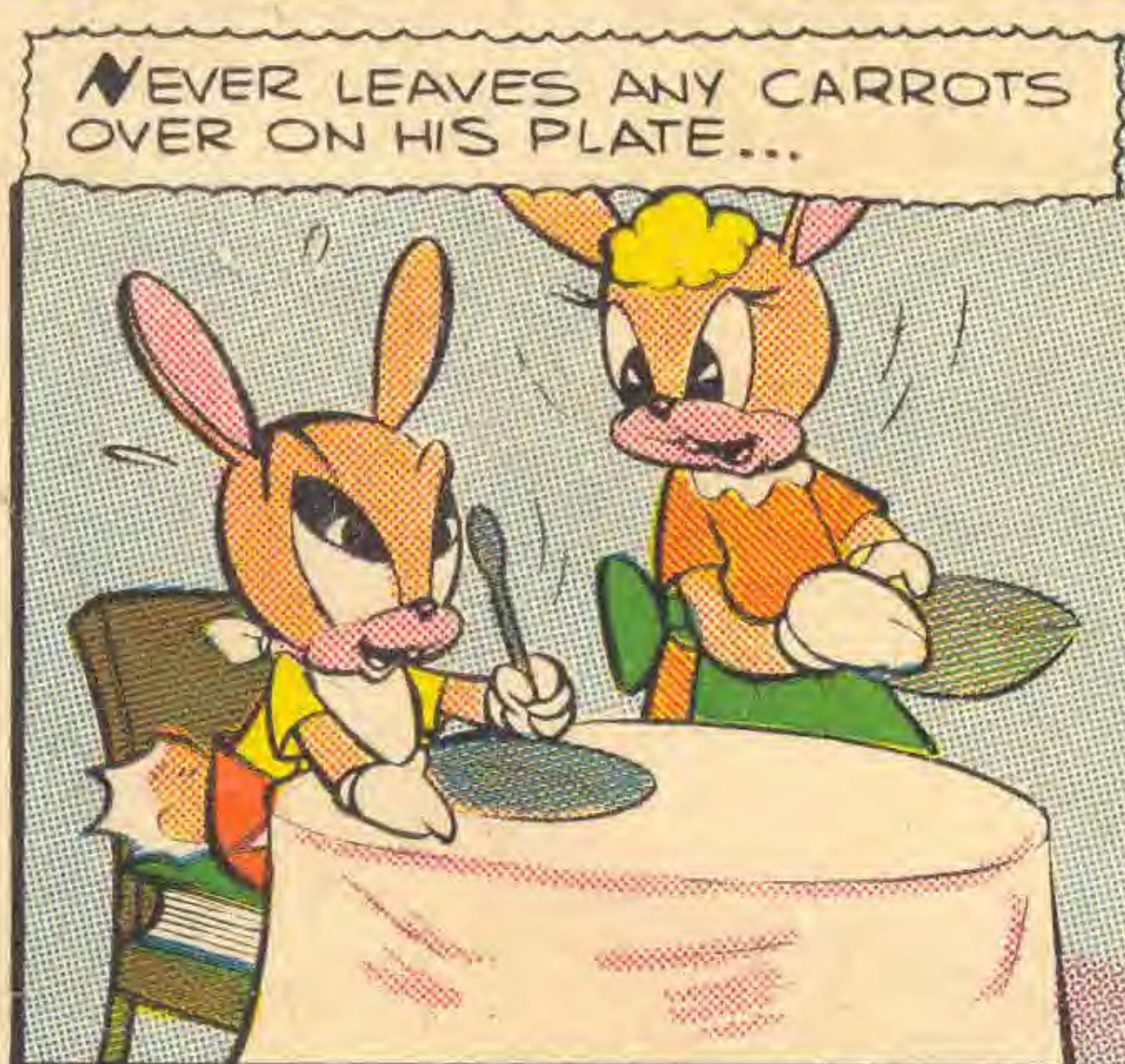
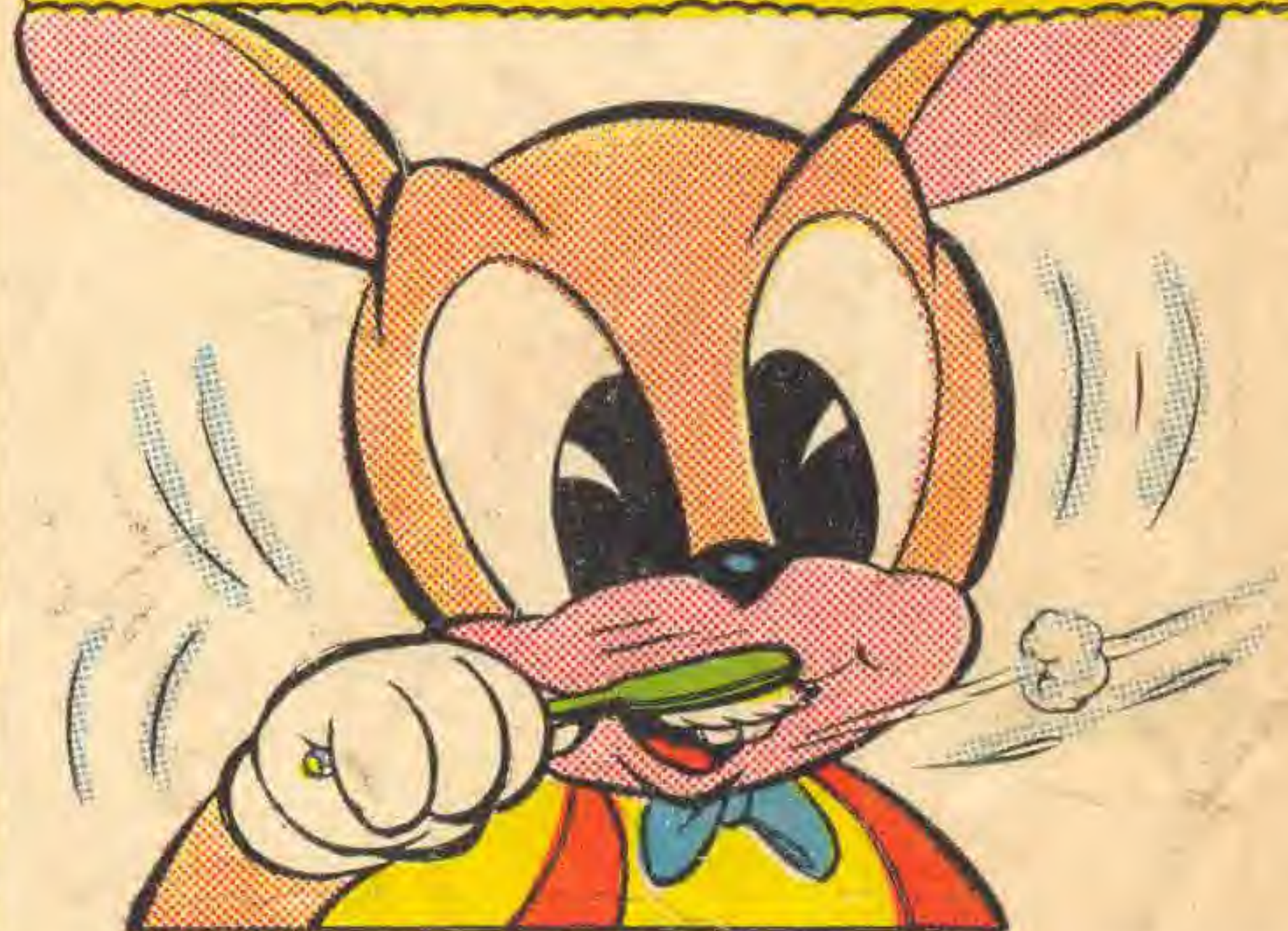


HEY, MOM AND POP.. IF I STAY GOOD LIKE ATOMIC RABBIT FOR A WHOLE WEEK, WILL YOU DO SOMETHING FOR ME?

OF COURSE!

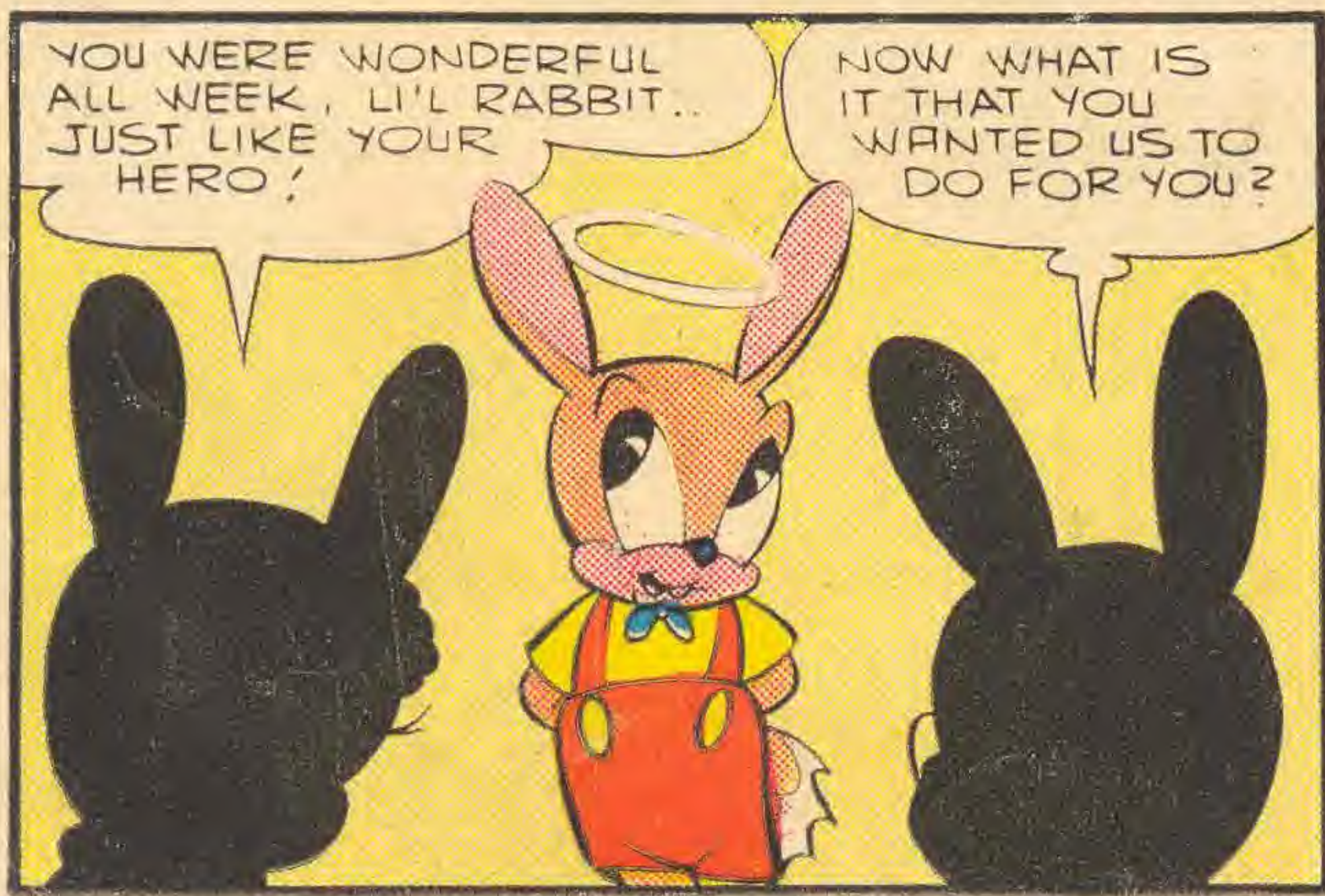
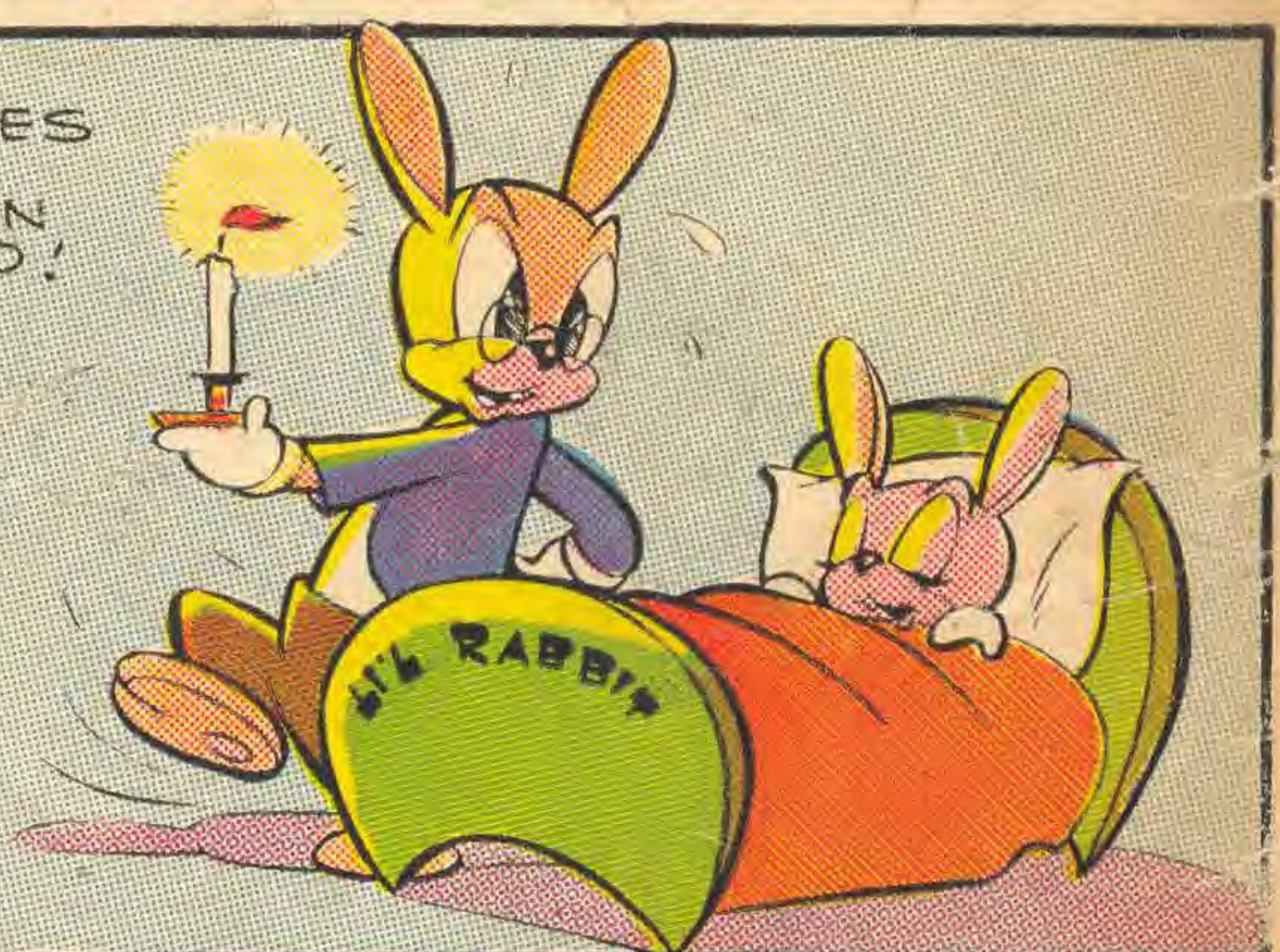
ANY-THING!

AND SO FOR A WHOLE WEEK, LI'L RABBIT BRUSHES HIS TEETH TWICE A DAY...



NEVER LEAVES ANY CARROTS OVER ON HIS PLATE...

...AND GOES TO SLEEP JUST WHEN HE'S TOLD!



YOU WERE WONDERFUL ALL WEEK, LI'L RABBIT.. JUST LIKE YOUR HERO!

NOW WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANTED US TO DO FOR YOU?

SIGN MY REPORT CARD!



END